

THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VI.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

1845

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THE SCOTS
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IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Bases for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Specially Dedicated
To the Society
OF

Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

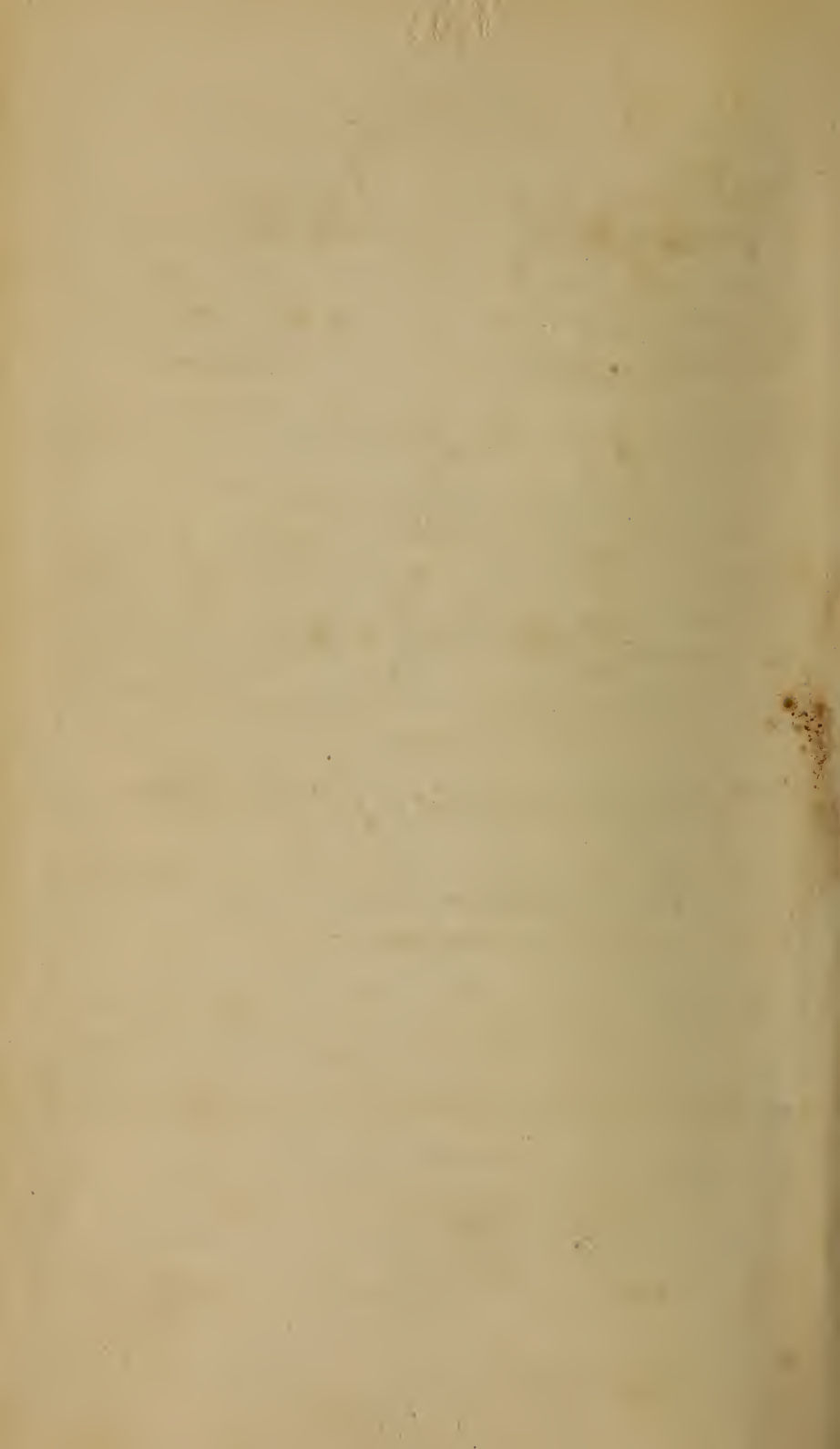
In this publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered,
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume VI. Pt. 7

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T. PRESTON N^o 97 Strand LONDON, M^cFADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal
Music Sellers.



P R E F A C E.

THE Editor now presents to the Public the Sixth Volume of the Scots Musical Museum; which in all probability will be the last.

These Volumes contain every Scottish Air and Song, which the exertions of the Editor, and those of his friends and numerous correspondents, have been able to procure during a period of sixteen years. He is therefore inclined to think that the Scots Musical Museum now contains almost every Scottish Song extant. However, as he wishes to make it as complete as possible, he will spare no pains in endeavouring to procure any which may hitherto have escaped his research; and if successful, they will be published at some future period.

Without wishing to over rate this publication, the Editor may be permitted to observe, that it unquestionably contains the greatest Collection of Scottish Vocal Music ever published, including many excellent Songs written for it by BURNS; He therefore flatters himself with the hope that the prediction of our celebrated BARD respecting it will be verified; and that "To future ages the Scots Musical Museum will be the Text Book and Standard of Scottish Song and Music."*

* See extract from BURNS'S Letter in the Preface to Volume 5th.

Edin! June 4th 1803.

Entered in Stationers Hall.

IV I N D E X.

Nota, The Songs in the 5 preceding Volumes marked R. and B. the Editor is now at liberty to say are the production of Mr. BURNS — The Originals of Mr. BURNS'S writing are in his possession — They were written for this work, but being often sent the Editor on the spur of the moment, Mr. BURNS requested these marks only, and not his name should be added to them.

First line of each Song.	Authors	Page
As I went o'er the highland hills		525
As walking forth to view the plain		526
Ae day a braw wooer	Burns	533
Ah Mary sweetest maid farewell		546
Anna thy charms my bosom fire	Burns	547
A cogie of ale and a pickle ate meal	Sherrifs Music by M ^c Intosh	564
As I was walking by yon river side		566
Argyll is my name	By J. Duke of Argyll	573
An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-side		580
As I lay on my bed on a night		601
A Soldier for gallant atchievements renown'd		603
Adieu! a heart warm, fond adieu	Burns	620
B		
Behind yon hills where rivlets row,	Burns	600
Bright the moon aboon yon mountain	Hamilton	612
C		
Come under my plaidy	Macneil, Esq ^r	550
Come follow, follow		552
Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle	Music by S. Clarke	568
Cauld is the e'enin blast	Burns	603
D		
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	Burns, Music by S. Clarke.	565
F		
Frae Dunibier as I cam through		528
Farewell ye fields an' meadows green	Hamilton	597
G		
Go to Berwick Johnny	Hamilton	534
Gudeen to you kimmer	Burns	540
Gently blaw ye eastern breezes	Anderson	531
Go plaintive sound	W. Hamilton Esq ^r	595
H		
Have ye any pots or pans		536
Hey! my kitten my kitten		577
How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning	Gall	586
How sweet this lone vale	A. Erskine, Esq ^r	533
Hard is the fate of him who loves	Thomson	610

V I N D E X

I

	Page
In Brechin did a wabster dwell	541
I am a young bachelor winsome	556
In yon garden fine an' gay	582
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss	Burns 589
I care na for your een sae blue	Hamilton 619

L

Lord Thomas and fair Annet	553
Little wat ye wha's coming	591
Liv'd ance two lovers in yon dale	616

M

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,	Burns 517
My Daddy left me gear enough	542
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't	Burns 573
My Jeany and I have toil'd	590

N

Now bank and brae are claith'd in green	537
No Churchman am I for to rail and to write	Burns 606

O

O steer her up and had her gaun	520
O Cherub Content	Campbell 526
O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair	Music by J. Fergus 529
O ay ny wife she dang me	Burns 549
O tell me my bonny young lassie	Macniel, Esq. ^r 553
O Mary turn awa that bonny face	Gall 560
O gude ale comes	Burns 561
O where and O where does your highland laddie dwell	566
O once I lov'd a bonnie lass	Burns 570
O dinna think bonnie lassie	574
O gin I were fairly shot o' her	Anderson 576
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten	Burns 585
O leave novels, ye Mauchlin belles	Burns 592
O lay thy loof in mine lass	Burns 593
O heard ye of a silly Harper	598
O turn away those cruel eyes	604
O Mary ye's be clad in silk	Music by Miss G. C. 605
O that I had ne'er been married	Burns 613
O gin my love were yon red rose	614
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	Burns 617

R

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap	Dr Couper 519
Row saftly thou stream	Gall 524
Robin shure in hairst	Burns 562
Return hameward my heart again	572

VI I N D E X

	S	Authors	Page
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure	- -	Burns - the Music by A. Masterton)	533
Stern winter has left us	- - - - -		544
Sweetest May let love inspire thee	- -	Burns - - - - -	573
Sure my Jean is beauty's blossom	- -	Gall - - - - -	587
Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride	- -	Mackenzie, Esq ^r - - - - -	594
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	- - - - -	Burns - - - - -	596
T			
Tho' for seven years and mair	- - - - -	Ramsay - - - - -	522
'Twas summer and softly the breezes	- - - - -		532
'Twas at the shining midday hour	- - - - -	Ramsay - - - - -	534
The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife	- - - - -		539
Thy cheek is o' the roses hue	- - - - -	Gall - - - - -	543
'Twas at the silent solemn hour	- - - - -	Mallet - Music by S. Clarke)	554
The sun in the west	- - - - -	Gall - - - - -	557
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen	- - - - -	Burns - - - - -	558
'Tis nae vety lang sinsyne	- - - - -		569
The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green	- - - - -		574
There was a noble lady	- - - - -		582
The rain rin's down thro' Merry-land toun	- - - - -		602
There was a bonie lass	- - - - -	Burns - - - - -	606
There news lasses news	- - - - -	Burns - - - - -	609
Tell me Jessy tell me	- - - - -	Hamilton - - - - -	613
The night is my departing night	- - - - -		620
W			
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy	- - - - -	Macniet, Esq ^r - - - - -	518
When I gaed to the mill my lane	- - - - -		521
Whar' Esk its silver current leads	- - - - -	Carey - - - - -	522
Wee Willie Gray	- - - - -	Burns - - - - -	530
When the days they are lang	- - - - -		530
Willy's rare and Willy's fair	- - - - -		542
Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder	- - - - -		562
When I think on my lad	- - - - -		570
Y			
You ask me charming fair	- - - - -	W. Hamilton Esq ^r - - - - -	584
Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid	- - - - -		611
You sing of our goodman frae hame	- - - - -		614

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VI.

	PAGE
SONGS D1. TO DC.,	517
ILLUSTRATIONS,	439
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS,	*513
INDEXES OF AIRS,	i
INDEXES OF SONGS,	xxii
GENERAL INDEX,	xxvii

My Peggy's face.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N.^o

501

* My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, The frost of hermit

Slowly

age might warm; My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind, Might

charm the first of human kind. I love my Peggy's angel

air, Her face so truly heavenly fair, Her native grace so

void of art, But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's die,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway,
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose nobly dear,
 The gentle look that Rage disarms,
 These are all Immortal charms.

Dear M^r. Publisher,

I hope against I return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. CLARKE if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other Air; as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the 2^d Volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian Music. Farewel.

R. BURNS.

My boy Tammy.

502

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy whar hae ye been a' day
A little Lively
my boy 'Tammy. I've been by burn and flow'ry brae meadow green and
mountain grey courting o' this young thing juist come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing my boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn my boy 'Tammy?
I prais'd her een fae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
I prae'd it aft as ye may true She said, she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating heart "my young my smiling Lammy!
"I hae a house it cost me dear,
"I've walth o' plenishan and geer;
"Ye'll get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

"The finle gade aff her bonny face "I manna leave my Mammy.
"She's ge'en me meat; she's ge'en me claife;
"She's been my comfort a' my days
"My Father's death brought mony wae's I canna leave my Mammy."

"We'll tak her hame and ma' her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy!
"We'll gee her meat; we'll gee her claife.
"We'll be her comfort a' her days;
The wee thing gies her hand and says "There! gang and ask my Mammy."

Has she been to Kirk wi' thee my boy 'Tammy?
She has been to Kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,
But Oh! she's but a young thing juist come frae her Mammy!

503

* Red gleams the fun on yon hill tap the dew fits

Lively

on the gowan; Deep murmurs thro' her gleams the Spey, A -

round Kin - ra - ra rowan. Where art thou fairest, kindest

lafs! A - las wert thou but near me, Thy gen - tle

foul, thy mel - ting eye would ever ever cheer me.

The Lavrock sings among the clouds,

The Lambs they sport so cheery,

And I, fit weeping by the birk;

O where art thou my dearie!

Att may I meet the morning dew;

Lang greet till I be weary /

Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!

Thou canna be my deary.

O steer her up and had her gaun

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

504

* O steer her up and had her gaun, her mithers

Brisk

at the mill, jo; An' gin she win-na tak a man E'en

let her tak her will, jo First shore her wi a

kind - ly kiss and ca' anither gill, jo; An' gin she tak the

thing a - mis E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O. steer her up and be na blate,

An' gin she tak it ill, jo,

Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,

And time nae langer spill, jo:

Ne'er break your heart for a rebate,

But think upon it still, jo,

That gin the lafsie winna do't,

Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

When I gaed to the mill.

521

505 * When I gaed to the mill my lane, A' for to grind my
Lively

maut The mill-er lad-die kist me I thought it

was nae faut. What tho' the lad-die kist

me When I was at the mill, A kifs is but a

touch and a touch can do nae ill.

O I loo the miller laddie!
And my laddie loes me;
He has fie a blyth look,
And a bonnie blinking ee.
What though the laddie kist me,
When I was at the mill!
A kifs is but a touch
And a touch can do nae ill.

Whar' Esk its silver stream

506 * Whar' Esk its silver current leads mang greenwoods gay wi'

Slow

mony a flower I hied me aft to dewy meads in hap-py days and

built my bower. I call'd upon the birds to sing An' nestle in ilk

fragrant flower, While in the liv'ry of the spring I deck'd my sweet en

chant'd bower.

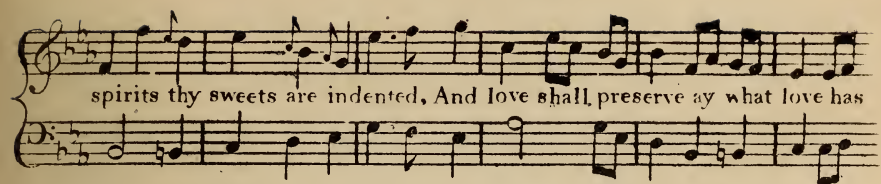
'Twas there I found ah! happy time,
The sweetest flower, and sic a flower
I crop't it in its virgin prime
To deck my sweet, my shady bower
But soon the blast hould in the air
That robb'd me of this matchless flower
An' sorrow since and mony a care
Hae stript and wither'd a ny bower.

Tho' for seven years.

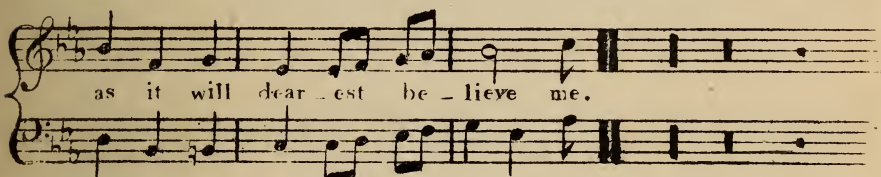
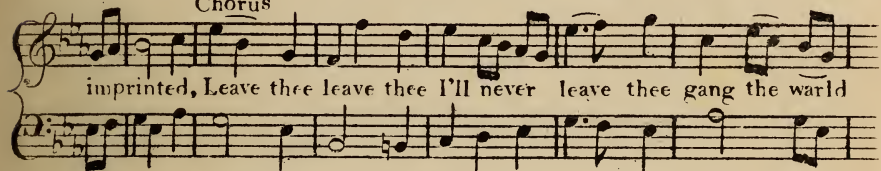
507 * Tho' for seven years and mair honour should reave me,

Moderately Slow

To fields where cannons rair thou need na grieve thee; For deep in ny



Chorus



NELLY.

O Johnny! I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart sairer
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye:
 Your blooming saft beauties first bected Love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher,
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin you prove fa'se, to ye'll be it said then;
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iccshogles hammer red gads on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
 Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

Row fastly, thou stream,

508 * Row fastly, thou stream, thro' the wild spangld valley, O green be thy

Slow

banks e-ver bonny an' fair! Sing sweetly ye birds as ye wanton fu' gaily yet

strangers to sorrow an' strangers to care. The weary day lang I lift to your

sang, An' waste ilka moment sad cheerless alane; Each sweet little treasure o'

heart-cheering pleasure, Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kaine.

Fu' ast on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,
 An' twist'd a ringlet beneath the haw thorn!
 Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin'
 Sweet days o' delight which can never return!

Now ever, wae's me!

The tear fills mine e'e!

An' fair is my heatt wi' the rigour o' pain!

Nae prospect returning

To gladden life's morning,

For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine!

As I went o'er &c.

509 * As I went o'er the highland hills to a farmer's house I came The

A little Slow

night being dark and something wet, I ventur'd into the same. Where

I was kind-ly treated and a pret-ty maid I spy'd, Who

ask'd me if I had a wife but marriage I de-ry'd.

I courted her the lea long night,
Till near the dawning day
When frankly she to me did say,
Along with you I'll gae;
For Ireland is a fine country,
An' the Scots to you are kin,
So I will gae along with you,
My fortune to begin.

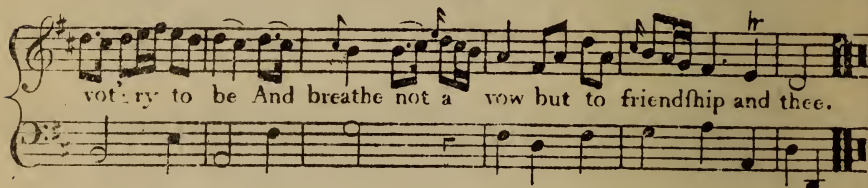
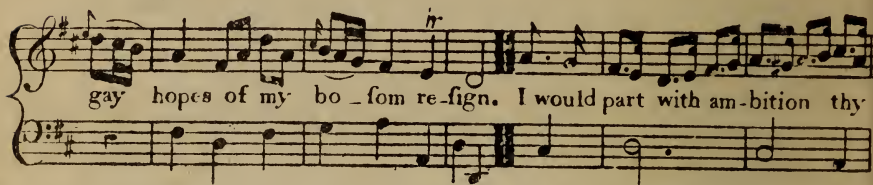
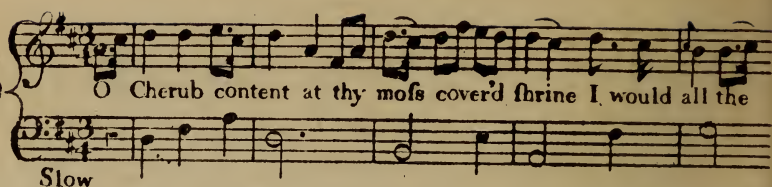
Day being come, an' breakfast o'er,
To parlour I was ta'en,
The goodman kindly ask'd me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jean;
Five hundred marks I'll give to thee,
Besides a piece of land,
But scarcely had he spoke the word,
Till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

Your offer Sir! is very good,
An' I thank you too: said I,
But I cannot be your son in law;
I'll tell you the reason why;
My business calleth me in haste
I'm the King's servant bound,
An' I must gae away this day,
Straight on, to Edinburgh town.

O! Peggy Bawn thou art my own,
My heart lys in thy breast,
An' tho' we at a distance are,
Yet still I love thee best;
Altho' we at a distance be,
An' seas between us roar;
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
To thee, for ever more.

O Cherub Content.

510



But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,
Like the gold colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

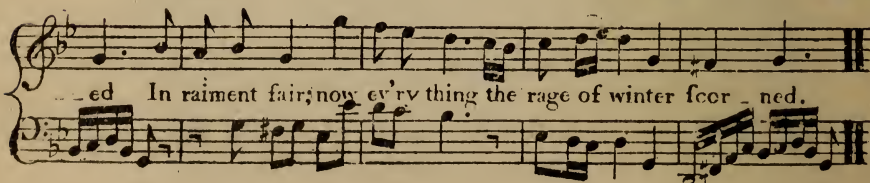
In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O Cherub content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own whom enraptur'd I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

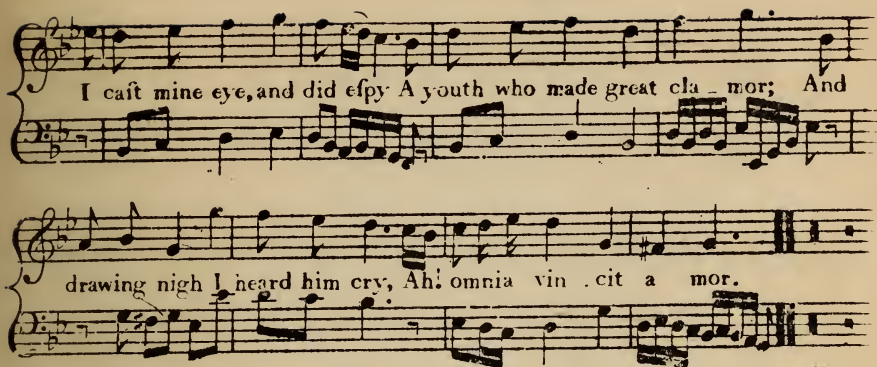


As walking forth.

511



Continued.



Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a mur'm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful song
With sighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
Her locks that shine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy sen like comets sheen,
The morning-sun outshining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining.
Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
So curiously to frame her,
Whose beauties rare make me with care
Cry, omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wild;
Condemn her for her scorning:
Let every tree a witness be,
How justly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.

Thus said, his breath began to fail
He could not speak, but stammer;
He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
But omnia vincit amor.

When I observ'd him near to death,
I run in haste to save him,
But quickly he resign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
My tongue shall ay defame her,
While on his hearse I'll write this verse,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly;
And found tho' Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith most mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his Hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love
For omnia vincit amor

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break afunder:
Nor wise nor fool, need go to school,
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look,
For omnia vincit amor.

The Battle of Harlaw.*

512

* Frae Dunidier as I cam through, Doun by the hill o' Banochie, A
 Slow
 langst the lands of Garioch: Grit pitie 'twas to hear and see. The
 noys and dulesum harmonie, That e'er that dreiry day did daw, Cry-
 and the Cory-noch on hie, A-las! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvelt quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy:
 I wist nocht qua was fae or friend;
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene,
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairry,
 For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requesting him to make me quaint.
 Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
 Then he entrit me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me chaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the Governour* he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he nicht;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht:
 And thairfore answert with disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

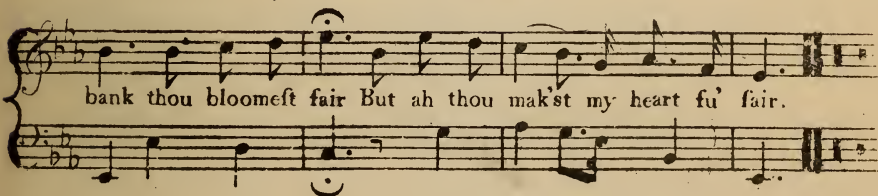
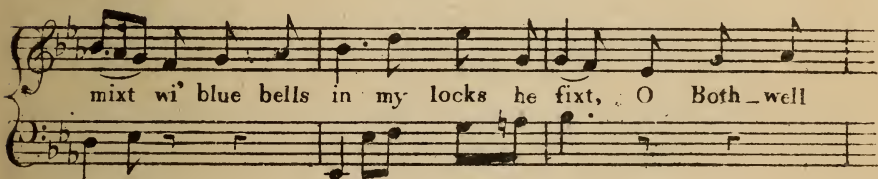
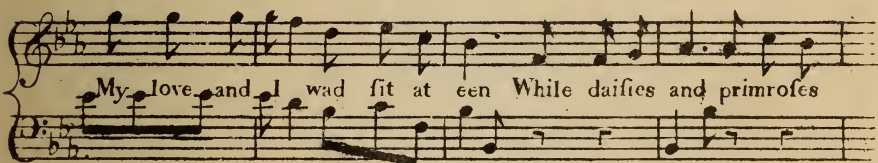
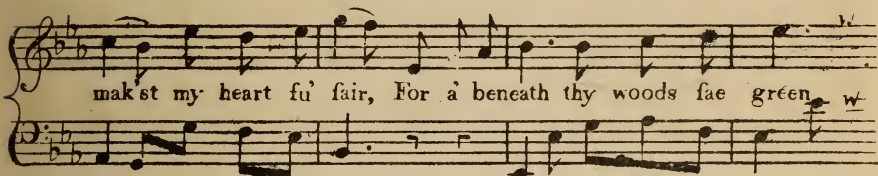
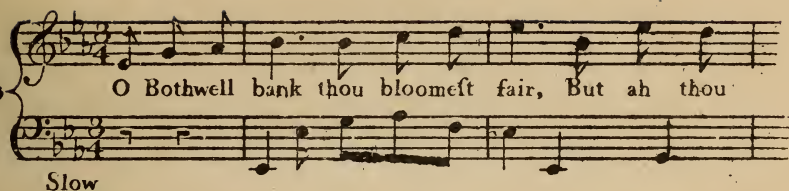
But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vowed to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells he grauthed in his graif.
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargin sould be deirly bocht, &c.
 &c. &c.

* Fought upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against Donald of the Isles.

* Robert Duke of Albany, uncle to King James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

O Bothwell bank.

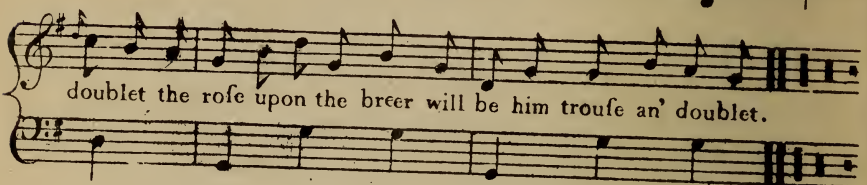
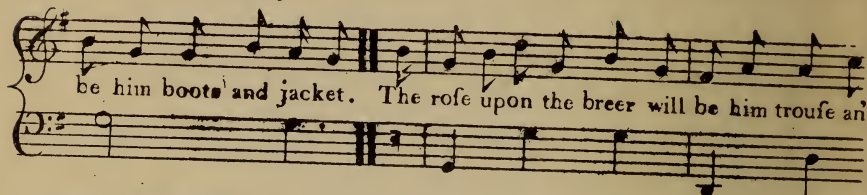
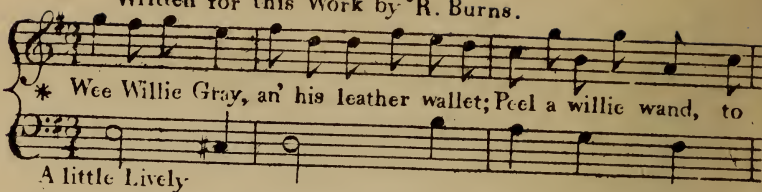
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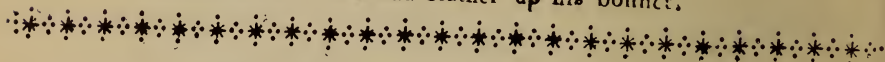
Sad he left me ae dreary day,
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
 Without ae sigh his death to moan,
 Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.
 O whither is my lover gone,
 Alas I fear he'll ne'er return.
 O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair,
 But ah thou makst my heart fu' fair.

Wee Willie Gray.
Written for this Work by R. Burns.

514

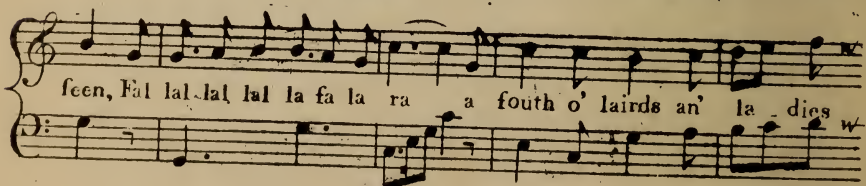
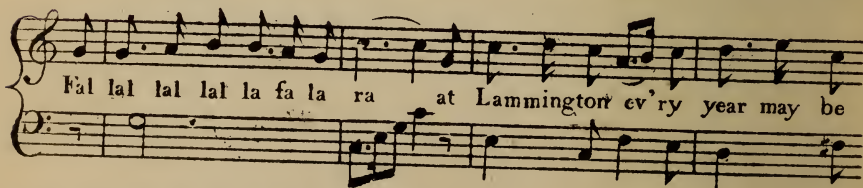
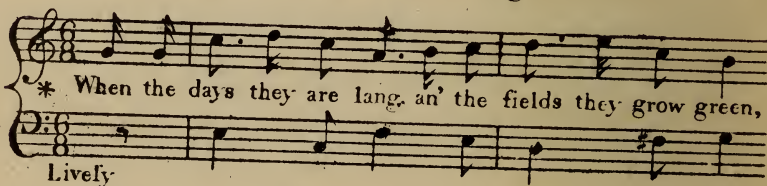


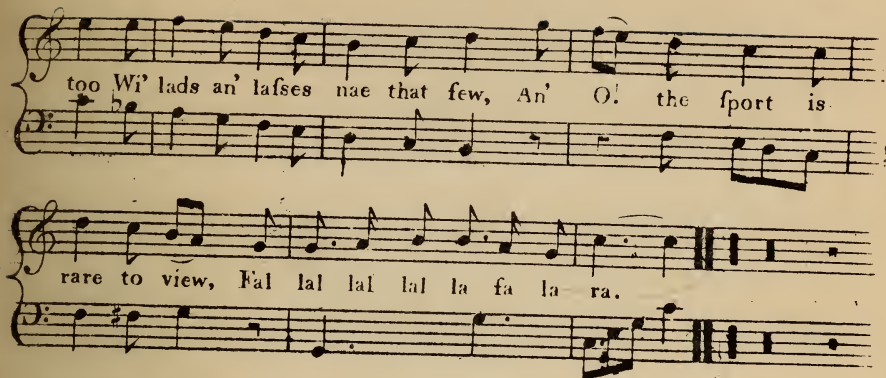
Wee Willy Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily-flower will be him fark and cravar;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.



When the days they are lang.

515





There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fal lal, &c.
Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fal lal, &c.
Our ancient Wager for to win,
The Prize nae less than forty pun;
To see them is the best o' fun, Fal lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fal lal, &c.
An' Baillies wi' halberts weel scour'd, in their hand, Fal lal, &c.
To clear the course, the cause was gude,
An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,
For ilka ane on tip-tae stood, Fal lal, &c.

Now Kirkfield frae braw Lefmahago came, Fal lal, &c.
Our filler, nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame Fal lal &c.
But tho' he cam wi' noise an' din,
The beast was unco laith to rin;
In short the lad was ahin, Fal lal &c.

An' Glentowin's horse, he was fairly out-worn, Fal lal &c.
That morning he gat a hail' firlet o' corn, Fal lal &c.
His groom kept him but carelessly;
'Tho', had he fed him soberly
'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fal lal &c.

But Kingledore's mare, she brak aff at the first, Fal lal &c.
Sax paces an' mair afore a' the rest, Fal lal &c.
She was sae supple an' sae stout,
She led the lave a' round about,
An' cam in first — as she gade out, Fal lal &c.

Now Glentowin's horse, he could do nae mair, Fal lal &c.
An' Kirkfield's, o'er heavy to hae ony share, Fal lal &c.
Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare,
Set aff wi' a' our dainty gear,
An' caper'd crouslly thro' the fair Fal lal &c.

The banks of the Dee.

516 "Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing & sweetly

Slow

the nightingale sung from the tree at the foot of a rock where the river was

flowing I set myself down on the banks of the Dee, Flow on lovely Dee flow on thou

sweet river thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever for there I first

gain'd the affection and favour of Jamie the glory & pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,
 And ah there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
 And left me to stray mong'st these once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
 And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

533

Written by R. Burns.

517

Scenes of woe and scenes of plea - sure, Scenes that

Very Slow

for - mer thoughts re - new; scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

now a sad and last adieu. Bon - ny Doon, sae, sweet at

gloaming, fare thee weel be - fore I gang Bon - ny Doon where

ear - ly roam - ing, First I weav'd the rus - tic sang.

Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the softest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be.
Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thought renew;
Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure
Now a sad and last adieu.

Go to Berwick Johnny.

518

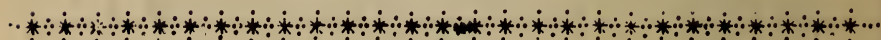
* Gc to Berwick Johnny bring her frae the border yon sweet

Lively

bonnie lassie, let her gae nae farder. English louns will twine ye o' the

lovely treasure but we'll let them ken a sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick Johnny,
 An' regain your honour
 Drive them o'er the Tweed,
 An' shaw our Scottish banner.
 I am Rab the King,
 An' ye are Jock my brither,
 But before we lose her,
 We'll a' there the gither.



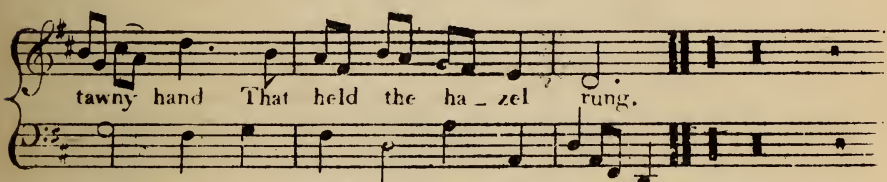
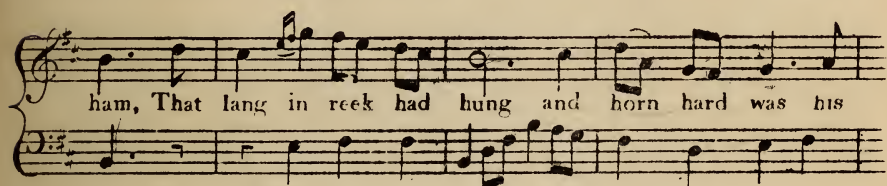
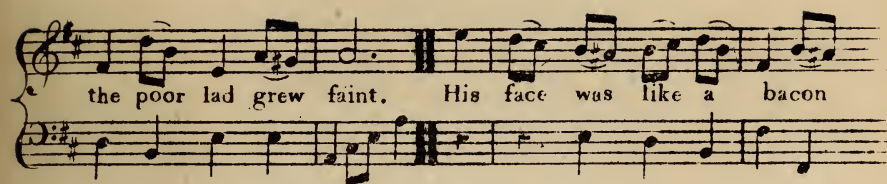
'Twas at the shining mid-day hour.

519

* 'Twas at the shining mid-day hour, When all be -

A little lively

- gan to gaunt That hunger, rugg'd at Wat ty's breast, And



So wad the softest face appear
 Of the maist dressy spark
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,
 Were they kept close at wark.
 His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blue,
 On his braid cheeks frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.
 But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
 Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
 And nothing now but solid gear
 Could give his heart delyte.
 He to the kitchen ran with speed,
 To his lov'd Madge he ran,
 Sunk down into the chimney nook
 With visage sour and wan.
 Get up, he cries, my crispy love,
 Support my sinking faul
 With something that is fit to chew,
 Be't either het or caul.
 This is the how and hungry hour,
 When the best cures for grief
 Are cogue-fous of thy lythy kail,
 And a good junt of beef.
 Oh Watty; Watty, Madge replies,
 I but o'er justly trow'd
 Your love was thowless and that ye
 For cakes and pudding wou'd.
 Bethink thee, Watty on that night,
 When all were fast asleep,

How ye kist'd me frae cheek to cheek
 Now leave these cheeks to dreep,
 How could ye ca' my hurdies fat,
 And comfort of your sight?
 How could ye roose my dimpled hand,
 Now all my dimples flight?
 Why did you promise me a snood,
 To bind my locks fae brown?
 Why did you me fine garters height,
 Yet let my hose fa' down!
 O faithless Watty think how aft
 I mend your farks and hose!
 For you how many bannocks stown,
 How many cogues of brose!
 But hark! — the kail bell rings and I
 Maun gae link aff the pot;
 Come see, ye nash, how fair I sweat,
 To stegh your guts, ye sot,
 The grace was said, the Master serv'd,
 Fat Madge return'd again,
 Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himsell,
 And sidg'd he was fae fain.
 He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
 Where a warm haggies stood,
 And gart his gooly thro' the bag
 Let out its fat heart's blood.
 And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge
 Of this delicious fare;
 Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
 Till he could eat nae mair.

Have you any Pots or Pans,

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1st Page 24

520

Have you any pots or pans, Or any broken chandlers? I

Lively

I am a tinker to my trade And new-ly come frae Flanders. As

scant of siller as of grace, Dis-banded, we've a bad run; Gang

tell the lady of the place, I'm come to clout her caldron.

Madam, if you have wark for me.

I'll do't to your contentment,

And dinna care a single flie

For any man's resentment;

For lady fair, though I appear

To ev'ry ane a tinker,

Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,

I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan

Turn'd for his lovely Leda;

He like a bull o'er meadows ran,

To carry aff Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he,

To cheat your Argus blinker,

And win your love like mighty Jove,

Thus hide me in a tinkler.

Sir, ye appear a cunningman,

But this fine plot you'll fail in,

For there is neither pot nor pan

Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

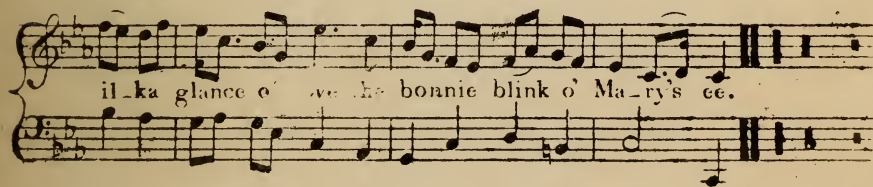
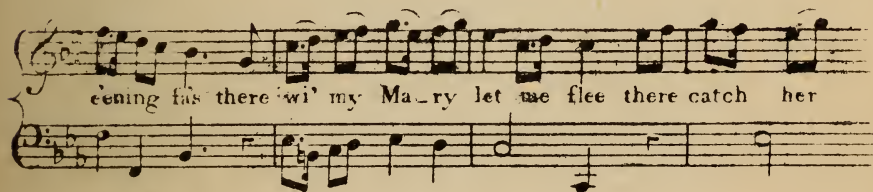
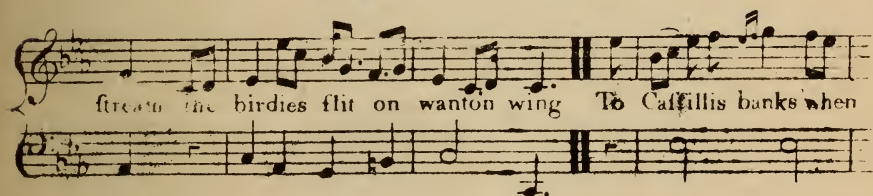
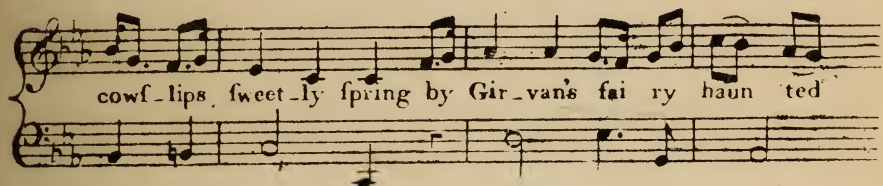
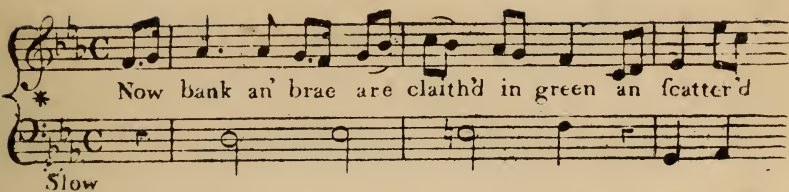
Then bind your budget on your back,

And nails up in your apron,

For I've a tinkler under tack

That's us'd to clout my caldron.

521



The chield wha boasts o' world's walth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' mine ain,
 Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Calfillis banks,
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee.

Ae day a braw wooer, &c.
By Burns.

522 Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen, And sair wi' his
Lively

love he did deave me; But I said there was naething I hated like

men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me believe me, The

deuce: gae wi' him to be-lieve me.

A weel stocket mailen himsel o't the laird,
An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
I never loot on, that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' o' for my love he was diein';
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The gude forgiè me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The diel's in his taste to gae near her)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think how the jade I could endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I freted wi' care,
I gade to the tryst o' Dugarlock;
An' wha but my bra' fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Continued.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
 Lest neighbour shou'd think I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
 An' if she'd recover'd her hearin';
 An' how my auld ☆ shoon fitted her shacheld feet
 Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sortow;
 An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
 I think I will wed him to morrow.

☆ An old lover.

To the Foregoing Tune.

THE Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife,
 Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo, -

To see gin a wooer wad tak her for life,

Sing hey, fal lal de ral, lal de ral, lal de ral,

Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.

She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, Fal &c.

Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochnell, Sing hey, fal &c.

He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', — Fal &c.

Whare naebodie heard, and whare nae body saw, — Sing hey fal &c.

Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice — Fal &c.

I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd she'll be nice, — Sing hey fal

Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, — Fal &c.

I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, — Sing hey fal &c.

But troth, Madam, I canna woo, — Fal &c.

For aft I hae tried it, and ay I fa' thro', — Sing hey fal &c.

But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin — Fal &c.

For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, — Sing hey fal &c.

Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, — Fal &c.

Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, — Sing hey fal &c.

Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, — Fal &c.

For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, — Sing hey fal &c.

Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, — Fal &c.

For offers like him are na ay to be had, — Sing hey fal &c.

Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, — Fal &c.

I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, — Sing hey fal &c.

Then she cries but the house, Jockie come here, — Fal &c.

Ye've neathing to do but the question to spier, — Sing hey fal &c.

The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, — Fal &c.

The neebors cam in, and wish'd them gude luck, — Sing hey fal &c.

Gudeen to you kimmer.

Corrected by Burns.

523 * Gud- een to you kim- mer and how de ye do?

Canty

Hiccup, quo' kim mer, The bet- ter that I'm fou.

Chorus.

We're a' nod-din, nid nid nod-din we're a' nod-din at

our house at hame, We're a' nod-din nid nid nod-din

we're a' nod-din at our house at hame.

Kate fits i' the neuk,

Suppin hen broo;

Deil tak Kate

An' she be na noddin too!

We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,

And how do ye fare?

Apint o' the best o't,

And twa pints mair.

We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,

And how do ye thrive;

How mony bairns hae ye?

Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

We're a' noddin &

Are they a' Johny's?

Eh! atweel no:

Twa o' them were gotten

When Johny was awa.

We're a' noddin &c.

Cats like milk

And dogs like broo;

Lads like lasses weel,

And lasses lads too.

We're a' noddin &c.

In Brechin did a wabster dwell.

524 * In Brechin did a wabster dwell, Who was a man o' fame o, He

Rather Slow

was the deacon o' his trade John Steinon was his name o. A

mare he had a lus - ty jade, Baith sturdy, stark, and strang o, A

lusty trusty skiegh young yad, An' he had spaird her lang o.

The wabster bade his mare go work,
 Quoth she, I am not able,
 For neither get I corn nor hay,
 Nor stand I in a stable;
 But hunts me, and dunts me,
 And dings me from the town,
 And fells me, and tells me,
 I am not worth my room.

The wabster swore a bloody oath,
 And out he drew a knife,
 If one word come out of thy head,
 I vow I'll take thy life.
 The mare ay, for fear ay,
 Fell fainting to the ground,
 And groaning and moaning,
 Fell in a deadly swoon.

They clipped her, and nipped her,
 They took from her the skin;
 The haunches, and the paunches,
 They quickly brought them in:
 Make haste, dame, said he,
 And wash this grease, and dry't,
 For I will hazard on my life,
 The doctor's wife will buy't.

They rumbl'd her, they tumbld her,
 They shot her o'er the brae:
 With rumbling, and tumbling,
 She to the ground did gae.
 But the night being cauld,
 And the mare wanting her skin,
 And darkness came out o'er the land,
 And fain wou'd she been in. &c.
 &c. &c.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair.

525 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, And Willy's wond'rous

Stowish

bonnie; and Willy heght to marry me gin e'er he marry'd

ony oh gin e'er he mar ry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
The night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter's night,
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

O came you by yon water side,
Pu'd you the rose or lily;

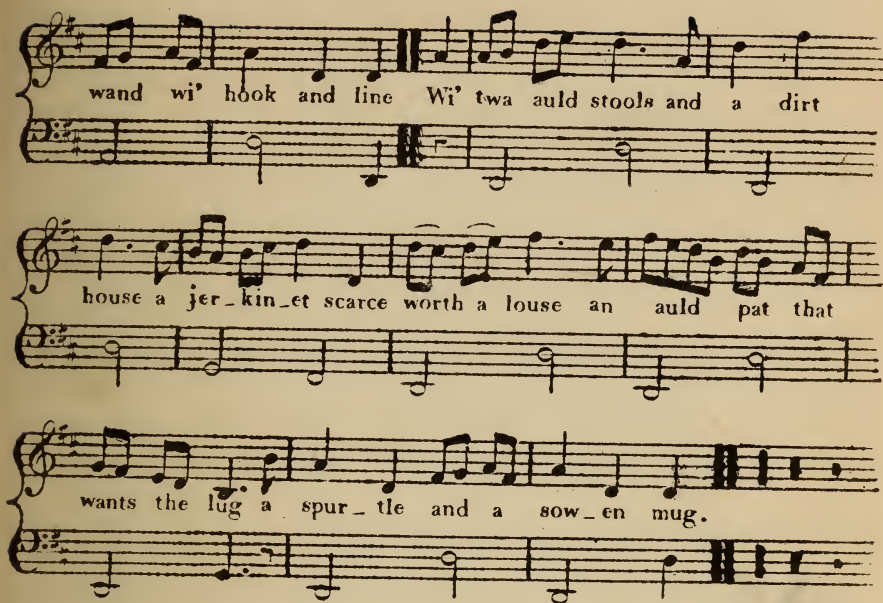
She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him brad and narrow;
Sine in the clifing of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

My Daddy left me &c.

526 * My daddy left me gear enough a cou' ter and an

Lively

auld beam plough a nebbed staff a nutting tyne a fishing



wand wi' hook and line Wi' twa auld stools and a dirt
house a jer-kin et scarce worth a louse an auld pat that
wants the lug a spur-tle and a sow-en mug.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peet creel,
The spakes of our auld spinning wheel, I hope, my bairns, ye're a weil nòw.
A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
A whang-bit, and a sniffle-bit;
Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

With an auld broken pan of brass,
With an auld sark that wants the arse.
An auld-band, and a hoodling how,
Aft have I borne ye on my back,
With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
And it was a' for want of gear,
That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

A flailing-staff and a timmer spit,
An auld kirn and a hole in it,
Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
A whistle, and a tup horn spoon,
With an auld pair of clouted shoon,
A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

Then with mysel I did advise,
My daddy's gear for to comprize;
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
What gear my daddy left to me.
They sat three quarters of a year,
Comprizing of my daddy's gear;
And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
The pillions of an auld car-saddle,
A gullie-knife and a horse-wand,
A mitten for the left hand,

Stern winter has left us

527 * Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, & cowslips &
 Slowish
 vi'lets the meadows perfume; While kids are disporting, & birds fill the
 spray, I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.

Jocky Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
 Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my maid;
 Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay.
 A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
 When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
 You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
 Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky Young Willy is handsome in shepherd's green dress,
 He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
 Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
 Was that done like Jenny, the Queen of the May?

Jenny This garland of roses no longer I prize,
 Since Jocky, false hearted, his passion denies:
 Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
 For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jocky Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
 Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
 From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day,
 I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Jenny Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
 My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true;
 Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
 That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Jocky Come all ye young lovers, I pray you draw near,
 Avoid all suspicion, what're may appear;
 Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

Stern winter has left us. Second Sett.

515

Jenny.

528

* Stern win-ter has left us, the trees are in

Slowish

bloom, And cowslips, and vi'lets the meadows per-fume: While

kids are dis-porting, and birds fill the spray I wait for my

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Jocky to hail the new May. A-mong the young lil-ies my

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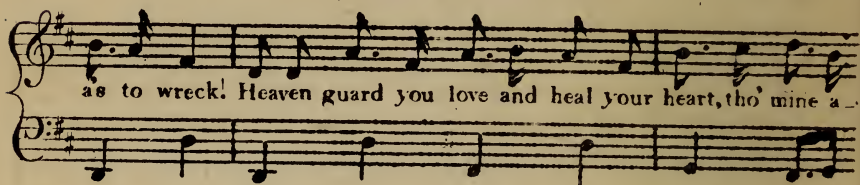
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po-sy to form for my Queen of the May.

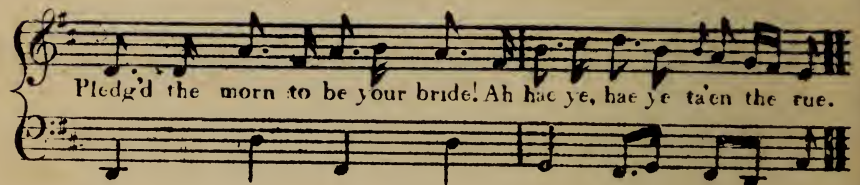
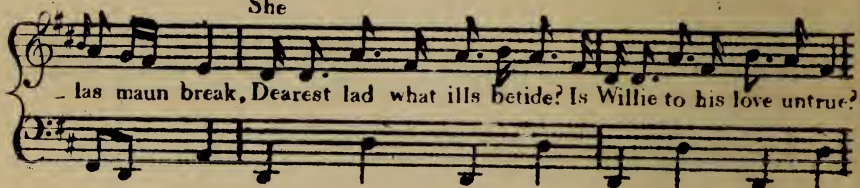
Ah Mary sweetest maid.

He

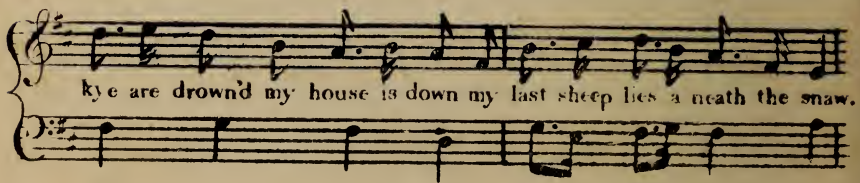
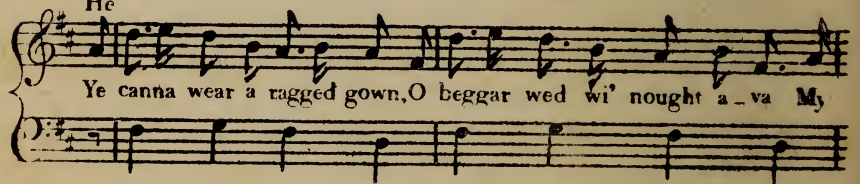
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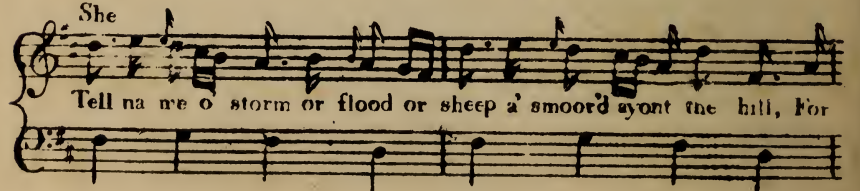
She

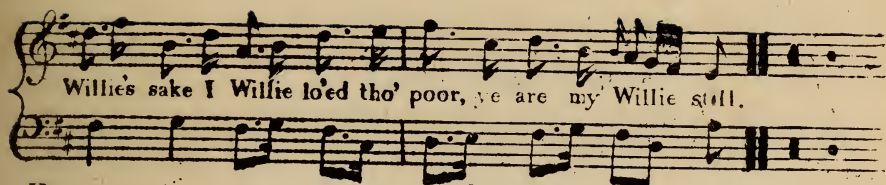


He



She





Willie's sake I Willie lo'd tho' poor, ye are my Willie still.

He

Ye canna thole the wind and rain,
Nor wander friendless far frae hame:
Cheer cheer your heart some richer swain,
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.

He

Pardon love! 'twas a' a snare
The flocks are safe — we needna part:
I'd forfeit them and ten times mair,
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

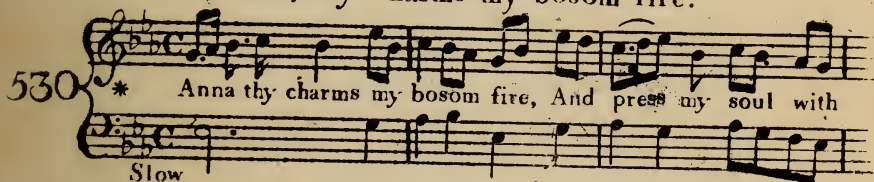
She

I'll tak my bundle in my hand
And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee;
I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,
I'll venture wi' ye o'er the sea.

She

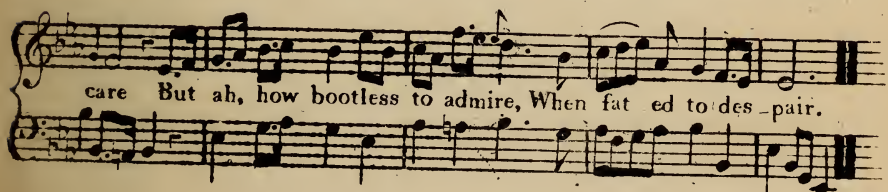
Could ye wi' my feelings sport,
Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?
I should wish mischief on ye for't,
But canna wish ought ill to you.

Anna, thy Charms my bosom fire.

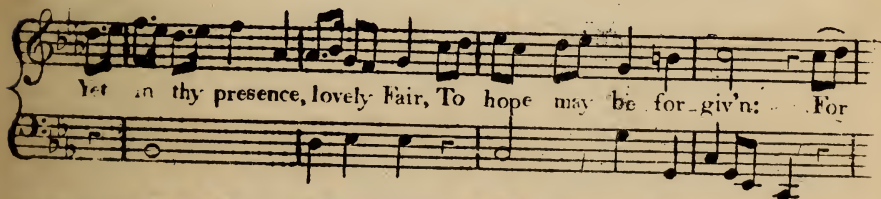


* Anna thy charms my bosom fire, And press my soul with

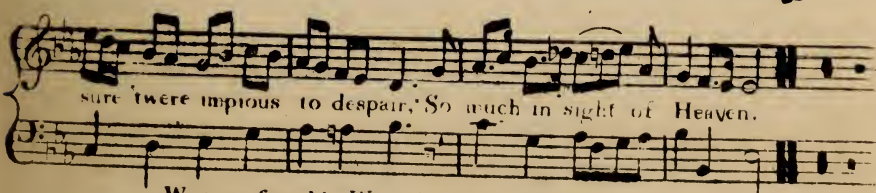
Slow



care But ah, how bootless to admire, When fat ed to des-pair.



Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be for-giv'n: For

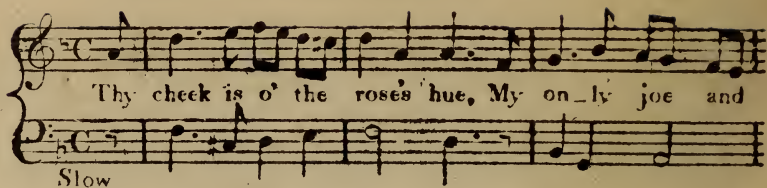


sure 'twere impious to despair; So much in sight of Heaven.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Thy cheek is o' the roses hue,

531



Slow

dearie O, Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew up-on the

bank sae brier-ie O; Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry, O

sweets the twink-le o' thine e'e, Nae joy nae pleasure

blinks on me, My on-ly joe and dear-ie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
It's sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O!
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie O!
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only joe and dearie, O!

When we war bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bony O!
Aft we wad daff the feelang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie O!

Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thornie tree,
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
My only joe and dearie O!

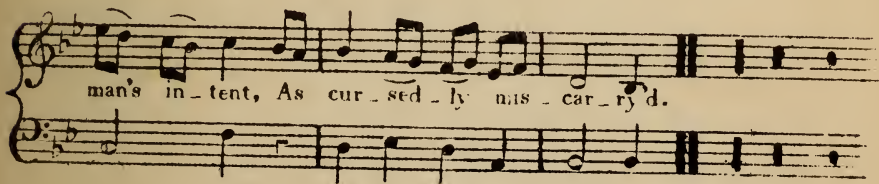
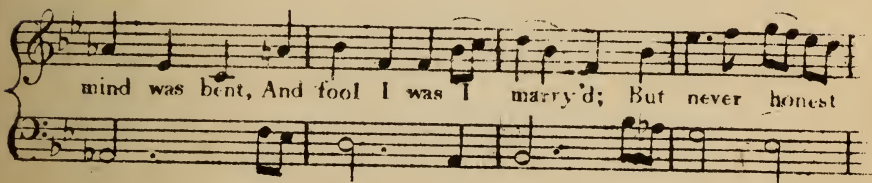
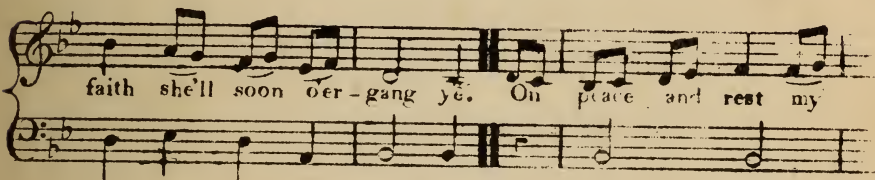
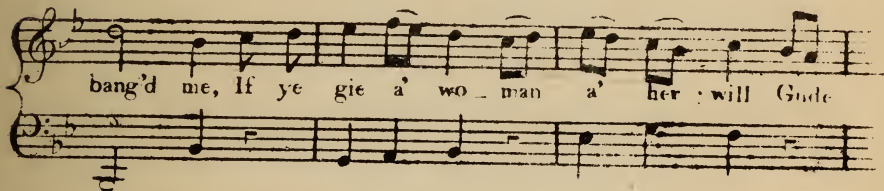
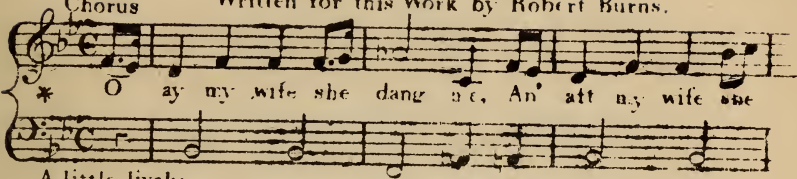
I hae a wish I canna tinc,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O.
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O.
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither war'ly care wad hae'
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only joe and dearie O!

O ay my wife she dang me.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Chorus

532



Some sairie comfort still at last,

When a' thir days are done, man,

My pains o' hell on earth is past,

I'm sure o' bliss aboon man

O ay my wife she &c.

Come under my plaidy.

533

Come under my plaidy, the night's ga'en to fa; Come
 Lively
 in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw; Come
 under my plaidy, and lye down beside me; There's room in't
 dear ladsie, believe me for twa Come under my plaidy, and
 lye down beside me I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will
 blaw, O come under my plaidy, and lye down beside me there's
 room in't dear ladsie be-lieve me for twa.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing in the spaces between systems. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Continued.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae' wa!
 'I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw.
 'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lye beside ye,
 'Ye may be my gutchard, auld Donald gae' wa.
 'I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 'He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
 'O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae gracefu', fae tightly,
 'His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

"Dear Marion let that flee stick fast to the wa,
 "Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava,
 "The haill o' his pack he has now on his back,
 "He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa.
 "Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk you aye finely;
 "At kirk or at market they'll few gang fae braw;
 "A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 "And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

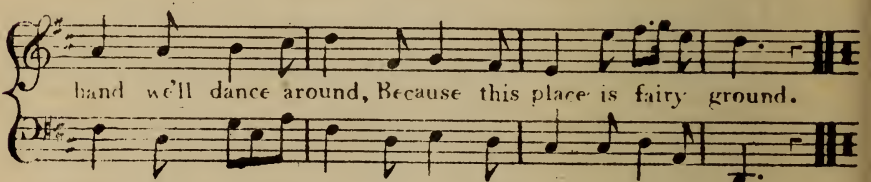
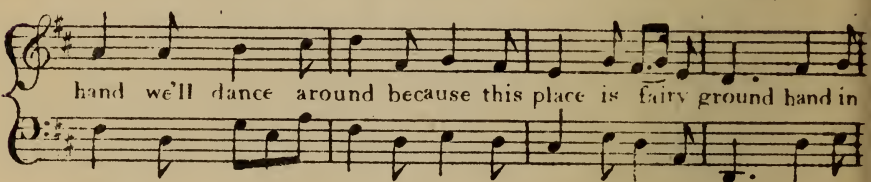
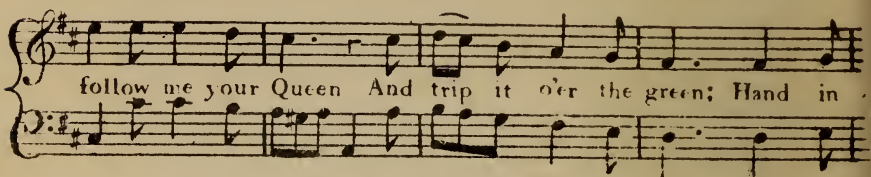
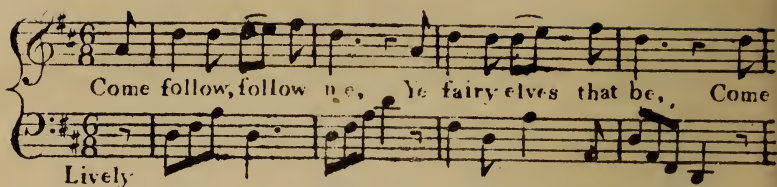
'My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 'Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw,
 'It's true I loo Johnny he's gude and he's bonny,
 'But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
 'I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
 'I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'
 'Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 'I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa'.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa'
 Whar Johnny was lift'ning and heard her tell a',
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw,
 The Howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
 "Wa'd marry auld nick if he'd keep them ay bra'.

"O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now fae bra',
 "They'll ly down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa,
 "The haill o' their marriage, is gowd and a' carriage,
 "Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
 "But lo'e them I canna nor marry I winna
 "Wi' ony daft lassie, tho' fair as a Queen,
 "Till love hae a share o't, the never a' hair o't
 "Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

Come follow, follow me.

534



When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in th'ir nest;
Unheed, and unesp'yd,
Through key holes we do glide,
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
Then we pinch their arms and thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the house hold maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread,
A grain of barley wheate

The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brain of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And brains of worms & marrow of mice
Do make a feast that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy.
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk;
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen,
Where we the Night before have been.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet.

535

* Lord Thomas and fair Annet Sat a day on a hill Whan

Slow

night was come and the fun was fet, They had not talk'd their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 Fair Annet took it ill;
 A. I will never wed a wife
 Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye will never wed a wife,
 A wife will ne'er wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 An' knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to me.
 O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has gowd & gear,
 Fair Annet she's gat nane,
 And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
 O it will soon be gane.

And he has to his brither gane,
 Now, brither, rede ye me,
 A. fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye,
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet by.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre,
 And I fall hae naething to mysell
 But a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sifter gane:
 Now, sifter, rede ye me,
 O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And set fair Annet free?

Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the browne bride alane,
 Left ye sould sigh, and say, Alas
 What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
 And marrie me out o' hand,
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
 Fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
 Twa hours or it wereday,
 And he is gane into the bower
 Wherein fair Annet lay

Rife up, rife up, fair Annet, he says,
 Put on your silken sheene,
 Let us gae to St Marie's kirk,
 And see that rich wedden.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
 And drefs to me my hair,
 Whair-ere ye laid a plait before,
 See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-roon.
 And drefs to me my smock.
 The one half is o' the holland fine,
 The 'other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
 He amblit like the wind,
 Wi' filler he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty filler bells
 Weren tied till his mane,
 Wi' yae tift o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Over

Continued.

Four-and twenty gay gude knights
Made by fair Annet's side,
And four and twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirke,
She sat on Marie's stean,
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And when she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun,
The belt that was aboute her waift
Was a wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clear forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kises three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite,
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak yee sae fae white?

O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane.

For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote bee,
But when he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it in to the nut browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
Now stay, my dear, he cryd;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by hir side.

Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare,
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvvers deare.



William and Margaret.

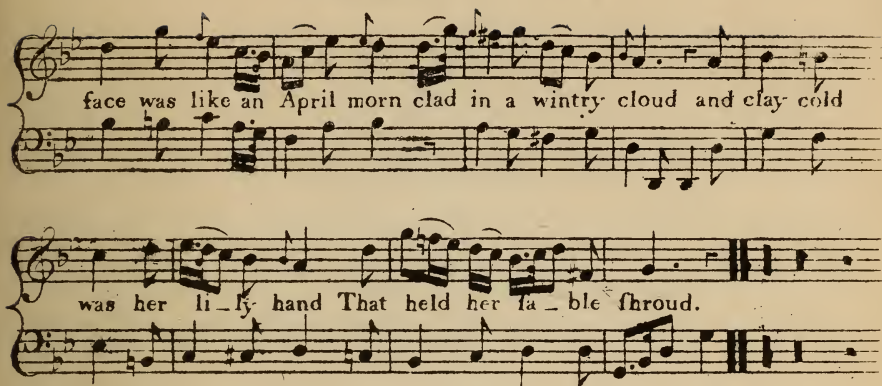
536

'Twas at the silent solemn hour when night and morn - ing

Slow

meet; In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost and stood at William's feet Her

Continued.



So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown,
 Such is the robe that Kings must wear
 When Death has reft their crown.
 Her bloom was like the springing flower
 That tips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like a canker worm,
 Consum'd her early prime.
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She dy'd before her time.
 "Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

"Why did you say my lips was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless maid!
 Believe the flattering tale?
 "That face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those lips no longer red;
 "Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
 "This winding sheet I wear;
 "And cold and weary lasts our night,
 "Till that last morn appear. (hence;
 "But, hark! the cock has warn'd me
 "A long and late adieu!
 "Come see, false man! how low she lies
 "Who dy'd for love of you."

"This is the dumb and dreary hour
 "When injur'd ghosts complain,
 "When yawning graves give up their dead
 "To haunt the faithless swain.
 "Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
 "Thy pledge and broken oath,
 "And give me back my maiden vow,
 "And give me back my troth.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
 With beams of rosy red;
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.
 He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay, (turf
 And stretch'd him on the green grass
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

"Why did you promise love to me,
 "And not that promise keep?
 "Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 "Yet leave those eyes to weep?
 "How could you say my face was fair,
 "And yet that face forsake?
 "How could you win my virgin heart,
 "Yet leave that heart to break.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave
 And word spoke never more.
 Such be the fate of vows unpaid,
 And pledge of sacred love!
 Tho' they may tempt the yielding maid,
 They're registered above!

What ails the lasses at me.

537 * I am a young bachelor winsome a farmer by rank & degree and
Lively

few I see gang out mair handsome to kirk or to mar- ket than me. I've

outficht and inficht and credit, And frae ony eelift I'm free I'm

weel enough boarded and bedded, What ails a' the lasses at me.

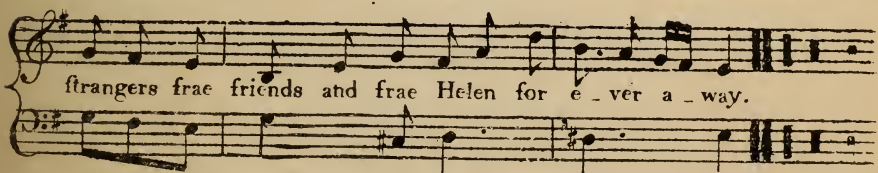
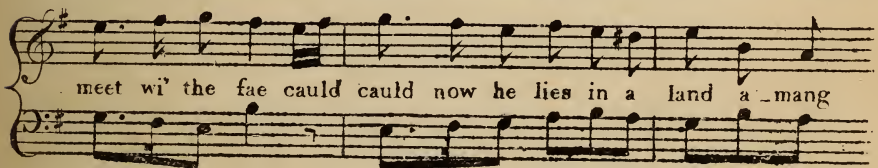
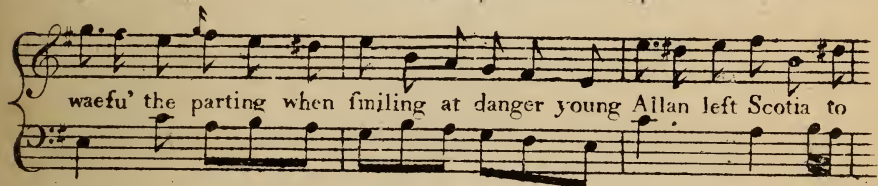
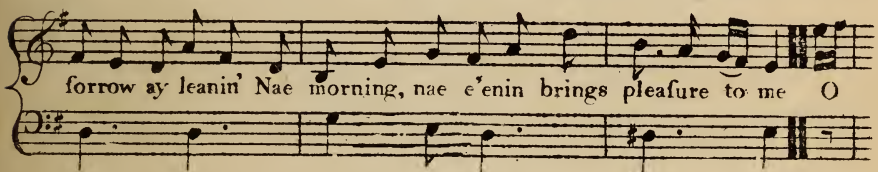
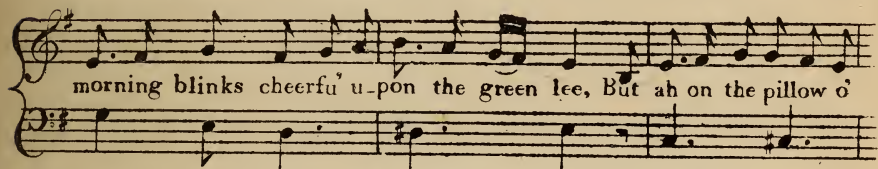
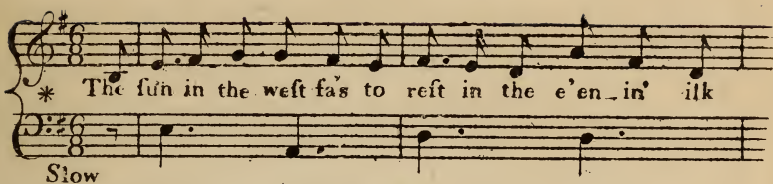
My buchts of good store are no scanty,	O, if I kend how but to gain them,
My byres are well stocked wi' kye,	How fond of the knack wad I be!
Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,	Or what an address could obtain them,
An' twa or three easments forby.	It should be twice welcome to me.
An' horse to ride out when they're weary,	If kissing an' clapping wad please them,
An' cock with the best they can see,	That trade I should drive till I die;
An' then be ca'd dawty and deary,	But, however I study to ease them,
I fairly what ails them at me.	They've still an exception at me.

Behind backs, afore fouk I've woo'd them,	There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cran-shaks,
An' a' the gates o't that I ken,	An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
An' when they leugh o' me I trow'd them,	No sooner they speak to the wenches,
An' thought I had won, but what then;	But they are ta'en far enough ben;
When I speak of matters they grumble,	But when I speak to them, that's stately
Nor are condescending and free,	I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
But at my proposals ay stumble,	An' get the denial right flatly;
I wonder what ails them at me.	What, think ye, can ail them at me.

I've try'd them baith highland & lowland,	I have yet but ae offer to mak' them,
Where I a good bargain could see,	If they wad but hearken to me,
But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,	And that is, I'm willing to tak them,
Or say they wad buckle wi' me.	If they their consent wad but gee;
With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them,	Let her that's content write a billet,
Been with them baith modest and free,	An' get it transmitted to me,
But whatever way I care's'd them,	I hereby engage to fulfil it,
There's something still ails them at me.	Tho' cripple, tho' blind she sud be.

The fun in the west.

538

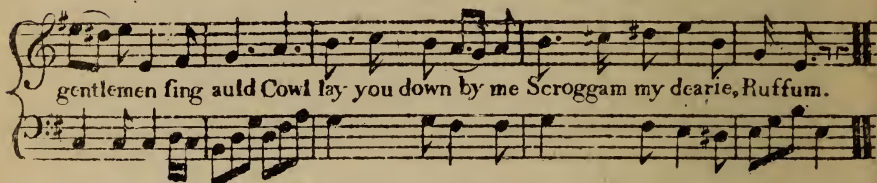
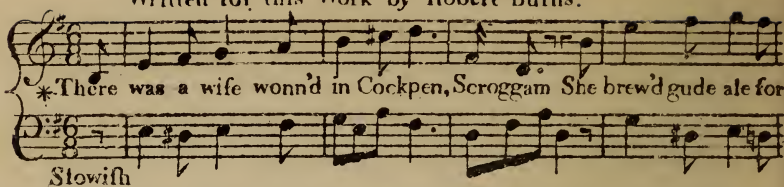


As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rain,
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage fae darin,
 And laid him pale, lifeless upon the drear plain.
 Could winter the flower divests o' its cleidin',
 In simmer again it blooms bonny to see;
 But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleidin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

Scroggam

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

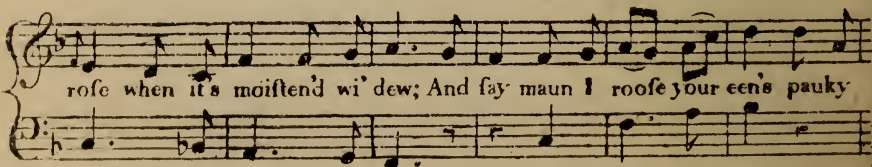
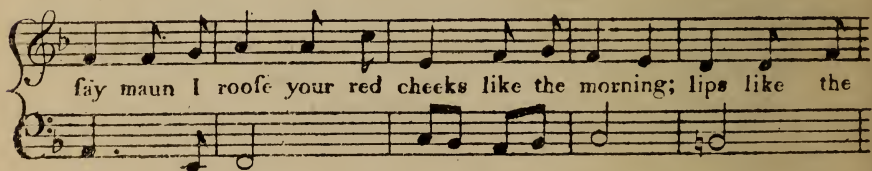
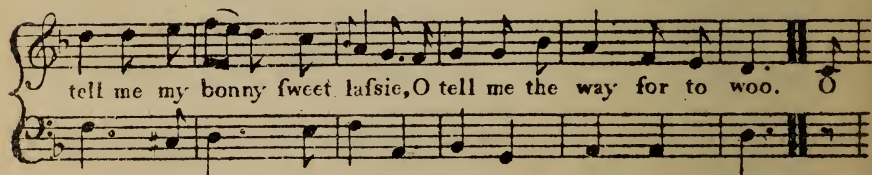
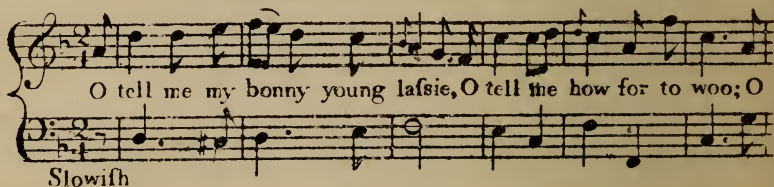
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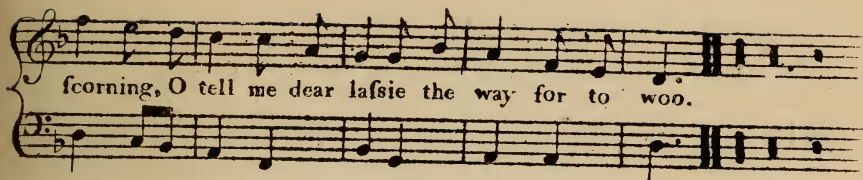


The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam; Scroggam, (-tither
The priest o' the parish fell in anither, That the heat o' the tane might cool the
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. B.

O Tell me my bonny &c.

540





O far hae I wander'd dear lassie,
 To see thee sail'd the salt sea,
 I've travel'd o'er muirland an' mountain,
 An' houselefs lain cauld on the lea;
 I never hae try'd yet, to mak' love to ony,
 Never loe'd ony, till ance I loe'd you,
 An' now we're alane in the greenwood fae bonny,
 Now, tell me dear lassie the way for to woo.

What care I, for your wandering, laddie,
 Or yet for your sailing the sea,
 It was na for nought ye left Peggy,
 My tocher it brought ye to me;
 An' say, hae ye goud for to busk me ay gaudy,
 Ribbons an' pearlin's an' breastknotts enow,
 A house that is canty, wi' plenishin' plenty,
 Without them, ye never need come for to woo.

I hae nae goud for to busk ye ay gaudy,
 Nor yet, buy ribbons enow,
 I brag not o' house or o' plenty,
 But, I hae a heart that is true;
 I came na for tocher, I ne'er heard of ony,
 Never loe'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow;
 I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fause as bonny;
 I little thought this was the way for to woo.

Hae na ye roof'd my cheeks like the morning,
 An' roof'd my cherry red mow,
 Ye've come o'er the Sea, Muir, and Mountain,
 What mair Johny need ye to woo;
 An' far hae ye wander'd I ken, my dear laddie,
 Now ye hae found me, ye've nae cause to rue,
 Wi' health we'll hae plenty, I'll never gang gaudy,
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in his bosom,
 The tear fill'd ilk lover's ee,
 An' fadd'by the side o' the burnie,
 While the mavis sang sweet on the tree;
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her an' cad her his honey,
 Look'd in her face wi' a heart leel an' true,
 As aften she sigh'd an' said, my dear Johnny,
 Nae body need tell ye the way for to woo.

O Mary turn awa

541 * O Mary turn a-wa that bonny face o' thine O

Slowish

dinna dinna shaw that breast that never can be mine. Can

ought o' warld's gear e'er cool my bosom's care Na

na for ilka look o' thine it only feeds despair.

Then Mary, turn awa'
That bonny face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden fair, (grow
An' o'er my breast the grafs maun
E're I am free frae care!

Same Tune

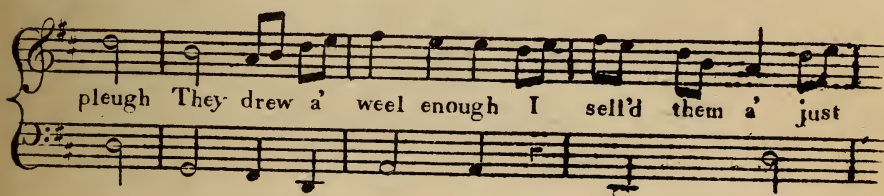
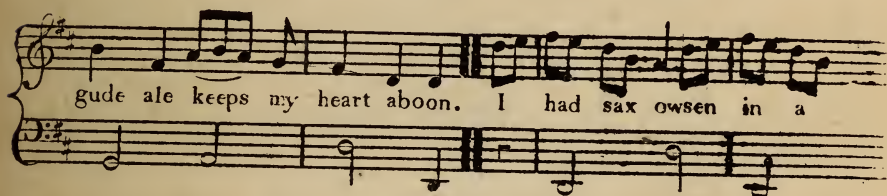
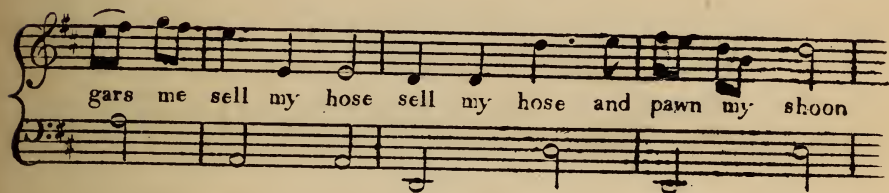
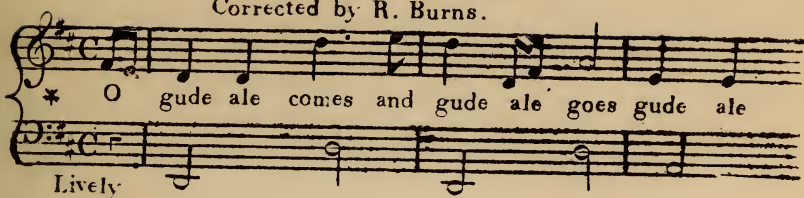
WHAT ails this heart of mine?
What ails this watry ee?
What gars me ay turn cald as death,
When I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'lt dearer grow to me,
But change o' fouk an' change o' place,
May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,
Just by yon spreadin' tree,
An' gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee!
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there by mony a blushing bud
I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
Whar I ha'e been wi' thee
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale
By ev'ry burn an' tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Tho' lovers absent be;
An' when I think I see thee still,
I think I'm still wi' thee.

O gude ale comes &c.
Corrected by R. Burns.

542



Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Robin shure in hairst

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

543

* Ro - bin shure in hairst, I shure wi' him

Brisk

Fint a heuk had I, Yet I stack by him.

Song

I gaed up to Dunse, To warp a wab o' plai - den

at his dad - dies yet, Wha met me but Ro - bin.

Was na Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a trick
 And me the Eller's dochter?
 Robin shure &c.

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goos feathers and whittle.
 Robin shure &c.

Wha wadna be in love &c.

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1.st Page 99

544

Wha wad - na be in love Wi' bon - ny Mag - gy

Lively

Law-der a pip-er met her gaun to Fife, And
 spier'd what was't they ca'd her right scorn-fully she
 answer'd him be-gone, you hallanshaker; Jog on your gate, you
 blad-der-skate My name is Mag-gy Law-der.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see you;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee:
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shak my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wita speed,
 About the drone he twisted,
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly cou'd she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he; Play up, quoth she
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter.
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lawder.

A Cogie of ale, and a pickle ait meal.

545

A cogie of ale and a pickle ait meal, And a dainty wee
Lively.
drappy of whisky was our fore fathers dose to swiel down their brose &
mak' them blythe cheery an' frisky. Then hey for the co-gie and
hey for the ale, and hey for the whisky & hey for the meal; when mix'd a the
gether they do unco weel, To mak' a chield cheery and brisk ay.

As I view our Scots lads, in their kilts and cockades,
A' blooming and fresh as a rose, man;
I think wi' mysel', O! the meal and the ale,
And the fruits of our Scottish kail brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

When our brave highland blades, wi' their claymores and plaids,
in the field, drive, like sheep, a' our foes, man;
Their courage and pow'r, spring frae this, to be sure,
They're the noble effects of the brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

But your spindie shank'd sparks, wha but ill set their sarks,
And your pale visag'd milksops, and beaus, man,
I think when I see them, 'twere kindness to gie them,
A cogie of ale and of brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

The Dumfries Volunteers.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

546

Does haughty Gaul in-vasion threat, Then let the louns be
with Spirit.

ware, Sir, There's wooden walls u-pon our seas, And Volunteers on shore, Sir.

The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, The Criffel sink in Solway, E're

Chorus.

we permit a foreign foe, On British ground to ral-ly, We'll ne'er per

mit a foreign foe, On British ground to ral-ly.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, snap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it;
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselfs united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
For never but &c.

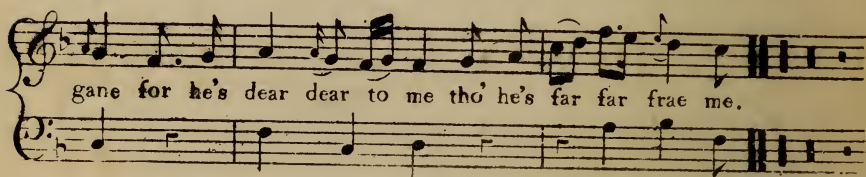
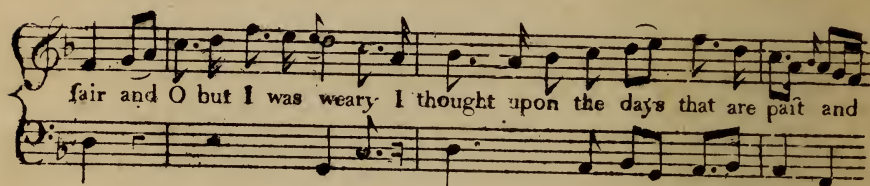
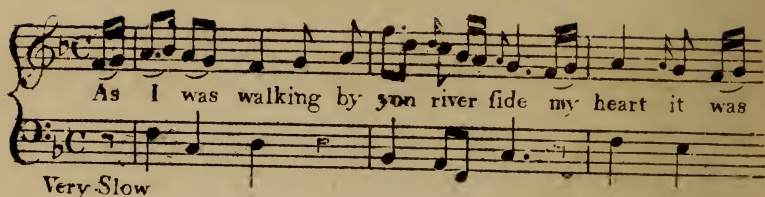
The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may sail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't:
Our fathers blude the kettle bought.

And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
May they be damnd together.
Who will not sing, God save the king;
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing &c.

He's dear dear to me &c.

547



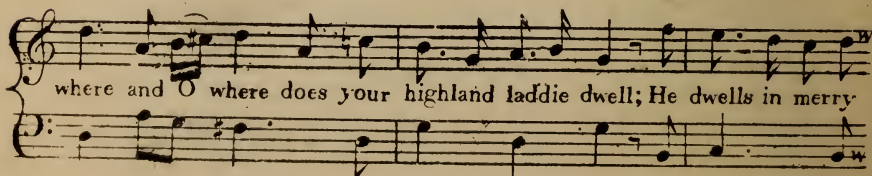
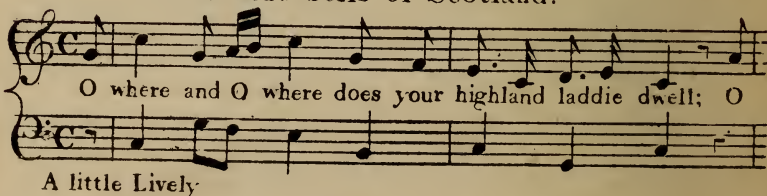
I've been in the lowlands where they shear the sheep,
An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather,
I ken a bonny ladie that lo'es me weel,
But he's far far awa' that I lo'e far better.

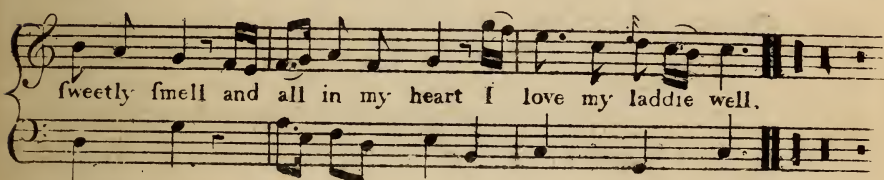
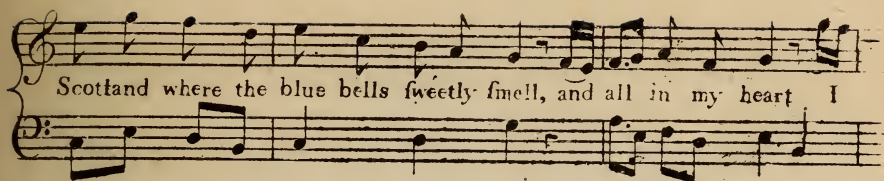
But I'll write a letter, an' send it to him,
An' tell him he's dearer to me then ony,
An' that I've ay been sorry, sen' he gaed awa',
Tho' he's far far away, yet he's dear dear to me.

If winter war' past, an' the summer come in,
When daisies an' roses spring fae fresh an' bonny,
Then I will change my silks for a plaidin coat,
An' awa' to the lad that is dear dear to me.

The blue bells of Scotland.

548






O what lassie what does your highland laddie wear,
 O what lassie what does your highland laddie wear,
 A scarlet coat and bonnet blue with bonny yellow hair,
 And none in the world can with my love compare.

O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
 O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
 He's gone to fight for George our King, and left me all alone,
 For noble and brave's my loyal highlandman.

O what lassie what if your highland lad be slain,
 O what lassie what if your highland lad be slain
 O no true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
 For I never could live without my highlandman.

O when and O when will your highland lad come hame,
 O when and O when will your highland lad come hame,
 When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame,


 And I'll plait a wreath of flow'rs for my lovely highlandman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him,
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him,
 I'll claim a Priest to marry us, a Clerk to say Amen,
 And ne'er part again from my bonny highlandman.

Colin Clout

549

Chanticleer, wi' noify whistle bids the house-wife

A little Lively

rise in haste; Co-lin Clout be gins to hir-sle slaw-ly

frae his sleep-less nest. Love that raises sic a cla-mour,

driv-in' lads an' lass-es mad; Ah waes my heart had

coost his glammir o'er poor Colin luck-less lad.

Cruel Jenny, lack a daisie!
 Lang had gart him greet an grane,
 Colin's pate was hafflins crazy,
 Jenny laugh'd at Colin's pain,
 Slawly up his duds he gathers,
 Slawly, slawly trudges out,
 An' frae the fauld he drives his wedders
 Happier far than Colin Clout.

What is this? cries Colin glow'rin,
 Glaik'd-like, a'round about,
 Jenny, this is past endurin;
 Death maun ease poor Colin Clout.
 A' the night I tofs an' tumble,
 Never can I close an e'e
 An' a' the day I grane an' grummle,
 Jenny, this is a' for thee.

Now the sun, rais'd frae his nappie,
 Set the Orient in a low,
 Drinkin, ilka glancin' drappie,
 I' the field, an' a' the knowe.
 Many a birdie, sweetly singin,
 Flaffer'd briskly round about;
 An' mony a dainty flow'rie springin,
 A' were blythe but Colin Clout.

Ye'll hae nane but farmer Patie,
 Cause the fallow's rich I trow,
 Ablins, tho' he shoud na cheat ye,
 Jenny, ye'll hae cause to rue.
 Auld, an' gley'd, an' crooked-backed,
 Siller bought at sic a price,
 Ah! Jenny, gin ye lout to-tak' it,
 Fôk will say ye're no o'er nice. &c. &c.

550 * 'Tis nae very lang sinfyne, That I had a lad o' my ain, But
Lively

now he's awa to anither, And left me a' my lane. The lafs he is

courting has filler an' I hae nane at a; Its nought but the

love o' the tocher That's taen my lad die a wa.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sence to wale a good wife.
For though I say't myfell,
That shoud nae say't, tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll n'er hae occasion to rue:

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin myfell.
And when I am clad in my coutsey,
I think myfell as braw
As Sufie, wi' a' her pearling
That's tane my laddie awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does flight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.

But, O! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's fae keen o' the filler
Will never agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll mak use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom fae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To mak me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sence to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

O once I lov'd

551

O once I lov'd a bonnie lass, An' aye I
 love her still an' whilst that vir_tue warms my
 breast I'll love my hand_some Nell.

Slowly

As bonnie lasses I has seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mein
 The like I never saw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony drefs look weel.

A bonny lass I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

A gaudy drefs and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But its innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 And what is best of a', 'Tis this enchants my soul;
 Her reputation is compleat, For absolutely in my breast
 And fair without a flaw; She reigns without controul.

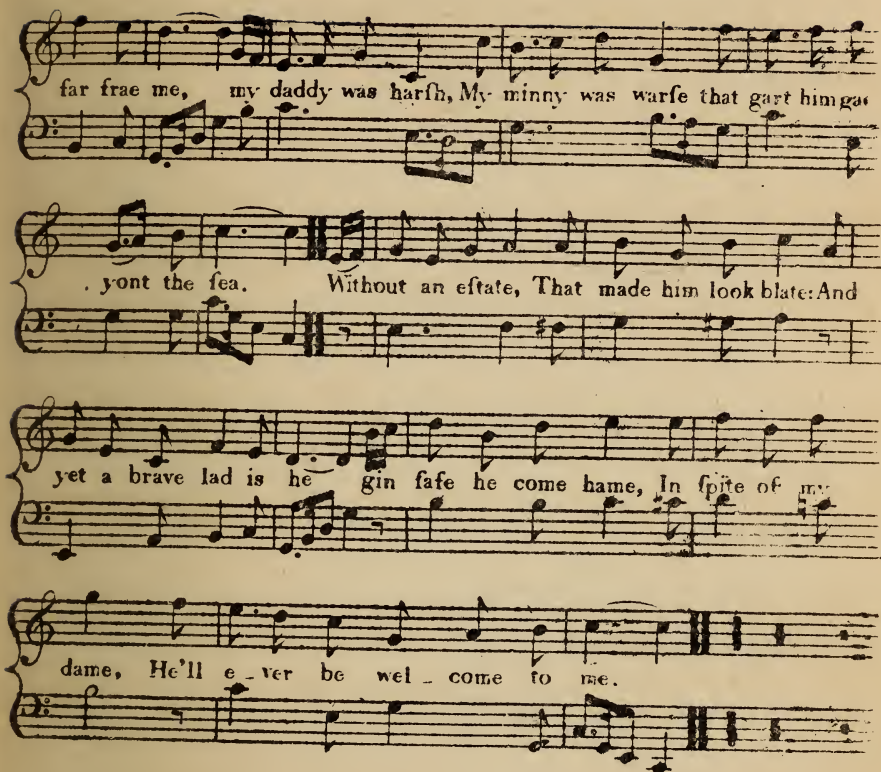
When I think on my lad.

552

* When I think on my lad I sigh and am sad for now he is

Lively

Continued.



far frae me, my daddy was harsh, My minny was warste that gart him ga
 yont the sea. Without an estate, That made him look blate: And
 yet a brave lad is he gin fae he come hame, In spite of my
 dame, He'll e-ver be wel-come to me.

Love speers na advice
 Of parents o'er wife,
 That have but ae bairn like me,
 That looks upon cash,
 As naething but trash,
 That shackles what should be free.
 And tho' my dear lad
 No ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he;
 A'beit I'm an Heiress,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him since he loves me.


Then, my dear Jamie,
 To thy kind Jeanie,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blyth sight of thee.

Tho' my daddy forbad,
 And my minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

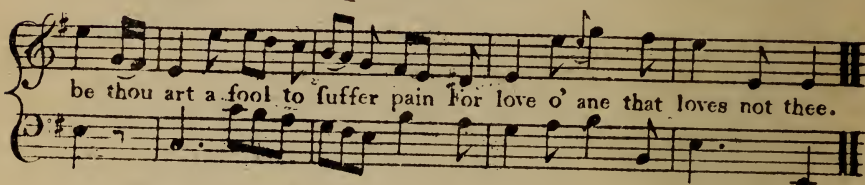
Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gie my hand as a wife to thee:
 Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friend to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see:
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Return hameward.

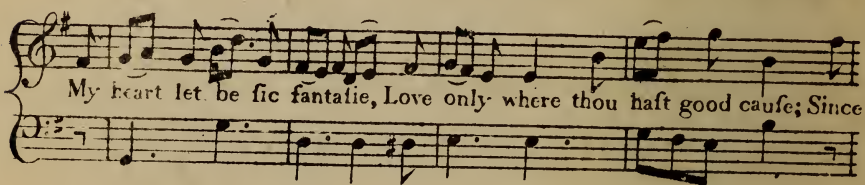
553 * Return hameward my heart again an' bide where thou was wont to



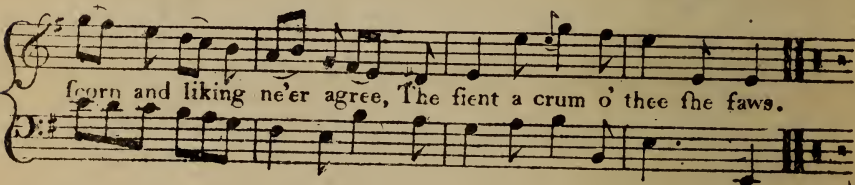
Slow with



be thou art a fool to suffer pain For love o' ane that loves not thee.



My heart let be sic fantalie, Love only where thou hast good cause; Since



foorn and liking ne'er agree, The fient a crum o' thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free will,
My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill,
At hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,

And let the silly fling her fill,

For fint a crum of thee she faws,

Tho' she be fair I will not fenzie,

She's of a kind with mony mae;

For why they are a fellow menzie

That seemeth good and are not fae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae

For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,

But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that Medea

Wild for a sight of Jason yied,

Remember how that young Cressida

Last Troilus for Diomedea

Remember Helen as we read,

Brought Troy from blifs unto bare wa's;

Then let her gae where she may speed.

For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,

But was beguill'd; gae where she will,

Beshrew the heart that first takes care,

But be thou merry late and air,

This is the final end and claufe,

And let her feed and foully fair

For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,

Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,

Nor gie a sob altho' she sneest,

She's fairest paid that get's her will

She's geck as gif I mean'd her ill,

When she glaicks paughty in her brows;

Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,

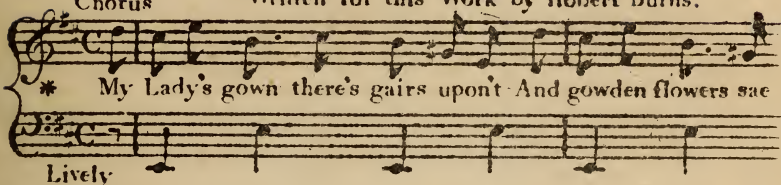
For fint a crum of thee she faws.

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't.

Chorus

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

554



Lively

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't And gowden flowers sae

rare u_pon't; But Jen_ny's jimps and jir_kinet My Lord thinks

meikle mair upon't. My Lord a hunting he is gane. But

hounds or hawks wi' him are nane By Colin's cot'st age

lies his game, If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My Lady's white, my Lady's red
And kith and kin o' Cassillis blude,
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
My Lady's gown &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My Lady's gown &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' Lovers hymns:
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My Lady's gown &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest.
My Lady's gown &c.

May Morning.

555 * The Nymphs and shepherds are met on the green With garlands to

Slow

deck the fair brows of their Queen. The rosy Aurora a-wakes from her

bed To illumine the dew drops that Vesper had shed.

 Dinna think bonie Lassie I'm gaun to leave you.

556 O dinna think bonie Lassie I'm gaun to leave you, Dinna think

Brisk

bonie Lassie I'm gaun to leave you, Dinna think bonie lassie I'm

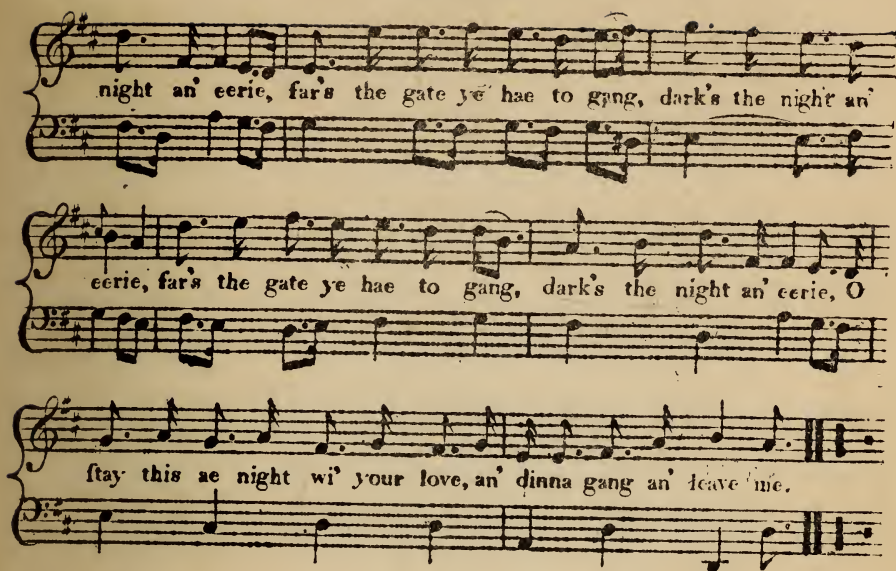
gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in-to my hand an' come a-

Slow

-gain an' see you.

Fare the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the


Continued.



night an' eerie, fars the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'
 eerie, fars the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' eerie, O
 stay this ae night wi' your love, an' dinna gang an' leave me.

Brisk. It's but a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 When e'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee;
Slow. Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,
 Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,
 When the lave are sound asleep I am dull an' eerie,
 An' a' the lee lang night I'm sad, wi' thinkin' on my dearie.

Brisk. O Dinna think bonie lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
 Dinna think bonie lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
 Dinna think bonie lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
 When e'er the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come again an' see you,
Slow. Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds bla loud an' fear me,
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds bla loud an' fear me,
 While the waves an' winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,
 An' gin ye loe me as ye say, ye winna gae an' leave me.

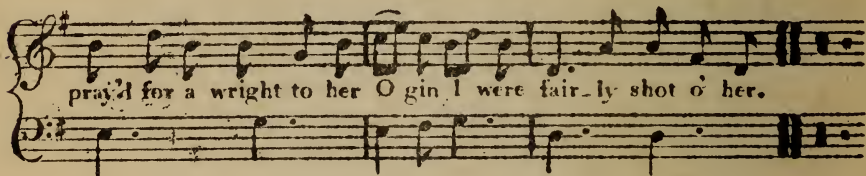
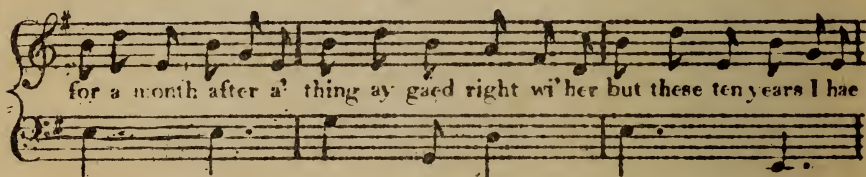
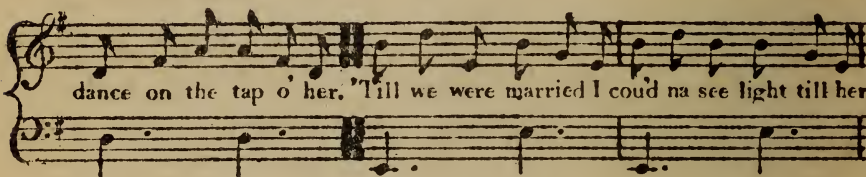
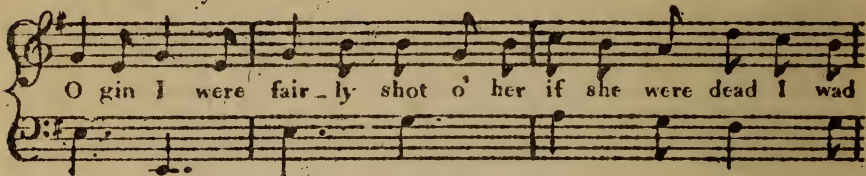
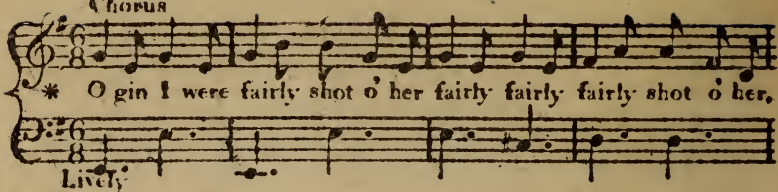


Brisk. O Never mair bonie lassie will I gang an' leave thee,
 Never mair bonie lassie will I gang an' leave thee,
 Never mair bonie lassie will I gang an' leave thee,
 E'en let the warld gae as it will, I'll stay at hame an' cheer thee;
Slow. Frae his hand he cooft the stick, I winna gang an' leave thee,
 Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee,
 Drew his boots an' flang them by, cry'd my lass be cheerie,
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, an' never leave my dearie.

O gin I were fairly shot o' her.

Chorus

557



Nane o' her relations or frien's could stay wi' her
The neighbours and bairns are fain to fly frae her,
An' I my ain sell is forc't to gie way till her
O gin I were fairly &c.

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae mickle pride in her
There's no a goodwife in the haill country side like her
Wi' dress an' wi' drink the d- -l wadna bide wi' her
O gin I were fairly &c.

If the time wou'd but come that to the kirk gate wi' her
An' into the yerd I'd mak my sell quit o' her
I'd then be as blyth as first when I met wi' her
O gin I were fairly &c.

Hey my kitten my kitten.

558 * Hey! my kitten my kitten, An' hey my kitten a dearie sic a sweet
Lively.

pet as this is nei ther far nor nearie. Now we gae up up

up An' here we gang down down downy, Here we gae

backwards and forward And here round round a roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
See, see, sic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin towny.
This pig went to the market;
Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;
Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol doufy.

Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a sugar and spicy;
Hush a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy,
Did a papa torment it?
Did e vex his own baby? did e?
Hush a baba in a bosie;
Take ous own fucky: did e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
Slavers a thread o' crystal,
Now the sweet posset comes up;
Who said my child was pifs all?
Come water my chickens, come clock
Leave off or hell crawl you, hell crawl you;
Come, gie me your hand, ane I'll beat him;
Wha was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a crow;
Where was a gigling honey?
Goody, good child shall be fed
But naughty child shall get nony
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody bones
Here is a child that wont fear ye.
Come pifsy, pifsy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

Sweetest May.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

559 * Sweetest May let love inspire thee; Take a heart which he designs thee;

Slowish

As thy constant slave regard it; for its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to Birth or Money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonie;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In Love's silken band can bind it.

Argyll is my name.

560 Argyll is my name, and you may think it strange, To live at a

Lively

court, and never to change all falsehood and flattery I do dis-dain In

my secret thoughts nae guile does remain. My King and my country's foes I

have fac'd in city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd I do ev'ry thing for my



Adieu to the courtie of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
 O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

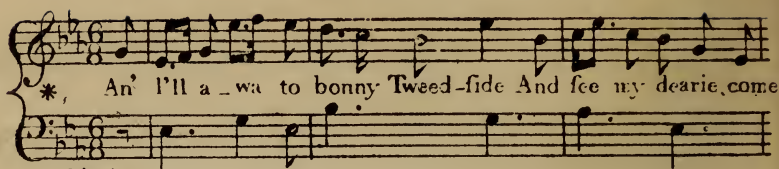
I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
 They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my Maggie I think for to gae,
 Wi' my claymore hanging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for Maggie to wear;
 And some pretty things else, I do declare,
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And whan we are married we'll keep a cow,
 My Maggie sall milk her, and I will plow:
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

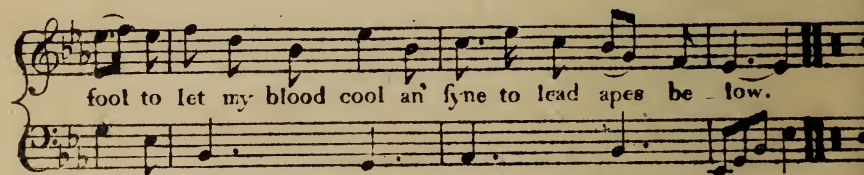
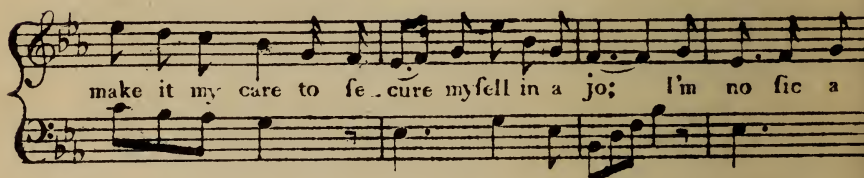
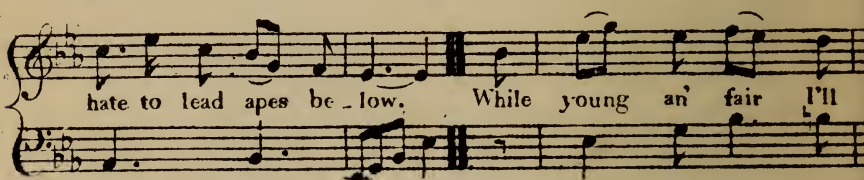
If my Maggie shoud' chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King, as his daddy has done;
 I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,
 And wha'll be fae great as my Maggie and me;
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal. &c. &c. &c.

An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-side.

561



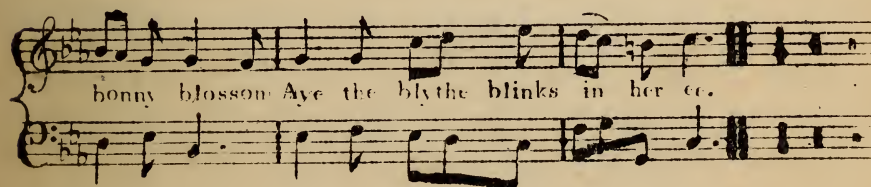
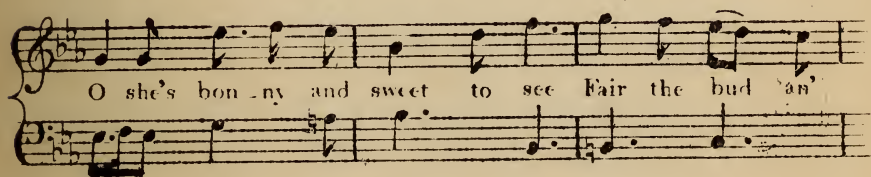
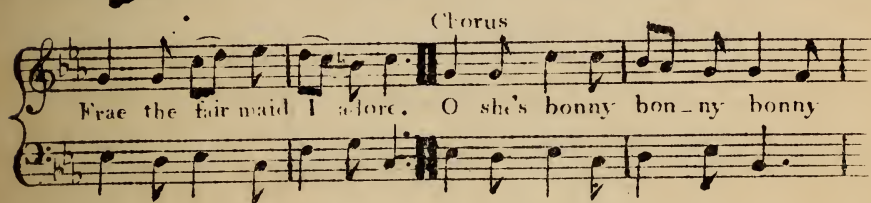
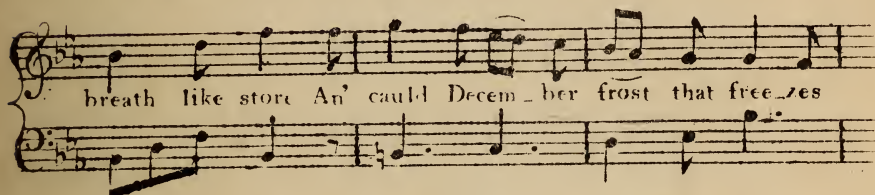
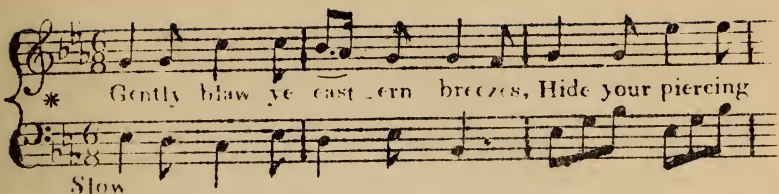
Lively



Few words bonny lad
Will eithly persuade,
Tho' blushing I daftly say no
Gae on with your strain
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below,
Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow,
Then I will do well,
Do better what will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us bestow
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought
Or to be set up for a show.
'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where she that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead apes below.

562



Frae winter's scourge, the simmer torrent Red's her cheek, and sweets her feature
 Hoarymists that point the air Glancin' en like diamonds bright
 Frae grief o' mind that aft does foment Handsomeshape, the choic' o' nature
 Making life a dreary care Wonder o' the day and night
 O she's bonny &c. O she's bonny &c.

For she's as the new blawn rose
 That's nourish'd with the simmer's sun
 Her smiles is like the sweet repose
 Man seeks when his last sand is run
 O she's bonny &c.

If, but this bud and bonny blossom
 I could say 'twere only mine
 I'd plant it deep within my bosom
 An' round my heart I'd it entwine
 O she's bonny &c.

In yon garden &c.

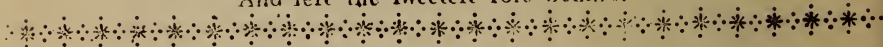
563 * In yon garden fine an' gay, Picking lilies a' the day

Slow

gath'ring flow'rs of il-ka hue, I wist na then what love could do.

Where love is planted there it grows,
It buds and blows like any rose
It has a sweet and pleasant smell,
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,
And thought the sweetest rose to find,
But prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest rose behind.



The poor Pedlar.

564 There was a noble lady so fair looking out of her window so

Lively

high And there she spy'd a poor Pedlar coming sing'g out o'er the

lee lee lee coming sing-ing out o'er the lee.

Continued.

She call'd upon her servant man,
 Her servant that on her did wait,
 "Gae open the yetts, both braid and wide,
 "And let the poor pedlar in in in,

"And let the poor pedlar in.
 He set the yetts, both braid and wide,
 And let the poor pedlar in;
 And then she took him by the coat neuks,
 And she led him from room to room room room,

And she led him &c.
 Till he came to my lady's room,
 My lady's room where she lay;
 "I wad gie a' my pack he said,
 "For the night of a gay lady, lady;
 "For the night &c.

"Wilt thou gie me my pack again,
 "My pack, and my pack pinn,
 "An' thou gie me my pack he said,
 "I'll gie thee both broach and ring, ring ring,
 "I'll gie thee both &c.

"I'll no gie thee thy pack again,
 "Thy pack nor thy pack pinn;
 "I'll no gie thee thy pack she said.
 "Tho' thou wad greet till thine eyes gae blin' gae blin'.

"Tho' thou wad &c.
 Out then spak the noble lord,
 Out of his bow'r within,
 "O who is this into my house
 "That makes such a noise and dinn dinn dinn.
 "That makes &c.

"As I came through your garden Sir,
 "I pull'd some of your flowers;
 "A box of spice was in my pack,
 "And I borrowed a mortar of yours of yours.
 "And I borrowed &c.

"Gie the poor pedlar his pack again,
 "His pack and his pack pinn,
 "Keep nathing frae a poor pedlar,
 "Who has a' his living to win to win.
 "Who has &c.

She took the pack by the twa neuks,
 And she flang it out o'er the wa',
 "Upo' my sooth, quo the poor pedlar,
 "My pack it has gotten a fa' fa' fa'.
 "My pack &c.

He took the pack upon his back,
 Went singing out o'er the lee,
 "O I hae gotten my pack again,
 "And the kifs of a gay lady lady,
 "And the kifs &c.

You ask me charming fair.

565 * You ask me charming fair Why thus I pensive go, From

Slow

whence proceeds, my care What nourishes my woe. Why

seek'st the cause to find of ills that I en-dure Ah!

why so vainly kind un-less re-solv'd to cure.

It needs no magic art,
To know whence my alarms,
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.
Whene'er the youthful quoir,
Along the vale advance,
To raise, at your desire,
The lay, or form the dance.

Beneficent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.
Whilst on my love you put
No value; On the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves,
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.
My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide,
How soon the heart's betray'd
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Allfronts I could have born,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn.
But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driv'n to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

566

* O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has got-ten, An

A little Lively

ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten; A braw new naig wi' the

tail o' a rottan, And that's what Meg o' the mill has got-ten.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dear-ly, An ken ye what

Meg o' the mill loes dearly, A dram o' gude frunt in a morning

early and that's what Meg o' the mill loes dear-ly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
 And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married;
 The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was married
 O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
 An ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded;
 The groom gat fae fu' he fell awald beside it,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

How sweet is the scene.

567 * How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning, How

Slowish

fair il ka object that lives in the view dame nature the valley an

hillock adorning, the primrose an' blue bells yet wet wi' the dew.

How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna her smile like the

sunbeam that glents o'er the lee To wan-der and leave her, dear

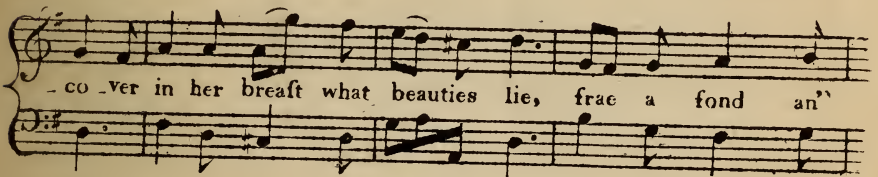
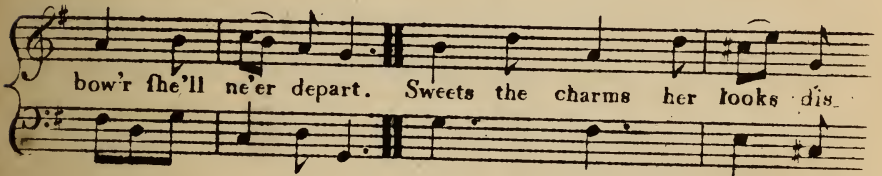
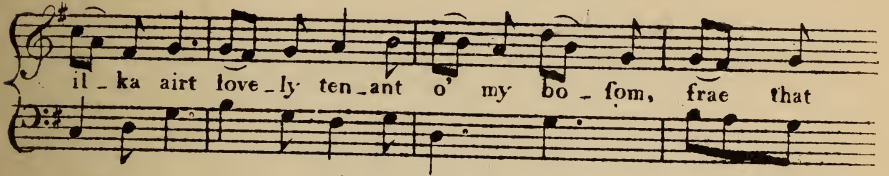
lafsie, I canna, frae loye an' frae beauty I never can flee.

O lang ha'e I lo'd, her an' loe, her fu' dearly,
 An' aft ha'e I preed o' her bonny sweet mow!
 An' aft ha'e I read in her e'e blinkin' clearly,
 A language that bade me be constant an' true!
 Then others may doat on their fond war'ly treasure,
 For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea;
 To love my sweet lafsie be mine the dear pleasure
 Wi' her let me live — and wi' her let me die!

Sure my Jean.

587

568



I ha'e seen the floweret springin'
 Gaily on the sunny lea;
 I ha'e heard the mavis singin'
 Sweetly on the hawthorn tree;
 But my Jeanie, peerless dearie,
 She's the flower attracts mine ee;
 Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
 She's the mavis dear to me!

How sweet this lone vale.

569

How sweet this lone vale and how sooth-ing to

Very Slow

feeling yon Nightingales notes which in me-lo-dy melt ob-

-livion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing a pause from keen

anguish a moment is felt. The moons yel-low light o'er the

still lake is sleeping Ah near the sad spot Ma-ry sleeps in her

tomb a -gain the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping and the

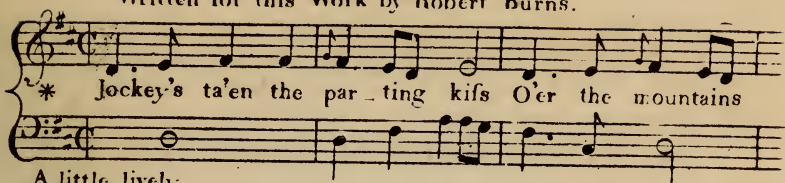
sweets of the vale are all shad-ow'd with gloom.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kifs.

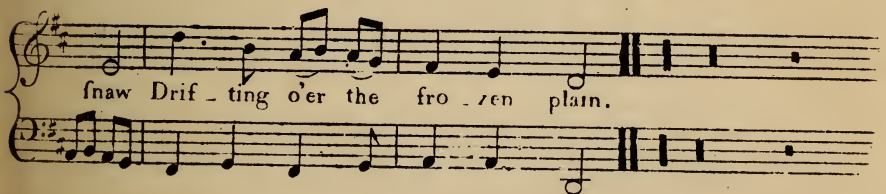
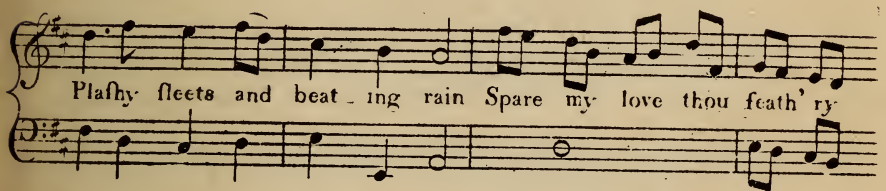
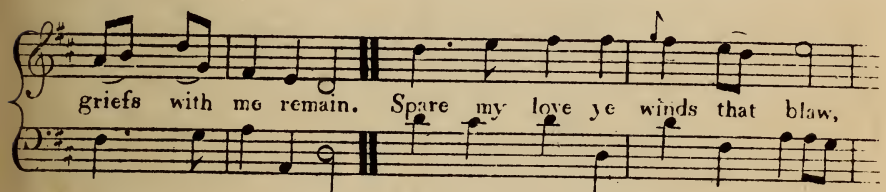
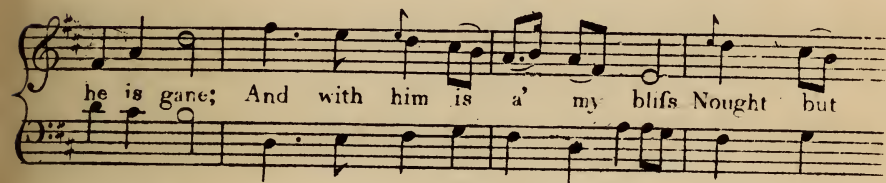
589

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

570



A little lively



When the shades of evening creep

O'er the day's fair, gladfome e'e,

Sound and safely may he sleep,

Sweetly blythe his waukening be.

He will think on her he loves,

Fondly he'll repeat her name;

For whare'er he distant roves

Jockey's heart is still at hame.

What's that to you.

571

A musical score for a song. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are: "My Jeany and I have toil'd the live - lang summer". The second system continues the lyrics: "A little Lively day Till we were al - most spoil'd At mak - ing". The third system continues: "of the hay. Her kurchy was of hol - land clear Ty'd". The fourth system continues: "on her bon - ny brow; I whisper'd something in her". The fifth system continues: "ear But what is that to you".

My Jeany and I have toil'd the live - lang summer
A little Lively
day Till we were al - most spoil'd At mak - ing
of the hay. Her kurchy was of hol - land clear Ty'd
on her bon - ny brow; I whisper'd something in her
ear But what is that to you

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
As tight as ony silk:
O sick a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as aye could wish,
And sweet sweet was her mou;
Oh! Jeany daintily can kifs,
But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair,
There is no bennifon like mine,
I have amais't nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, Alas!
But what's that to you?

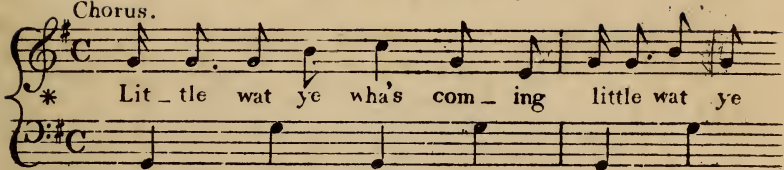
Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I, with faithful heart, shall swear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a blifs mair true;
His joys were short of mine:
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what's that to you?

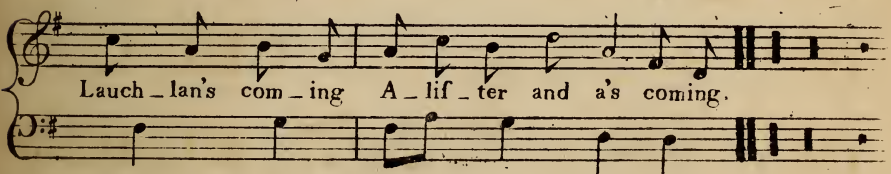
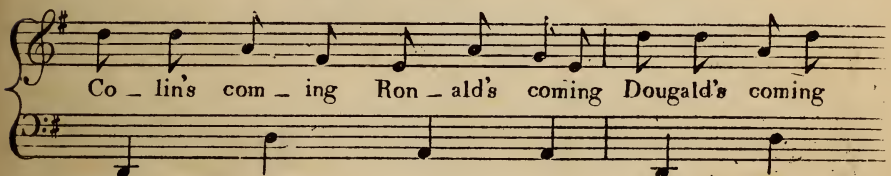
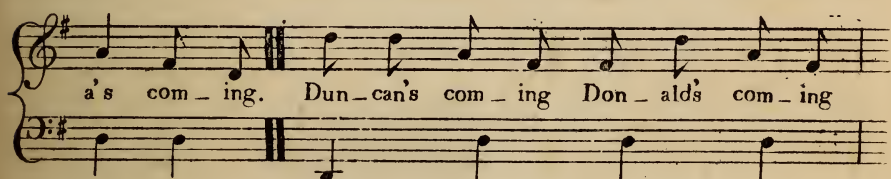
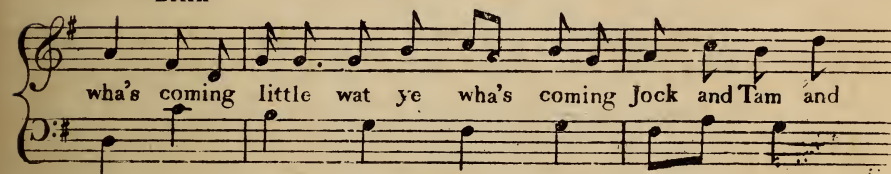
Little wat ye wha's coming.

Chorus.

572



Brisk



Borland and his men's coming,
The Camerons and M^cLeans coming,
The Gordons and M^cGregors coming
A' the Duniyastles' coming

Little wat ye, &c.

M^cGilvrey of Drumglaf is coming.

The Laird of M^cIntosh is coming,
M^cCrabie and M^cDonald's coming,
The M^cKenzies and M^cPherson's coming,
A' the wild M^cCraws' coming,

Little wat ye, &c.

Donald Gun and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming
Withrington and Nairn's coming

Little wat ye, &c.

Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

They gloom, they glow, they look fae - big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

O leave novels &c.

By Burns.

573. * O leave no - vels, ye Mauchline belles, Ye're saf - er

Lively

at your spinning wheel; Such witching books, are baited hooks for rakish

books like Rob Mofsgiel. Your fine Tom Jones And

Grandifons they make your youthful fancies reel they heat your

brains, and fire your veins and then you're prey for Rob Mofsgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;

A heart that warmly seems to feel;

That feelin heart but acks a part,

'Tis rakish art in Rob Mofsgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,

Are worse than poisoned darts of steel,

The frank address, and politesse,

Are all fincise in Rob Mofsgiel.

O lay thy loof in mine lafs.

593

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

574

* O lay thy loof in mine lafs, In mine lafs, in mine lafs, And
A little lively.

fwear on thy white hand lafs, That thou wilt be my ain.

Song

A flave to love's unbounded sway, He aft has wrought me mei- kle

wae; But now, he is my deadly fae, Un- less thou be my ain. O

Cho.⁸

lay thy loof in mine lafs, In mine lafs, in mine lafs, And fwear on

thy white hand lafs that thou wilt be my ain.

There's monie a lafs has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof &c.

Saw ye the Thane &c.

575 * Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride, Red anger in his

Slow

ee? I saw him not nor care he cry'd Red anger frights na me.

For I have stood whar honour bade, Tho' death trod on his heel; Mean

is the crest that stoops to fear, nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind,	Restore again that blooming rose,
That through the ha' did sing;	Your rude hand pluckt awa;
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound,	Restore again his Mary fair,
The black woods round do ring.	Or you shall rue his fa'.
'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,	Three strides the gallant Duncan tuk,
Sic shouting on the wind.	He struck his forward spear:
Syne up he started frae his seat,	Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
A throng of spears behind.	We are nae wont to fear.
Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,	He comes na on a wassail rout,
Anes mair to follow me;	Of revel, sport, and play;
We'll meet yon shouters by the burn,	Our swords gart fame proclaim us men,
I guess wha they may be.	Lang ere this ruefu' day.
But wha is he that speids sae fast,	The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Frae the slaw marching thrang?	Our hearts together grew,
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,	Like twa sweet roses on ae stak
The sky's blue face along.	Frae hate to love she flew.
Some messenger it is, mayhap,	Swift as a winged shaft he sped;
Then not at peace I trow.	Bald Duncan said in jeer,
My master, Duncan bade me rin,	Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
And say these words to you.	We are nae wont to fear. &c &c &c

Go plaintive sounds.

595

576 * Go plaintive sounds! and to the fair My secret

Slow

wounds im-part, Tell all I hope tell all I fear each

motion in my heart. But she methinks is list-ning

now to some en-chant-ing strain the smile that triumphs

o'er her brow seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
How'er my love repine,
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.
Yes plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
Her cheek undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Cease plaintive sounds, your task is done
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours, I take no outward shew amiss,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
And be that softness, love.

Return ye smiles return again,
Return each sprightly grace,
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.
Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

Bruce's address to his Army.

By, Burns.

577 * "Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, "Scots, wham
With energy

Bruce has aften led, "Wel-come to your go-ry bed

"On to vic-to-ry "Now's the day and now's the hour;

"See the front of bat-tle lour fee ap-proach proud

"Ed-ward's pow'r Chains and fla-ve-ry.

"Wha will be a traitor knave?

"Wha can fill a coward's grave?

"Wha fæe bafe as be a flave?

"Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"By oppreffion's woes and pains!

"By your fons in fervile chains!

"We will drain our deareft veins,

"But they fhall be—fhall be free!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law

"Freedom's fword will ftrongly draw,

"Free-man ftand, or free-man fa',

"Caledonian! on wi' me!

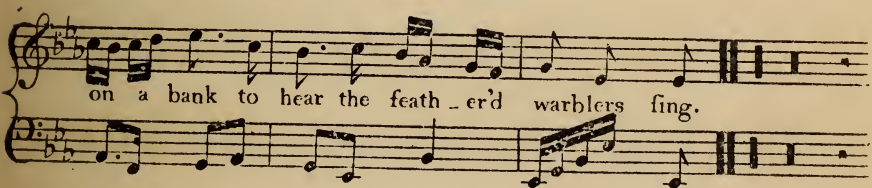
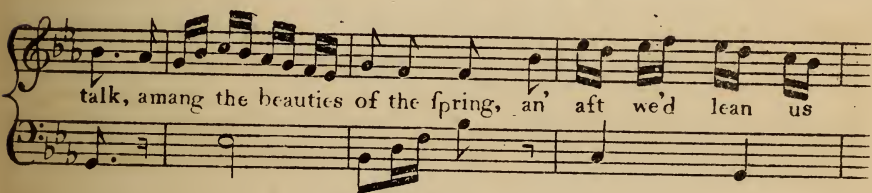
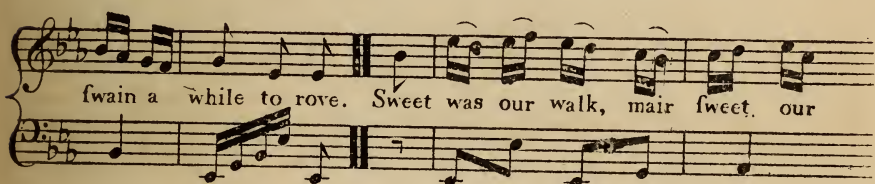
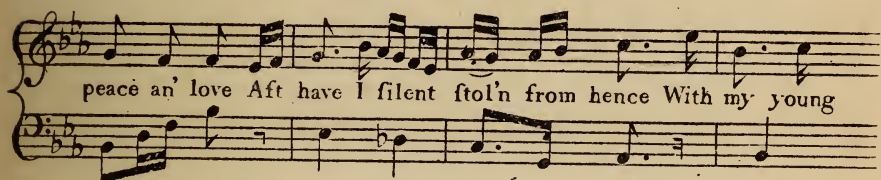
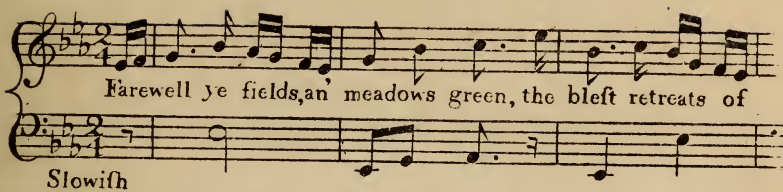
"Lay the proud ufurpers low!

"Tyrants fall in every foe;

"Liberty's in every blow!

"Forward! let us do, or die!"

578



The azure sky the hills around,
 Gave double beauty to the scene
 The lofty spires of Banff in view,
 On every side the waving grain:
 The tales of love my Jamie told,
 In such a fast an' moving strain,
 Have so engag'd my tender heart,
 I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be fae kind,
 As favour my return once more,
 For to enjoy the peace o' mind,
 In those retreats I had before:
 Now, farewell! Banff! the nimble steeds.
 Do bear me hence, I must away,
 Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
 To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

O heard ye e'er of a silly blind Harper,

579

O heard ye of a silly Harper, Liv'd long in Loch-ma-ben

A little Lively

town, How he did gang to fair England, To steal King Henry's wanton brown?

How he did gang to fair England To steal King Henry's wanton brown.

But first he gae'd to his gude-wife
Wi' a the speed that he cou'd thole;
This wark, quo' he, will never work,
Without a mare that has a foal.
This wark, &c.

Quo' she, thou has a gude grey mare,
That'll rin o'er hills baith low & hie;
Gae tak' the grey mare in thy hand,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me.
Gae tak', &c.

And tak' a halter in thy hose,
And o' thy purpos'dinna fail;
But wap it o'er the wanton's nose;
And tie her to the grey mare's tail:
But wap, &c.

Syne ca' her out at yon back yeate,
O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,

Till she come hame to her ain foal.
For she'll, &c.

So he is up to England gane,
Even as fast as he can hie,
Till he came to King Henry's yeate;
And wha' was there but King Henry?
Till he, &c.

Come in, quo' he, thou silly-blind Harper;
And of thy harping let me hear.
O! by my sooth, quo' the silly-blind Harper
I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.
O! by my, &c.

The King looks o'er his left shoulder,
And says unto his stable groom,
Gae tak the silly poor Harper's mare,
And tie her 'side my wanton brown.
Gae tak, &c.

And ay he harped, and ay he carpit, Let in thy master and his mare.
Till a' the Lords gaed through the floor, Rise, quo' &c.

They thought the music was sae sweet,

That they forgot the stable door.

They thought, &c.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,

Till a' the nobles were sound asleep,

Than quietly he took aff his shoon,

And saftly down the stair did creep.

Than quietly &c.

Syne to the stable door he hies,

Wi' tread as light as light could be,

And whan he open'd and gaed in,

There he fand thirty good steeds & three.

And whan &c.

He took the halter frae his hose,

And of his purpose did na' fail;

He slipt it o'er the Wanton's nose,

And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He slipt &c.

He ca'd her out at yon back yeate,

O'er moss and muir & ilka dale,

And she loot nêr the wanton bite,

But held her still gaun at her tail.

And she &c.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,

And did na fail to find the way,

For she was at Lochmaben yeate,

Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.

For she &c.

When she came to the Harper's door,

There she gae mony a nicker and snear,

Rise, quo' the wife, thou lazy lass,

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,
And lookit out through the lock hole;

O! by my sooth then quoth the lass,

Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.

O! by my &c.

Come haud thy peace, then foolish lass,

The moon's but glancing in thy ee.

I'll wad my haill fee 'gainst a groat,

It's bigger than e'er our foal will be

I'll wad &c.

The neighbours too that heard the noist,

Cried to the wife to put her in,

By my sooth, then quoth the wife,

She's better than ever he rade on.

By my &c.

But on the morn at fair day light,

When they had ended a' their cheer,

King Henry's wanton brown was stawn,

And eke the poor old Harper's mare.

King Henry's &c.

Alace! alace! says the silly blind Harper,

Alace! alace! that I came here,

In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal,

In England they've stawn my guid grey

In Scotland &c. (mare.

(per
Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind har

And of thy alacing let me be,

For thou shall get a better mare,

And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

For thou shall get a better mare,

And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

My Nannie O.

By Burns.

580

Behind yon hills where rivlets row, Are moors an' mofses
 many O; The wintry fun the day has clof'd, An' I'll away to Nannie
 O: The westlin winds blaws loud an' shrill, The night's baith mirk an'
 rainy O; I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, An' o'er the hill to Nannie O, To
 Nannie O to Nannie O; I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, An' o'er the hill to Nannie O

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young, My riches a's my penny fee,

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O;

And I maun guide it cannie O;

May ill befa' the flattering tongue,

But world's gear ne'er troubles me,

That wad beguile my Nannie O:

My thoughts are a', my Nannie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonnie O;

The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,

Nae purer is than Nannie O.

Our auld guidman delights to view,

His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie O;

But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh

An' has nae care but Nannie O;

Come well, come woe, I care na by,

I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me O;

Nae ither care in life have I,

But live, and love my Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,

And few there be that ken me O;

But what care I how few they be,

I'm welcome ay to Nannie O:

P. Clowder, in the 1st vol.

As I lay on my bed on a night,

581

As I lay on my bed on a night,

Rather Slow

thought u - pon her beau - ty bright, But the moon by

night did give no light Which did per-plex me

sore, Yet a way to my love I did go.

Then under her window I came,

I gently call'd her by her name,

Then up she rose, put on her clothes,

And whisper'd to me slow,

Saying, go from my window, Love, do.

My father and my mother are asleep.

And if they chance to hear you speak,

There will be nocht but great abuse,

Wi' many a bitter blow,

And it's go from my window, Love, co...



The rain rins down &c.

582

The rain rins down thro' Mirry-land toune, Sae does it down the

Slow

Ta: Sae does the lads of Mirry-land town, When they play at the

ba. Sae does the lads of Mirry-land town When they play at the ba.

Then cut and cam the Jew's dochter,
Said, will ye com in and dine!
I winnae cum in, I winnae cum in,
Without my play feres nine.

She pow'd an apple reid and white.
To intice the young thing in;
She pow'd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweet bairn did win.

And she has taine out a little pen-knife, My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
And low down by her gair, I pray thee to me speak:
She has twin'd the young thing o' his life, "O lady rinn to the deep draw well
A word he ne'er spake mair. "Gin ye your son wad seek."

And out and cam the thick thick bluid, Lady Helen ran to the deep draw well,
And out and cam the thin; And knelt upon her knee,
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid; My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,
Thair was nae life left in. I pray thee speak to me.

She laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, gae now and play
With your sweet play-feres nine.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep.
She cast him in a deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells wer rung, and mass was sung
And every lady went hame;
Than ilk lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantil her about,
And sair sair gan she weep:
And she ran into the Jew's castle,
When they wer all asleep.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I downae speak.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,
Its there we twa sall meet.

Cauld is the e'enin blast.

Written for this Work By Robert Burns.

583

Cauld is the e'en in blast O' Boras o'er the

A little Lively

pool, And daw in it is dreary, When birks are bare at Yule O

cauld blows the e'en in blast When bitter bites the frost. And

in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost,

Ne'er sae murky blew the night That drifted o'er the hill, But

bonie Peg a Ramsey Gat grist to her mill.

O turn away those cruel eyes.

584

O turn a-way those cru-el eyes, The stars of my un-

A little Lively

-do-ing Or death, in such a bright dis-guise, May-

tempt a se-cond woo-ing. Pun-ish their blind-ly

impious pride, Who dare contain thy glo-ry; It was my

fall that de-i-fy'd Thy name and seal'd thy sto-ry.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee;
 Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will dethrone thee.
 Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel;
 And if thou burn'st one victim twice,
 Think thee both poor and cruel.

O Mary ye's be clad in silk.

585 O Ma-ry ye's be clad in silk, And dia-monds.

Slow

in your hair, Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride Nor

think on Ar-thur mair. Oh wha wad wear a silken gown, Wi'

tears blind-ing their ee, Be-fore I'll 'break my

true love's heart, I'll lay me down and die.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gien to me his heart
 Wi' a its virtues rare.
 The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forced to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and di

So trust me when I swear to thee,
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could na buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay,
 The love he bears to me;
 And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

There was a bonie lass.

By R. Burns.

586

There was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass, And she

Rather Slow

lo'ed her bonie lad-die dear; Till wars loud a-larms tore her

lad-die frae her arms, Wi' mo-nie a sigh and a tear

O ver sea, o ver shore, where the can-nons loud-ly roar; He

still was a strang-er to fear: And nocht could him quail, or his

bosom assail, But the bo-nie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

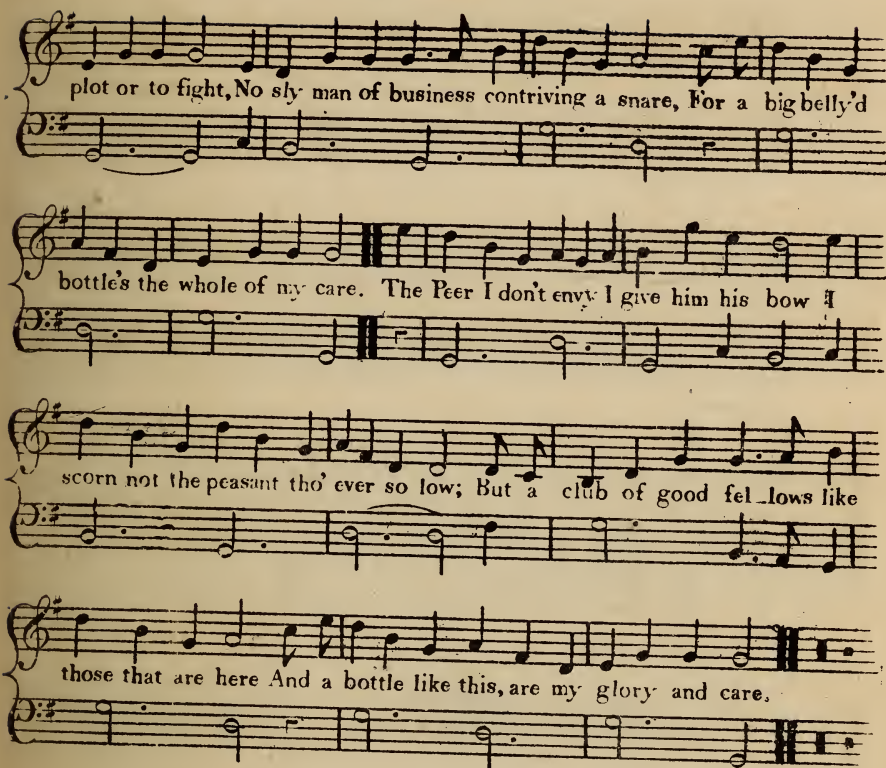
No Churchman am I,

By R. Burns

587

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, No statesman nor soldier to

Lively



plot or to fight, No sly man of business contriving a snare, For a big belly'd
bottle's the whole of my care. The Peer I don't envy: I give him his bow &
scorn not the peasant tho' ever so low; But a club of good fellows like
those that are here And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the Squire on his brother's horse,
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make,
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pousy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
'Life's cares they are comforts &'—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown,
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:
Then fill up a bumper and make it overflow,
And honour's Masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's, Night Thoughts.

The Highlander's lament

588

A Soldier for gallant atchievements renown'd, Revolv'd in des-

Very Slow

pair the campaigns of his youth; Then beating his bosom & sighing pro-

-found, That malice itself might have melted to ruth. Are these he exclaim'd the re-

sults of my toil, In want & obscurity thus to retire? For this did compassion re-

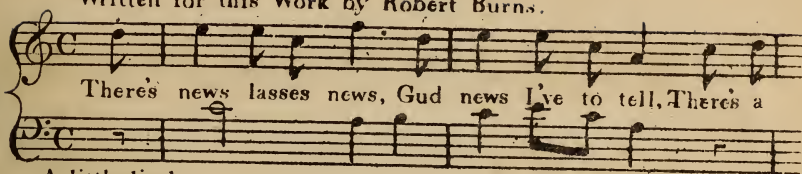
strain me from spoil, When earth was all carnage and heaven was on fire?

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air
 The vari'd horizon henceforth I abhor,
 Give me death the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
 Which fortune can offer or nature implore.
 To madness impell'd by his griefs as he spoke,
 And darting around him a look of disdain,
 Down headlong he leapt from a heaven t'wring rock,
 And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

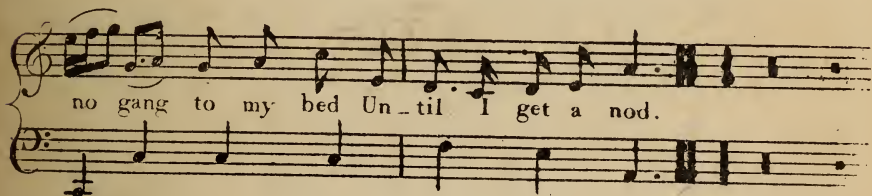
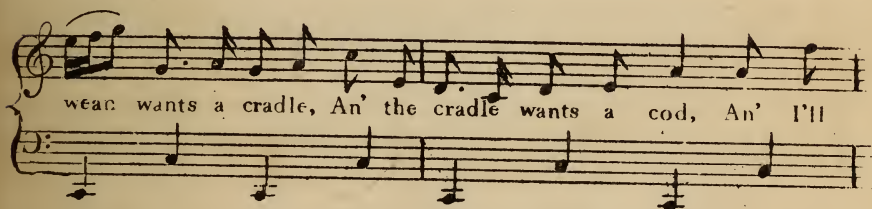
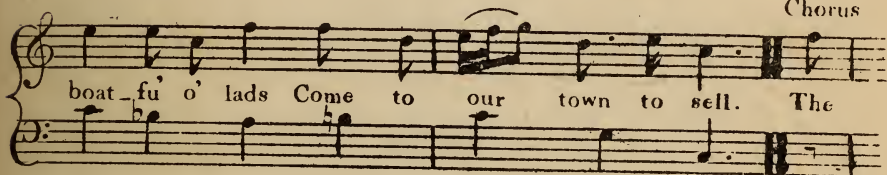
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

589



A little lively.

Chorus



Wather, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,

Do what ye can,

I'll no gang to my bed

Till I get a man.

The wean &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig

As made o' yird and stane;

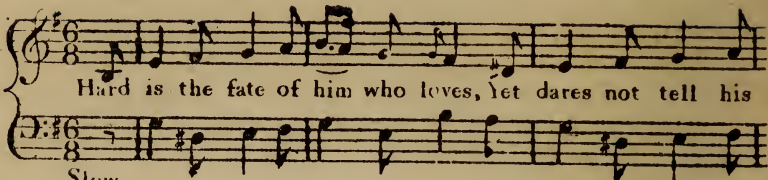
And waly fa' the ley-crap

For I maun till'd again.

The wean &c.

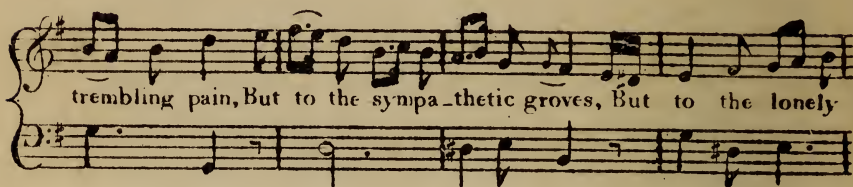
Hard is the fate of him who loves.

590

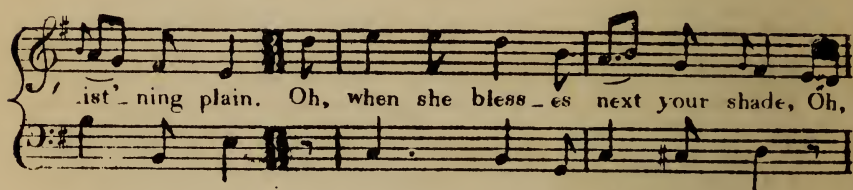


Hard is the fate of him who loves, yet dares not tell his

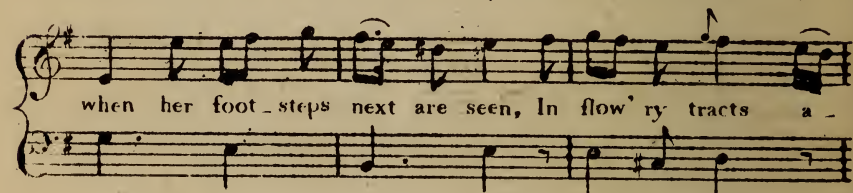
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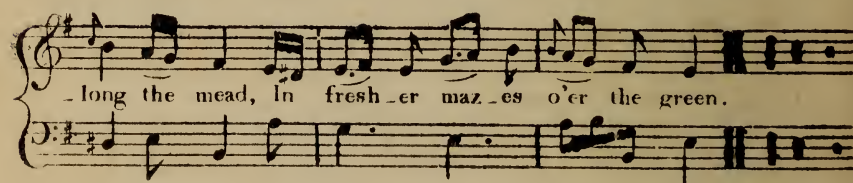
trembling pain, But to the sympa-thetic groves, But to the lonely



list'ning plain. Oh, when she bless-es next your shade, Oh,



when her foot-steps next are seen, In flow'ry tracts a -



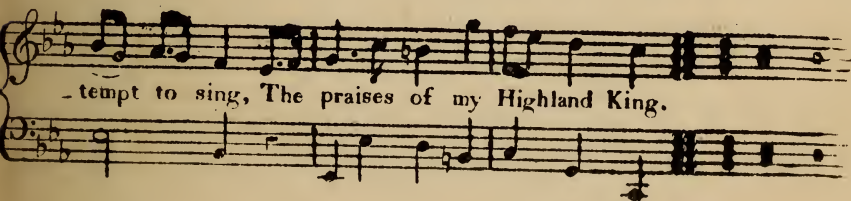
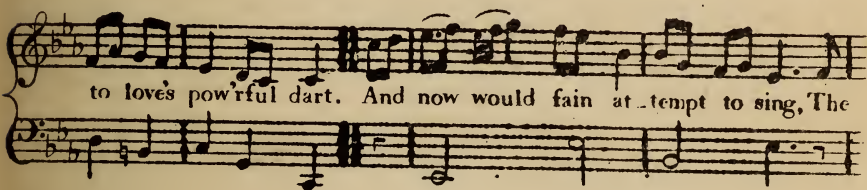
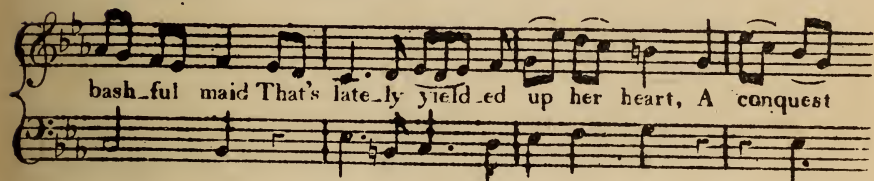
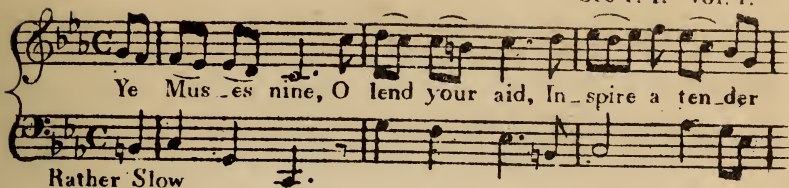
-long the mead, In fresh-er maz-es o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From living lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear;
True love and friendship are the same.

Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid. See P. 1st Vol. 1st

591



Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day,
That ushers in the sprightly May;
When first I felt love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare;
Good nature, honesty, and truth,

Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
"Tis you I love; come come away,
Unto the kirk, my love, let's hy,
Oh me in rapture, I'd comply!
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Nelly's Dream.

592 * Bright the moon a boon yon mountain, Upwards tow'ring

Slow

shed her light, Nothing heard but fal-ling waters, Thro' the

shades of si-lent night. Nel-ly on her couch re-clin-ing

fet-ter'd in the arms of sleep whilst in dreams the wand'ring

Fan-cy sighs for William on the deep.

Loud she hears the tempest howling,
 High she sees the billows roll,
 Lightnings flash and thunders roaring,
 Spreading terror to each Pole.
 On the sea-beach this beholding.
 Trembling dreads her William, lost,
 Yes, she cries, he comes I see him,
 O how pale, 'tis William's Ghost.

Sighs and tears, and wild distraction,
 Rend the maiden's tender breast,
 William! why my William shun me,
 O my heart is sore oppress'd.
 Oft you swore you lov'd me dearly,
 How have I your favour lost
 Bear me to him, rolling billows
 Let me clasp my William's Ghost.

Nelly's mind thus wildly raving,
 Deeply drown'd in sleep the while,
 William in the harbour landing,
 Went to meet his Nelly's smile,
 At her window gently calling,
 Wake my love, 'tis day almost,
 Yes, she cry'd I'll come to thee,
 Yes, I'll follow William's Ghost.

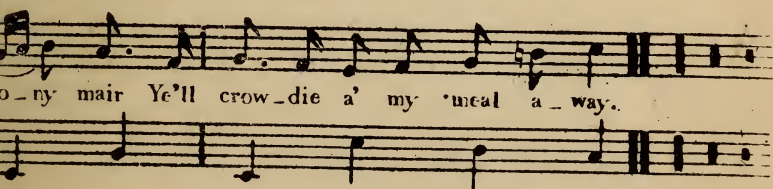
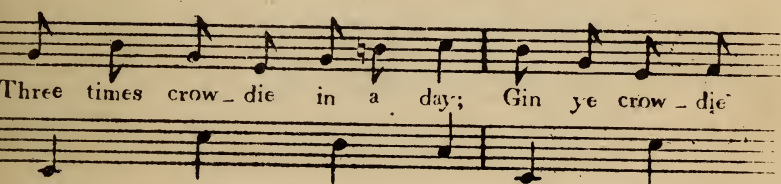
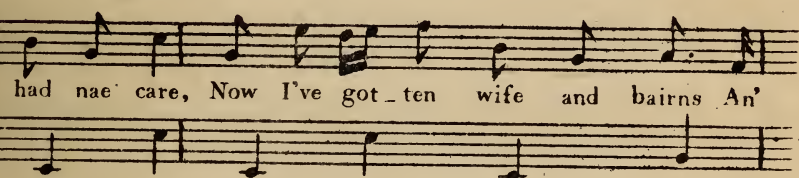
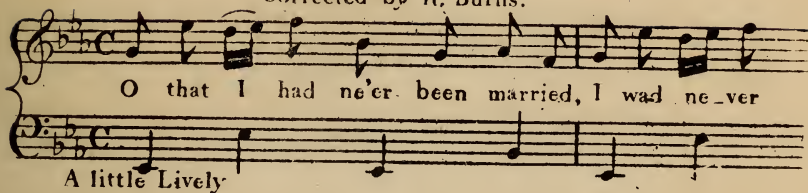
Clear at length the sun was shining,
 Sleep forsook her death-like throne,
 Nelly started from her slumbering,
 Glad her dream and night was gone.
 Fair and spotless as the lily,
 Laden with the morning dew,
 Nelly ran to meet her William,
 With a heart both kind and true.

O that I had ne'er been Married.

613

Corrected by R. Burns.

593



Added by BURNS.

Wae fu' Want and Hunger fley me,

Glowrin by the hallan en;

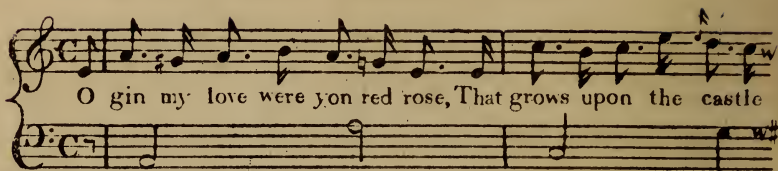
Sair I fecht them at the door,

But ay I'm eerie they come ben.

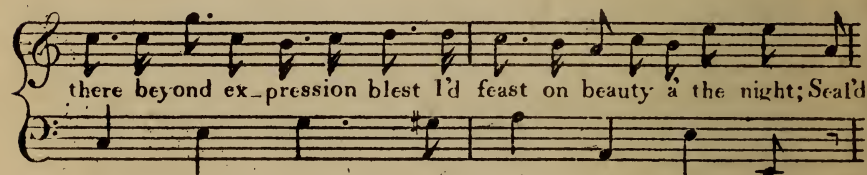
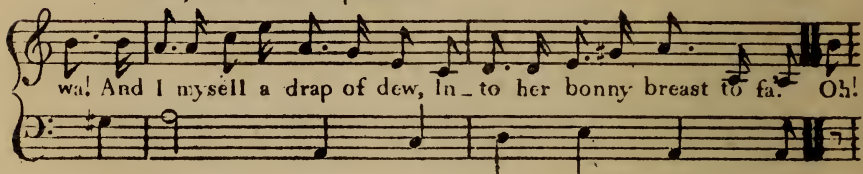
Ance crowdie &c.

O gin my love were yon red rose.

594

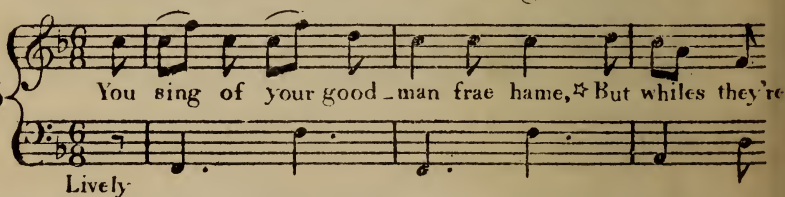


Slow, with much expression.

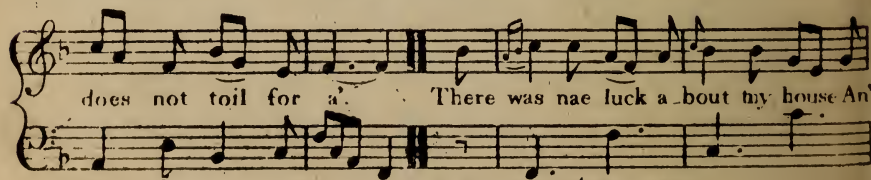
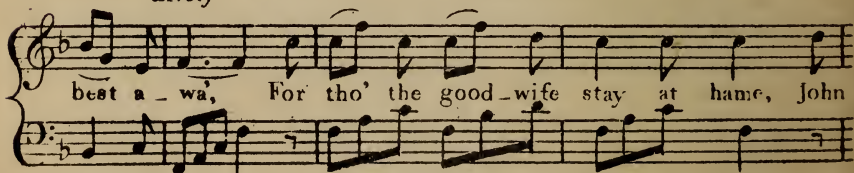


Nae luck about the house when our goodwife's awa.

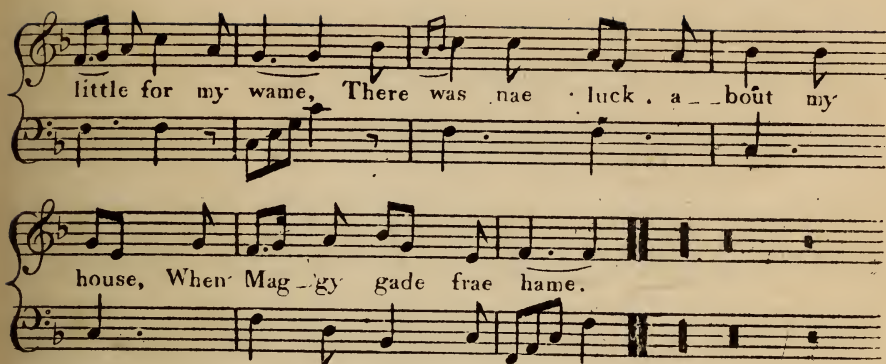
595



Lively



Continued.



For first the bairns raise frae their bed, The hens went to the neighbour's house,
And for a piece did ca', And there they laid their eggs,
Then how could I attend my work, When simple John reprovd them for't,
Who had to answer a They broke poor chuckie's legs.
There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Their hands and faces was to wash,
And coaties to put on,
When every dud lay here and there,
Which vexed honest John.
There was nae luck, &c.

He made the pottage wanting salt,
The kail sing'd in the pot,
The cutties lay under his feet,
And cogs they seem'd to rot.
There was nae luck, &c.

The hen and birds went to the fields,
The glaid she whipt up twa,
The cow wanting her chaff and stra',
Stood routing thro' the wa'.
There was nae luck, &c.

The bairns fought upon the floor,
And on the fire did fa';
Which vex'd the heart o' honest John,
When Maggy was awa'.
There was nae luck, &c.

With bitten fingers and cutted thumbs,
And scrieche which piercd the skies,
Which drove his patience to an end,
Wish'd death to close their eyes.
There was nae luck, &c.

Then went to please them with a scon,
And so he burnt it black,
Ran to the well with twa new cans,
But none of them came back.
There was nae luck, &c.

He little thought of Maggy's toil,
As she was by the fire,
But when he got a trial o't,
He soon began to tire.
There was nae luck, &c.

First when he got the task in hand,
He thought all would go right,
But O he little wages had,
On Saturday at night.
There was nae luck, &c.

He had no gain from wheel or reel,
Nor yarn had he to sell,
He wish'd for Maggy hame again,
Being out of money and meal.
There was nae luck, &c.

The deil gade o'er Jock Wabster,
His loss he could not tell.
But when he wanted Maggy's help,
He did nae good himsell.
There was nae luck, &c.

Another want I do not name,
A' night he got no ease,
But tumbld grumbld in his bed,
A fighting wi' the flaes.
There was nae luck, &c.

Wishing for Maggy's muckle hips,
Whereon the flaes might feast,
And for to be goodwife again,
He swore it was nae jest.
There was nae luck, &c.

Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale.

596

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo marking 'Slow' is placed below the first staff. The lyrics 'Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale, And they lov'd o - ther' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'weel, Frae ev'ning late to morning aire, Of luv'ing luv'd their fill Frae'. The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'ev'ning late to morning aire, Of luv'ing luv'd their fill.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

"Now, Willie, gif you luv me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,
Gar build it speedilie.

And we will sail the sea sae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll sail to some bonie isle
Stands lanely midst the sea."

But lang or ere the ship was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'd na lout,

"Now, Willie, gif ye luv me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kiss'd her cheek and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

"Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said, O set my saddle saft, Willie,
Now leave me to my lane;

Was neverman in a lady's bower
When she was travelling."

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane:
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet
But and his lady's mane!

"Now come, now come, Willie, she said,
Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie."

He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kiss'd him cheek and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By the ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold Baron,
And he spake up wi' pride,
"Gar seek, gar seek the bower maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bride.

"My maidens, easy with my back,
And easy with my side.
O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bride."

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.

Chorus

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

597

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's modest and discreet

A little Lively

Mally's rare Mal-ly's fair, Mal-ly's ev'ry way compleat. As

I was walking up the street, A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, But

O the road was ve-ry hard, For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
 And twere more fit that she should sit,
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan white neck,
 And her two eyes like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Tell me Jessy tell me why

598 * Tell me Jessy tell me why My fond suit you

Slow

still de-ny Is your bo-som cold as snow did you

ne-ver feel for woe. Can you hear with-out a sigh

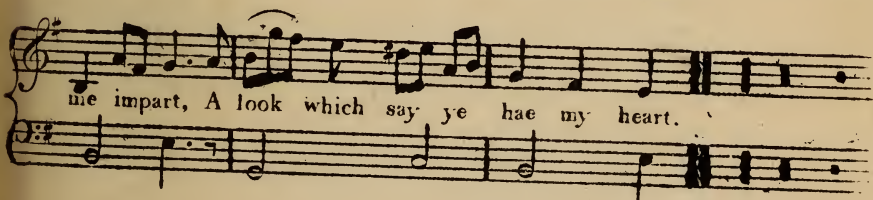
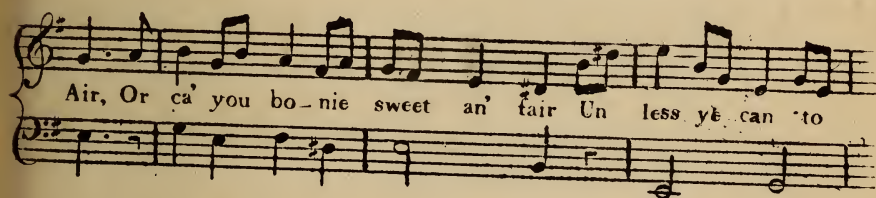
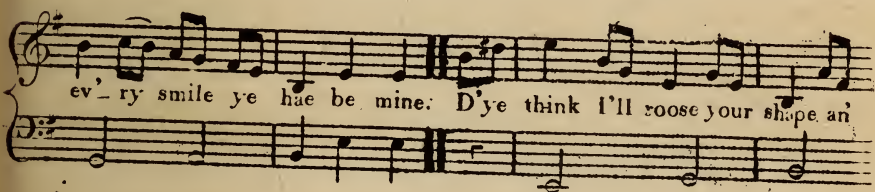
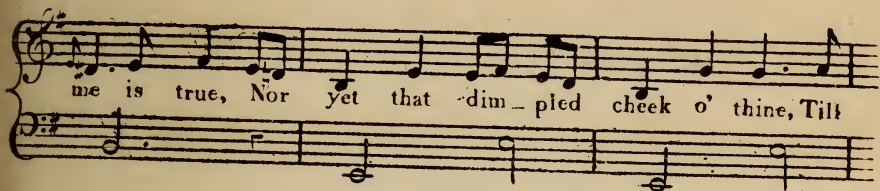
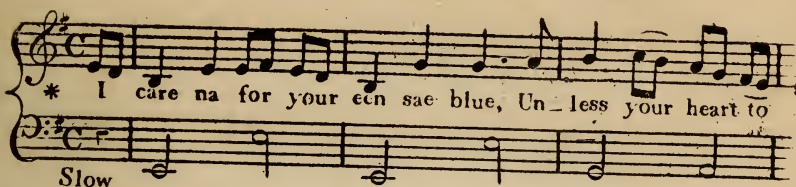
Him com-plain who for you could die, If you e-ver

shed a tear Hear me Jes-sy hear O hear.

Life to me is not more dear,
 Than the hour brings Jessy here,
 Death so much I do not fear
 As the parting moment near.
 Summer smiles is not so sweet,
 As the bloom upon your cheek,
 Nor the chrystal dew so clear,
 As your eyes to me appear.

These are part of Jessy's charms
 Which the bosom ever warms
 But the charms by which I'm stung,
 Comes, O Jessy, from thy tongue.
 Jessy be no longer coy,
 Let me taste a lover's joy,
 With your hand remove the dart
 And heal the wound that's in my heart.

599



I care na for your witching tongue,
Which pleases a' an' pierces some,
Until I hear that tongue declare
Nane but mysel your heart shall share
An' gin that saft an' melting ee,
Doth beam on me an' only me
My fate is seal'd, then I am thine
An' let me die when I repine

Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

600

The night is my departing night, The morn's the day I maun a-
 A little lively.
 -wa, There's no a friend or fae o' mine, But wishes that I were awa. What
 I hae done for lack o' wit I never never can re-ca' I trust ye're
 a my friends as yet, Gude night and joy be wi' you a'.

By Burns.

A DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu! May Freedom, Harmony, and Love.
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie! Unite you in the grand Design,
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few, Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 Companions of my social joy! The glorious Architect Divine!
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie, That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Pursuing Fortün's slidd'ry ba', Still rising by the plummet's law,
 With melting heart, and brimful eye, Till Order bright completely shine,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa', Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

Oft have I met your social Band. And You, farewell! whose merits claim.
 And spent the chearful, festive night; Justly that highest badge to wear!
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command, Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Nam
 Presided o'er the Sons of light: To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 And by that Hieroglyphic bright, A last request permit me, here,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw! When yearly ye assemble a',
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write One round, I ask it with a tear,
 Those happy scenes when far awa'! To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

F I N I S.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART VI.

DI.
MY PEGGY'S FACE.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum, but having been mislaid, it did not make its appearance till the publication of the last volume of that work. In a letter, inclosing the song and the fine air to which it is adapted, the bard thus addresses Mr Johnson: "Dear Mr Publisher, I hope, against my return, you will be able to tell me from Mr Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the *second* volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian music. Farewell. R. Burns." Burns alludes to the manuscript music in the library of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.

Mr George Thomson has inserted this song in the third volume of his Collection; but the name of the heroine, in place of "Peggy," is changed for that of "Mary," and the words are directed to be sung to the tune called "The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn." These alterations, however, do not appear to be for the better. It will generally be found, that the tune which the poet himself had in view when composing a song, if not superior, is, at least, more in unison

with the sentiments expressed, than any other that can be selected.

DII.

MY BOY TAMMY.

THIS fine ballad, beginning "Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy, Tammy?" was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. It first appeared in a magazine, printed at Edinburgh in 1791, entitled "The Bee," which was conducted by his friend Dr James Anderson. It has since been printed in the author's poetical works, and has deservedly become a favourite with the public. Miss Duncan (afterwards Mrs Davidson) the celebrated actress, used frequently to sing this ballad on the stage with great applause.

The melody, to which the words are adapted, is very ancient and uncommonly pretty. The old song, however, was quite puerile; the Editor has often heard it sung by old people, when he was a boy, and he still remembers some of the verses. One of them ran thus :

Is she fit to soop the house,
 My boy, Tammy?
 Is she fit to soop the house,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She's just as fit to soop the house
 As the cat to tak' a mouse;
 And yet she's but a young thing
 New come frae her mammy.

Another verse contained a very singular sort of puzzle :

How auld's the bonnie young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 How auld's the bonnie young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She's twice six and twice seven,
 Twice twenty and eleven;
 And yet she's but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

DIII.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

THIS song was written by Robert Couper, Esq. M. D. author of two volumes of poetry, chiefly in the Scottish lan-

guage, printed at Inverness in 1804, and dedicated to the late Jane, Duchess of Gordon. The title of the song, in the Doctor's works, is "Kinrara, —*tune*, "Niel Gow."

In the Museum, the song has accordingly been set to the beautiful strathspey, called "Niel Gow," which was composed by Mr Macintyre, the musician, in honour of the late father of Scottish *ball music*, Niel Gow of Dunkeld. Kinrara Lodge was the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon.

DIV.

O, STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN.

RAMSAY wrote a bacchanalian song to this ancient tune, and printed it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. He very properly suppressed the old song, enough of which is still but too well known. The first four lines of the song in the Museum were taken from Ramsay's, and the rest of it was written by Burns for that work. Johnson has made a mistake in copying the fifth line of the second stanza. It should be "Ne'er break your heart for *ae* rebute," as in the manuscript.

DV.

WHEN I GAE'D TO THE MILL.

THIS song was copied from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, printed in 1776. It is adapted to a tune, which Oswald, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book ix. calls "The Birth of Kisses," which was probably the original title of the song. The author's name has not yet been discovered.

DVI.

WHAR ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THIS beautiful song, according to the information of the publisher of the Museum, was written by Mr Carey. It is adapted to a very beautiful and plaintive old air, called "I'll never see him more," printed in the sixth book of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 16. This tune is omitted in the Index of Oswald's work.

Mr Carey's song, five years after its appearance in the sixth volume of the Museum, which was published on the 4th of June 1803, appeared, for a second time, in the fourth number of Mr George Thomson's Collection, printed in 1808, with the following alterations, which are evident improvements. In place of the 8th, 10th, and 12th lines in the Museum, read, as in Mr Thomson's edition,

I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower—line 8th.
A modest sweet and lovely flower—line 10th.
To grace and chear my bonnie bower—line 12th.

Mr Thomson says the author is unknown, and that "The Esk here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of ROSLIN, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful." There are, at least, six rivers of that name in Scotland, whose banks are all particularly romantic, and there is not one line in the song that fixes the locality to the Esk which washes the ruins of Roslin Castle. Mr Thomson directs the words of Carey's song to be sung to the "Braes of Ballochmyle," a song written by Burns, set to music by A. Masterton, and published in the second volume of the Museum, page 285, in the year 1790.

DVII.

THO' FOR SEVEN YEARS AND MAIR.

THIS poetical dialogue between two rustic lovers, was written by Ramsay to the tune of "I'll never leave thee," and printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. Some lines of the ancient song of "I'll never leave thee," however, are interspersed here and there in Ramsay's production. The editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, having preferred Crawford's song, beginning "One day I heard Mary say," to the same air, published it in that work in 1725.

Mr John Watt, in the fourth volume of his "Musical Miscellany," printed at London in 1730, published Ramsay's song, adapted to the tune of "A Lad and a Lassie lay in a Killogie," which was afterwards called "Bannocks o' Bear Meal, and Bannocks o' Barley," under the following

title, "A dialogue between Jenny and Nelly, to the tune of I'll never leave thee." As Crawford's song to the genuine air, was published in the first volume of the Museum, page 92, Johnson adapted the same tune that Watt had selected for Ramsay's dialogue, which suits the words nearly as well as the proper tune of "I'll never leave thee" would have done.

DVIII.

ROW SAFTLY, THOU STREAM.

THIS beautiful song, entitled "Captain O'Kaine," was written by the late Mr Richard Gall, a young man of the most promising poetical talents, and author of several songs in the sixth volume of the Museum. The tune is certainly Irish.

Richard Gall was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in the month of December 1776. At an early period he was sent to the school at Haddington, where he soon acquired a proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic. On leaving school, his parents placed him under the charge of a relation, to learn the trade of a house-carpenter; but, ere long, he felt such antipathy to the occupation that he left it. He was next placed with a respectable builder and architect, to acquire a knowledge of his profession. After a trial of this new line of business however he found it nearly as disagreeable to him as the other; he therefore gave it up also, and went to Edinburgh, to which city his father and mother had recently removed.

Soon after his arrival in the Scottish metropolis, he was bound apprentice to Mr David Ramsay, a respectable printer, and publisher of the Edinburgh Courant. This mode of life proved quite congenial to the feelings of young Gall. Indeed, the attention and friendship which his worthy master showed him on every occasion, attached him so strongly to his employer, that after the expiration of his indenture, he continued in the service of that gentleman during the rest of his life.

Whilst in this situation Gall employed his spare hours in acquiring various branches of education, and in wooing Scotia's muse. His poetical efforts soon began to attract considerable attention, and procured him the friendship and correspondence of several literary characters, amongst whom were Burns and Macneill. About the beginning of 1801, an abscess broke out in his breast, which, notwithstanding every possible care and the best medical assistance, put a period to his existence on the 10th of May 1801, in the 25th year of his age.

During his last illness, although unable from weakness to hold a pen, he committed several of his poems to paper, written with a black lead pencil. Mr Stark, in his *Biographica Scotica*, justly observes, that "Of all the writings of Mr Gall, the tendency is *uniformly virtuous*. But this is not their only merit. A rich vein of poetry pervades them; the sentiments are striking; the language simple and unaffected."

Mr Gall's Poetical Works were lately published in a neat volume 12mo, by Messrs Oliver & Boyd, with a Life of the Author, elegantly written, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart.

DIX.

AS I WENT O'ER THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

THIS is the well-known ballad of "Peggy Bawn," which has long been a favourite at the firesides of the peasantry of Scotland, although it does not appear to have been honoured with a place in any regular collection until the publication of the Museum. The air is said to be Irish, but the ballad itself is unquestionably of Scottish origin. The tune, however, is very pretty. It was made into an excellent rondo, with variations for the piano-forte or harpsichord, by Butler the organist, which has had a considerable run. The author of the words and music has not yet been discovered.

DX.

O, CHERUB CONTENT.

THIS beautiful song was written by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, and many other excellent poems. The words are adapted to the favourite Irish air, called *Coolun*. Mr Campbell evinced considerable abilities, both as a poet and a scholar, at a very early period of life. The present Editor recollects of having read a poem, called "The Choice of Paris," written by Mr Campbell, when he was a boy at the high-school of Glasgow. Mr Campbell entered that seminary on 10th October 1785.

DXI.

AS WALKING FORTH TO VIEW.

THIS ballad was printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the letter Q annexed, to denote that it was an old song with alterations. It is entitled "Omnia vincit amor," i. e. "Love conquers all."

In Skene's music manuscripts, written in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, there is an air with the same Latin title inserted in book sixth, after "Lady Rothemayes Lilt." The original ballad must therefore have been a favourite long before the year 1600. It seems to have been set to various tunes, for in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. there is a slow air, in common time, entitled "Omnia vincit amor," which is quite different from the air in Skene's MSS. as well as that in the Museum. But the Editor is of opinion, that neither the airs published by Oswald nor Johnson are so old as the words.

DXII.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

THIS old ballad, beginning "Frae Dunideir, as I cam through," gives a very minute and faithful account of the cause and issue of the battle of Harlaw, fought on the 24th day of July 1411, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Earl of Mar, son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent

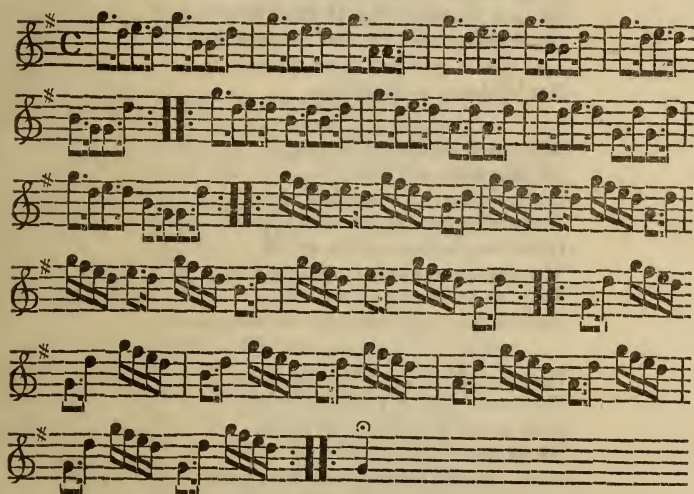
of Scotland, during the captivity of his nephew, James I. King of Scots. Harlaw, where the battle took place, is situated in Garioch, a district in Aberdeenshire. The royal army on this occasion were completely victorious; Donald's forces being defeated with great slaughter.

"The Battel of Hayrlaw" is quoted as one of the "sweet sangis," in Wedderburn's "Complainte of Scotlande," printed in 1549; but, so far as we know, no printed edition of this celebrated ballad has yet been discovered, prior to that in Ramsay's *Evergreen*, published at Edinburgh in 1724, from an ancient manuscript copy. The late Lord Hailes seemed to have entertained some doubts of its being a genuine production of the 15th century; because Ramsay did not scruple on some occasions to retrench, or substitute verses of his own for originals of the ancient poetry which he collected. The present ballad, however, is so very different from the style and structure of every production of Ramsay, and bears such evident and strong marks of antiquity, that, making allowance for some verbal alterations which may, perhaps, have been substituted for a few of the more ancient and obsolete words, there can scarcely remain a doubt of its genuine authenticity. Indeed, Ritson, who in general had little or no faith in any of the *Scottish* traditions, thus expresses himself with regard to this ballad. "The Battel of Hayrlaw," (mentioned by Wedderburne) is presumed to be the fine poem printed in the "*Evergreen*," which, with submission to the opinion of the late Lord Hailes, may, for any thing that appears either in or out of it to the contrary, be as old as the 15th century."

In Drummond of Hawthornden's mock-heroic poem, which was edited, with notes and illustrations, by Bishop Gibson in 1691, mention is made of a bagpipe tune, called the Battle of Harlaw—

"*Interea ante alios dux Piper Latus heros,
Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pyram,
Incipit HARLAW cunctis sonare BATTELLUM.*"

The present Editor is in possession of a folio manuscript of Scots tunes of considerable antiquity, wherein this pibroch is inserted under the title of the “Battle of Harlaw.” It is nere annexed :

BATTLE OF HARLAW. *A Pibroch.*

Mr Ritson conjectures, that this ballad must have been sung to a very slow air ; but none of these long ballads were sung in *adagio* time. It seems highly probable, that this ballad was chanted to the first strain of the old pibroch, which contains the whole air, and suits the measure of the stanza. The other strains of this wild pibroch are evidently mere variations of the *theme* or first strain.

As Johnson was under the necessity of curtailing this fine old historical ballad, on account of the limited size of his sixth volume, it is here reprinted from Ramsay's *Evergreen*, 1724.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se,
The noys and dulesum hermonic,
That evir that driery day did daw,

Cryand the corynoch* on hie,
 " Alas, Alas ! for the Harlaw !"

II.

I marvlit what the matter meint,
 All folks were in a fiery fairy,†
 I wist not quha was fae or friend,
 Zit quietly I did me carrie :
 But sen the days of auld King Harrie,‡
 Sic slauchter was not hard or sene ;
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairry,
 For bissiness in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requesting him to mak me 'quaint
 Of the beginning and the event
 That happenit thare at the Harlaw ;
 Then he entreated me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me schaw.——

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the Governour he came,
 Them for to haif gif that he nicht ;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
 And thairfore answerit with disdain ;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodword § back again.

V.

But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vow'd to God Omnipotent
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif :
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargane sould be deirly bocht.

* *Corynoch*, i. e. a funeral dirge, or lament for the dead.

† Bustle and confusion.

‡ Whilst our Malcolm IV. was on the Continent with Henry II. of England, Somerled, Thane of Argyle, who aspired to the throne of Scotland, raised a formidable rebellion in the north, which was fortunately quelled by the Earl of Angus, commander of the royal army, who defeated Somerled's forces with immense slaughter. It is a singular coincidence, that Donald, Lord of the Isles, likewise took the opportunity of urging his claim to the lands of Ross, during the absence of his Sovereign ; James I. being, at this period, a captive in England.

§ Reply, or message.

VI.

Then haistylie he did command
 That all his weir-men should convene,
 Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein ;
 He waxit wraith and vowit tein,
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the north,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Merns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
 With money made, with forss and wyles,
 Right far and neir, baith up and down,
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Alangst the land of Ross he roars,
 And all obeyit at his bandown,
 Evin frae the north to suthren shoars.

VIII.

Then all the countrie men did yeild,
 For nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battil in the field,
 Be forss of arms to beir him bak ;
 Syne thay resolvit all, and spak
 The best it was for their behufe,
 They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing weil he did them lufe.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray-Land to mak a raid
 Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness ;
 And, furthermair, he sent express,
 To schaw his collours and ensenyie
 To all and sindry, mair and less,
 Throuhout the boundis of Boyn and Enyie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhasoever durst gainstand,
 That race they should full sairly rew.
 Then he bad all his men be trew,
 And him defend by forss and slicht,
 And promist them rewairds anew,
 And mak them men of mekle nicht.

XI.

Without resistans, as he said,
Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast ;
Throw all these fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was nevir sene,
And then forsuith, he langd at last
To see the bruch of Aberdene.

XII.

To hinder this prowde enterprise,
The stout and mighty Erle of Mar,
With all his men in arms did ryse,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigvar,
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene,
To fecht, or Donald cam sae nar,
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of Mar,
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Before the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did display ;
For weil eneuch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Withoutin dangir or delay,
Came haistily to the Harlaw.

XIV.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus Sheriff principal ;
The Constabill of gude Dundé,
The vanguard led before them all ;
Suppose in number they were small,
They first richt bauldlie did pursuw,
And maid their faes befor them fall,
Quha then that race did sairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
The Stalwart laird of Lawriestoun,
With ilk thair forces all and sum ;
Panmuir with all his men did cum ;
The Provost of brave Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuick of drum,
Came shortly in their armour schenc.

XVI.

These, with the Erle of Mar, came on
 In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
 Their enemies to set upon,
 In awful manner hardily;
 Togither vowit to live or die,
 Since they had marchit mony miles,
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of doubted Donald of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie alang did ride,
 With Malcolmtosh and fell Maclean,
 With all their power at their syde;
 Presumeand on their strength and pryde,
 Without all feir of ony aw,
 Richt bauldlie battill till abyde
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring drums alloud did tuik,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the field sould bruik;
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk,
 Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk
 Of them that there did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
 The bludy battill lastit lang;
 Each man his nibour's forss there felt,
 The weakest aft-times gat the wrang;
 There was nae mowis there them amang,
 Naething was hard but heavy knocks,
 That echo maid a dulefull sang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

XX.

But Donald's men at last gaif back,
 For they war all out of array,
 The Erl of Mar's men throw them brak,
 Pursewing shairply in thair way,
 Thair enemys to tak or slay,
 Be dint of forss to gar them yield;
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And sac for feirdness tint the fray.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 To mountains hich for all his micht,
 For he and his war all agast,
 And ran till they war out of sicht ;
 And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
 Thoch mony men with him he brocht,
 Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is (quod he) the richt report
 Of all that I did heir and knaw,
 Thoch my discourse be sumthing short
 Tak this to be a richt suthe saw.
 Contrair God and the King's law,
 Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
 Into the battil of Harlaw :
 This is sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

But zit a bonny whyle abide,
 An I sall mak thee clearly ken,
 Quhat slauchter was on ilka syde,
 Of Lowland and of Highland men ;
 Quha for thair awin haif ever bene,
 Theselazie lownis micht weil be spaird,
 Chessit lyke deirs into thair den,
 And gat thair wages for rewaird.

XXIV.

Malcolmtosh of the clan heid chief,
 Maclean with his grit hauchty heid,
 With all thair succour and relief
 War dulefully dung to the deid ;
 And now we are freid of thair feid
 And will not lang to come again
 Thousands with them without remeid
 On Donald syd, that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther syd war lost,
 Into the field that dismal day,
 Chief men of worth (of mekle cost),
 To be lamentit sair for ay ;
 The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and mekle main,
 Grit dolour was for his decay
 That sae unhappy was slain.

XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principal of Angus
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie ;
He had few fallows in the feild
Zit fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddop, knight,
Grit Constabill of fair Dundee,
Unto the duleful deith was dicht,
The King's chief banner-man was he,
A valiant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude King William frie,
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was better sene,
Quhen they were semblit all and sum,
To praise him we sould not be dumm,
For valour, witt, and worthyness,
To end his days he there did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyles.

XXIX.

And there the knicht of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene ;
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha Provost was of Aberdene ;
The knicht of Panmuir, als was sene,
A mortal man in armour bricht,
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene,
Left to the world thair lost gude nicht.

XXX.

There was not sin King Keneth's days
Sic strange intestine cruel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe ;
Quhilk made divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony children fatherless,
Quhilk in this realm hath been full ryfe,
Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress !

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even',
 That four-and-twenty dismall day,
 Twelve hundred ten score and eleven
 Of Zeirs sen Chryst, the suth to say;
 Men will remember, as they may,
 Quhen thus the verite they know,
 And mony ane may mourn for ay
 The brim battill of the Harlaw.

In the reign of Henry the II. of England, Scotland was torn by intestine broils and insurrections. This was occasioned by the servile conduct towards that monarch, both by MALCOM, and his brother and successor WILLIAM, kings of Scotland, which disgusted and enraged the Scottish chiefs. During the reign of William, Donald, another Lord of the Isles, likewise invaded Scotland, and committed horrid ravages in the counties of Ross and Murray. This person was a progenitor of the Donald mentioned in the ballad, and claimed the crown in right of Duncan, the bastard King of Scots. This circumstance is alluded to in stanza xxvii. On the 5th July 1187, however, Roland, the gallant hero of Galloyay, decided the fate of the older Donald, who was slain in an accidental rencounter of a foraging party, and the greater part of his followers were put to the sword.

The wild melody, to which the ballad of Harlaw is adapted in the Museum, is evidently the progenitor of the old Highland Pibroch formerly mentioned. The second stanza is merely a slight alteration of the first.

DXIII.

O BOTHWELL BANK, THOU BLOOMEST FAIR.

THIS song was written by Mr John Pinkerton, the historian, who is a native of Edinburgh. The words are adapted to a fine modern air, which was composed by Mr Fergus, organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow.

In 1783, Mr Pinkerton published this song, alongst with several other pieces, as genuine old Scottish reliques. The forgery of these poems, however, being detected by a gentleman, who directly accused Mr P. by a letter inserted in

the Gentleman's Magazine, for November 1784. Our historian confessed himself guilty. In palliation of his conduct, he pleads his youth and purity of intention; professing that the imposition was only intended to give pleasure to the world. "All which, (says the satirical Ritson,) it is to be hoped he has found some charitable person to believe!" *Ritson's Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 77.

Burns makes the following remark on this song: "This modern *thing* of Pinkerton's could never pass for old, but among the sheer ignorant. What poet of the olden time, or indeed of any time, ever said or wrote any thing like the line—

"Without ae flour his grave to crown."

"This is not only the pedantry of tenderness, but the very bathos of bad writing." See *Select Scottish Songs*, with Critical Remarks by Burns; edited by Cromek. 2 vols. London. 1810.

It is neither the Editor's intention to palliate imposition, nor defend poetry that is really bad; but he is of opinion, that a slight alteration of the second stanza is all that the song requires to render it unexceptionable. Indeed Burns, in one of his letters, (see vol. iv. letter No 28, in Dr Currie's edition,) afterwards admits, that "Mr Pinkerton, in his what he calls ancient ballads, many of them, though notorious, are *beautiful enough* forgeries."

DXIV.

WEE WILLY GRAY.

THIS comic little song, intended for the nursery, was written by Burns. It is adapted to the lively tune, called, "*Wee Totum Fogg*," the first line of a much older ditty of the same description, which Burns must have had in view when he wrote the words for the Museum. It began,

WEE Totum Fogg
Sits upon a creepie;
Half an ell o' gray
Wad be his coat and breckie.

These old tunes—*Wee Totum Fogg*—*The Dusty Miller*—*Go to Berwick, Johnnie*—*Mount your Baggage*—*Robin Shure in Har'est*—*Jockey said to Jenny*, &c. &c., have been played in Scotland, time out of mind, as a particular species of "*the double hornpipe*." The late James Allan, piper to the Duke of Northumberland, assured the present Editor, that this peculiar measure originated in the borders of England and Scotland. Playford has inserted several of them in his "*Dancing Master*," first published in 1658. Some modern imitations of this old style appear in Gow's Repositories, and several other collections of Scotch tunes.

DXV.

LAMMINGTON RACES.

THIS ballad, beginning "When the days they are lang," commemorates a horse-race of Lammington, in the county of Lanark. It possesses considerable humour; and the tune to which it is adapted is lively enough; but all *jeux d'esprit*, of a local or personal nature, generally cease to be interesting when the original characters are no more. The song was written by Mr Macaulay, an acquaintance of Mr Johnson; but the composer of the air is unknown.

DXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THIS charming song, beginning "'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing," was written by the late John Tait, Esq. writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Police Court, Edinburgh. It is adapted to the Irish air called *Langolee*. This song has often, though erroneously, been attributed to the Rev. Mr John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas." It was inserted in Wilson's Collection of Songs, printed at Edinburgh 1779, with some additional stanzas written by Miss Betsy B—s; but the lady's verses are far inferior to the original. Mr Tait's song was written in 1775, on the departure of a friend for America to join the British forces, who were at that time endeavouring "to quell the proud rebels" of Columbia; but the issue of

that contest was very different from the anticipations of the bard. The Americans, after a long and arduous contest, proved ultimately successful; and their independence was acknowledged, on the part of Great Britain, by a treaty of peace ratified in 1783.

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr George Thomson, dated 7th April 1793, says, "*The Banks of the Dee* is, you know, literally *Langolee*, to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it; for instance,

"And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree."

"In the first place, the nightingale sings in a low bush, but never from a tree; and in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland. Exotic rural imagery is always comparatively flat."

The justice of these remarks appears to have been admitted by Mr Tait; for in a new edition of the song, retouched by himself, thirty years after its first appearance, for Mr Thomson's Collection, and published in the fourth volume of that work, the first half stanza is printed thus—

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree.
At the foot of a rock, where the wild-rose was growing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

The only other corrections and alterations are as follow—

Stanza II. line 5,

For *loud roaring*, read *rude roaring*.

Stanza II. line 8,

For *And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows*,
Read *And left me to wander 'mongst these once loved willows*.

Stanza III. line 2,

For *dear shepherd*, read *dear Jamie*.

DXVII.

SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF PLEASURE.

THIS elegant and pathetic song was written by Mr Richard Gall, who has already been noticed in a former part of this

work.—*Vide Notes on Song No 508.* The air to which it is adapted was composed by Mr Allan Masterton, who has also been often mentioned in the course of the present Editor's remarks.

The following particulars respecting this song are extracted from Mr Stark's Sketch of the Life of Richard Gall, printed in the *Biographia Scotica*, at Edinburgh, 1805. "One of Mr Gall's songs in particular, the original of which I have by me, has acquired a degree of praise, from its having been printed amongst the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr Gall's friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the 'Scots Musical Museum' was published at Edinburgh by Mr Johnson, several of Burns's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr Gall wrote the song entitled 'Farewell to Ayrshire,' prefixed Burns' name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work. From thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of Burns. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr Gall probably thought, that under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice, which, in other circumstances, it might never have obtained, but have been doomed to *waste its sweetness in the desert air.*"

The particulars mentioned in the preceding extract by Mr Stark, who was intimately acquainted with Mr Gall, (both of them being employed in the same printing-office,) may be relied upon as being correct. The manuscript of the song, in the hand-writing of Mr Gall, is in the possession of the Editor

DXVIII.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNY.

RITSON says, he “has heard gravely asserted in Edinburgh, that a foolish song, beginning

Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnny;
Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the poney,

was actually made on one of Sir William Wallace the Scottish hero's marauding expeditions; and that the person thus addressed was no other than his *fidus Achates*, Sir John Graham.—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 26. The writer of this note, however, can safely aver, that he never heard such an assertion from the lips of any Scotsman, nor ever saw such an allegation in print, till he met with Ritson's Essay. That gentleman must certainly have been imposed upon by the *gravity* of some wag. The silly old verses are usually chanted by nurses to divert their little ones, and have not the smallest allusion either to Wallace or Graham.

The words, which are adapted to the old air in the Museum, were written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, who contributed several songs to the same work. Oswald published the air, with variations, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion. It has since been arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte, by various masters.

DXIX.

'T WAS AT THE SHINING MID-DAY HOUR.

THIS burlesque parody of Mallet's beautiful ballad of “William and Margaret,” was written by Allan Ramsay for the fourth volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it made its first appearance under the title of “Watty and Madge.” The words are adapted to a fine old tune, called *The Maid in the Mill*, taken from the seventh volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 27.

The reader will find Mallet's ballad of William and Margaret, adapted to a fine air composed by the late Mr Stephen

Clarke, in the sixth volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 536.* In the second edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1733, Mr William Thomson, the editor of that work, adapted Mallet's ballad to the old tune of *Chevy Chase*.

DXX.

HAVE YOU ANY POTS OR PANS?

THIS humorous song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published in his Tea-Table Miscellany 1724, as a substitute for the words of the old song called "Clout the Cauldron." The original tune is printed in the first volume of the Museum, p. 24, with some curious Scoto-Gaelic verses.—See the *Notes on that Song, No 23.*

In the sixth volume of the Museum, Ramsay's verses are adapted to the favourite strathspey, called "Cameron has got his Wife again."

DXXI.

NOW BANK AND BRAE ARE CLOTHED WITH GREEN.

THIS fine Scottish pastoral song was written by Gall, and is printed in his poetical works. The words are adapted to a very beautiful tune, called "Cassilis Banks."

"Girvan's fairy-haunted stream," is a well known river in Ayrshire, which rises in the parish of Dailly, and after meandering through the district of Carrick, pours its waters into the Irish Channel at the ancient village of Girvan, to which it gives its name.

DXXII.

AE DAY A BRAW WOOER.

THIS humorous song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum; but Johnson, the publisher, who was a religious and well-meaning man, appeared fastidious about its insertion, as one or two expressions in it seemed somewhat irreverent. Burns afterwards made several alterations upon the song, and sent it to Mr George Thomson for his Collection, who readily admitted it into his second volume, and the song soon became very popular. Johnson, however, did not consider it at all improved by the

later alterations of our bard. It soon appeared to him to have lost much of its pristine humour and simplicity; and the phrases which he had objected to were changed greatly for the worse. He therefore published the song as originally written by Burns for his work. In order to enable the reader to judge how far Johnson was, or was not correct, both editions of the song are here annexed.

FIRST EDITION.

Æ day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
But I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me!

A weel stockit mailen himsel o't the laird,
And bridal aff han' was the proffer;
I never loot on that I kend or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And said for my love he was diein';
I said he might die when he liket, for Jean;
The gude forgie me for liein'!

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her,)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think, how the jade I could bear her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out oure my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neighbours shou'd think I was saucy,
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
An' if she had recover'd her hearin'?
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchel't feet?
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
And just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

SECOND EDITION.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me.
 I said there was naething I hated like men ;
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.'

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he lik'd, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stockit mailen himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand were the proffers ;
 I never loot on that I kend it or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
 (The deil tak his taste to gae near her)
 He's up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I fretted with care,
 I gaed to the tryst of Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Least neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy an' sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

These alterations, in general, are certainly far from being
 in the happiest style of Burns. Indeed he appears to have

been in bad health and spirits when he made them; for, in the letter inclosing the song, he says, "I am at present quite occupied with the charming sensations of the tooth-ach, so have not a word to spare."

Dr Currie likewise informs us, that the third line of the fourth stanza, in the manuscript sent to Mr Thomson, runs "He up the *Gateslack* to my black cousin Bess;" but Mr T. objected to this word, as well as to the word *Dalgarnock* in the next verse. Burns replied as follows:

"*Gateslack* is the name of a particular place; a kind of passage up among the Lauther hills, on the confines of this county (Dumfries-shire). *Dalgarnock* is also the remains of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial ground. However, let the first line run, "*He up the lang loan,*" &c.

Dr Currie remarks, that "It is always a pity to throw out any thing that gives locality to our poet's verses."

It only remains to be observed, that this song is adapted to the tune called *The Queen of the Lothians*, the name of a curious old ballad, which is produced in the sixth volume of the Museum, and inserted after the modern verses by Burns.

DXXIII.

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.

THIS comic song was corrected by Burns. The greater part of the verses, however, are taken from the old satirical song formerly sung to that tune of "John Anderson my Jo." See the notes on that song, No 260. The words are adapted to the old tune of "We're a' nid noddin in our House at hame."

DXXIV.

IN BRECHIN DID A WABSTER DWELL.

THIS is only a fragment of a long ballad frequently heard at country firesides, entitled "The Brechin Weaver." It possesses some traits of humour, though not of the first order. The specimen in the Museum is certainly quite enough. The tune to which the ballad is chanted, however, is very pretty.

DXXV.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

THIS ancient fragment, with its original air, was copied from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*. London, 1725. The editor has often heard the following additional stanza, though it is omitted by Thomson.

She's taen three links o' her gowden locks ;
That hung down lang and yallow,
She's tied them about sweet Willy's waist,
And drawn him out of Yarrow.

This poetical relique of some ancient and long forgotten minstrel, has given rise to two beautiful modern ballads. The first of these, entitled, "The Braes of Yarrow," was written in imitation of the ancient Scottish manner, and inscribed to Lady Jane Home, by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq., prior to the year 1724. It is printed in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* of that date; and in the following year, Thomson published it adapted to the old tune of one strain in his *Orpheus Caledonius*. The first half stanza of Bangour's ballad, beginning, "*Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,*" is all that remains of the old song, called "*The Braes of Yarrow.*" Ramsay has also preserved the first half stanza of the original verses, in the song which he wrote to the same tune. See the first volume of the *Museum*, page 65. The other ballad, of "The Braes of Yarrow," was written by the late Rev. Mr John Logan, one of the ministers of Leith. It begins,

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
When first on them I met my lover,
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
When now thy waves his body cover.

Both these ballads may be seen in the poetical works of their respective authors, and in various other collections of poetry. It appears, on comparing Bangour's ballad, as inserted in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, and the *Orpheus Caledo-*

nius, with a later version in the author's poetical works, that he had made some slight corrections on the earlier edition.

It remains to be observed, that in the year 1777, the words of this ancient song received some alterations and additions from the pen of an Englishman, which were set to a beautiful modern air, composed by Mr James Hook of London. This Anglo-Scottish production was sung by Mrs Wrighten at Vauxhall with much applause in the summer of 1777, and was published among the other Vauxhall songs of that year. It has since been frequently reprinted.

DXXVI.

MY DADDY LEFT ME GEAR ENOUGH.

THIS humorous old ballad was taken from Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, printed with the music in 1725, under the title of "Willie Winkie's Testament." The enumeration of the testator's goods and effects is extremely comic. This curious ballad appears to have been unknown to Ramsay, as it is omitted in the Tea-Table Miscellany.

DXXVII.

STERN WINTER HAS LEFT US.

First Set.

THIS ballad was copied from Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1721. The original air, under the title of "Jocky and Jenny," is inserted in the *fifth* volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 31.

This appears to have been a very popular song, both in England and Scotland, about the middle of the last century, for the verses, although adapted to a different air from that in Oswald's Collection, are printed in the "The Muses Delight" at Liverpool in 1754, under the title of "JOCKY and JENNY, a dialogue sung by Mr Lowe and Miss Falkner."

In the Museum this ballad is adapted to two tunes. The first set a Gaelic air. The other is an Irish melody.

DXXVIII.

STERN WINTER HAS LEFT US.

Second Set.

THIS is the ballad Jocky and Jenny, above noticed, adapted to the Irish tune called *Kitty Tyrell*, Johnson had heard the ballad sung to both tunes, and being unable to decide which was best, he inserted them both that the singer might choose for himself. This ballad has therefore been adapted to four different tunes. The original Scottish air is in Oswald; the English air in the “*Muses Delight*,” and the Irish and Gaelic tunes the in Museum.

DXXIX.

AH, MARY! SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.

THIS charming pastoral dialogue, between Willie and Mary, was written by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P. It was originally published as a single sheet song, by Messrs Gow & Shepherd, music-sellers in Edinburgh. Mr Nathaniel Gow tells me, it was at his particular request that Mr Boswell furnished him with the words. The verses are adapted to the beautiful slow strathspey tune called “*The Maid of Isla*,” which was communicated to Mr Gow by the late Colonel John Campbell of Shawfield and his Lady.

DXXX.

ANNA THY CHARMS MY BOSOM FIRE.

THIS sweet song of two stanzas was written by Burns, and published in the Edinburgh edition of his Poems in 1787. It is adapted to a very beautiful and plaintive air composed by Oswald, and published in the first volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, under the title of “*Bonny Mary*.”

DXXXI.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.

THIS beautiful song, which is another of the productions of the late Mr Richard Gall, was written at the earnest request of Mr Thomas Oliver, Printer and Publisher, Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of the author's. Mr Oliver

heard it sung in the Pantomime of Harlequin Highlander, at the Circus, and was so struck with the melody, that it dwelt upon his mind; but the only part of the words he recollected were,

My love's the sweetest creature,
That ever trode the dewy green;
Her cheeks they are like roses,
Wi' the op'ning gowan wet between.—

And having no way of procuring the verses he had heard, he requested Mr Gall to write words to his favourite tune. Our young bard promised to do so; and in a few days presented him with this elegant song, in which the title of the tune is happily introduced at the close of every stanza.

DXXXII.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

THIS humorous song was written by Burns for the Museum. The old air to which his verses are adapted, originally consisted of one strain, but Oswald made two variations to it, and published them with the old melody in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vi. p. iv. under the title of "My wife she dang me." The tune in the Museum is composed of the original melody, and the first of Oswald's variations. I have heard several of the old verses sung, but they are of such a nature as to render them quite unfit for insertion.

DXXXIII.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

THIS fine ballad is another production of my late friend, Hector Macneill, Esq. who has frequently been noticed in the course of this work. It is adapted to a lively air called "Johny M'Gill," after the name of its composer, Mr John M'Gill, who was a musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Burns likewise wrote some verses to the same tune, which are inserted in the third volume of the Museum. *Vide Notes on Song No. 207.*

DXXXIV.

COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME.

NEITHER the words nor music of this excellent old ballad, entitled "The Fairy Elves," are of Scottish origin, although it has long been a favourite in Scotland. The poetry is attributed to Christopher Marlow, and the melody to John Dowland, both Englishmen. The former was an eminent dramatic poet, and the latter a celebrated musician, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Marlow fell a victim to *jealousy*, the most torturing passion of the human breast; he was stabbed in a brothel, by a fellow whom he found with his mistress, and, notwithstanding the best medical care and attention, died soon after, in 1593.

Mr Gay, author of "The Beggar's Opera," wrote the following words to the same old tune in another musical opera of his, called "Achilles," printed with the music prefixed to each song by John Watts of London, in 1733, after the author's decease.

AIR.—*Fairy Elves.*

O guard your hours from care,
Of *Jealousy* beware;
For she with fancied sprites,
Herself torments and frights;
Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
Raising fears that she believes.

Bishop Percy published an edition of the Fairy Elves in 1765, taken from an old black letter copy, under title of "*The Fairy Queen*." The ancient set of the air and that in the Museum are very similar.

DXXXV.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

BISHOP PERCY, who published this fine old Scottish ballad in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765, from a manuscript transmitted to him from Scotland, observes, that it seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones. The first of these is entitled "A

trageical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor; together with the Downfall of the Browne Girl." The second is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes, or Sweet William's frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night; with the sudden Death and Burial of these noble Lovers." The learned Prelate likewise acquaints us, that although the latter ballad was picked up on a stall, he considers it to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's comedy of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." This old play, as appears from the dedication prefixed to the first edition in 4to., printed at London, 1613, was written in 1611, and was not well received when acted on the stage. The reader will find some further observations on the ballad of "Sweet William and Fair Margaret," in the notes on the following song, No 536.

Upon comparing these ballads with each other, *viz.* Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor—Fair Margaret and Sweet William—Lord Thomas and Fair Annet—the present Editor, notwithstanding the conjecture of the learned Prelate, is of opinion, both from the difference in the structure of the stanzas, the language and the incidents of the several pieces, that they were composed by different hands, although it may be difficult now to decide which of the three was first written. It is very possible, that the ballads themselves are, comparatively speaking, only modernized abridgments of ancient metrical romances, familiar among all the nations of Europe many ages ago. These romances, in their turn, likewise appear to have been derived from Asiatic sources, and were gradually introduced into the western world, by successive minstrels, for the amusement of the great. As a full investigation of these facts, however, would lead us into a field by far too wide for the nature of this work, we are constrained to return to the ballad now under consideration.

In the year 1806, Mr Robert Jamieson published a Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs from tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions, among which is a ballad entitled "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," which he took down from

the recitation of Mrs W. Arnot of Aberbrothick, who, it is said, learned it when a child from an elderly maid-servant. The leading incidents of Mr Jamieson's ballad are very similar to those of the earlier edition of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet;" but the name of the hero is changed from Lord Thomas to Sweet Willie, who is represented as "*the heir of Duplin town*," the residence of the Earl of Kinnoull in *Perthshire*. Several of the stanzas in Mr Jamieson's ballad are likewise admitted to have been altered and supplied by himself. But neither these alterations, nor interpolations, nor the changing of the scene from the borders to Perthshire, appear to have improved the original ballad. It only remains to be observed, that, in the Scots Museum, the ballad of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" is adapted to the tune called "The Old Bard," preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book xii.

DXXXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

THIS excellent ballad, beginning "'Twas at the silent solemn hour," was written, in 1723, by David Mallet, Esq. a native of Edinburgh, editor of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, and author of several popular poems and dramatic works. It appeared in several of the newspapers a short time after it was written, as well as in various periodical publications. Ramsay printed it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, with the signature D. M. the initials of the author, in 1724; and William Thomson, who erroneously conceived it to be very old, copied it into his Orpheus Caledonius, where it is adapted to the well-known tune of *Chevy Chace*. Mallet afterwards retouched and improved the ballad. The reader will easily discover the improvements which the author made on this fine poem, upon comparing the copy in the Museum with that in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, or any of the early editions.

Mallet, in a note prefixed to the ballad printed in the edition of his Poems, 3 vols 8vo. London, 1759, informs us, that

“ in a comedy of Fletcher, called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, old MERRYTHOUGHT enters repeating the following verses :

“ WHEN it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret’s grimly ghost,
And stood at William’s feet.

“ This (he continues) was probably the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote (1611) ; and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy ; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago.”

The unhappy adventure, here alluded to, was a circumstance that occurred in real life. A young lady, whose hand had been scornfully rejected by her infamous seducer, when in a weak state of health, fell, in consequence, into a fever ; “ and, in a few days after, (says Mallet,) I saw her and her child laid together in one grave.” See the *Plain Dealer*, No 36 and 46—a periodical paper, published by Mr Aaron Hill in 1724, and afterwards reprinted in 2 vols 8vo.

Thus far concerning the origin of Mallet’s fine poem, which Bishop Percy pronounces to be “ one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language.” Mr Ritson likewise observes, that “ we have many songs equal no doubt to the best of those written by Hamilton of Bangour, or Mr Thomson ; though it may be questioned whether any English writer has produced so fine a ballad as William and Margaret, or such a beautiful pastoral as *Tweedside*.” *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 78.

Mr Mallet was mistaken in supposing the old ballad, quoted by Fletcher in 1611, to be lost. It is preserved in the Collections of Bishop Percy and Mr Herd. A more faithful copy, however, will be found in Ritson’s *Ancient English*

Ballads ; for the worthy Prelate has used some freedom with a few of the verses.

In the Museum, the ballad of William and Margaret, by Mr Mallet, is adapted to a beautiful slow melody, which was composed by the late Mr Stephen Clarke of Edinburgh, organist.

DXXXVII.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME ?

THIS humorous song, in the broad Buchan dialect, beginning “ I am a young bachelor, winsome,” was written by Alexander Ross, author of the songs called “ A Rock and a wee pickle Tow,” “ The Bridal o’t,” &c. See the Notes on Songs No 269 and 439 of the Museum. In that author’s works, printed at Aberdeen in 1768, the song of “ What ails the Lasses at me,” and “ Jean Gradan’s answer,” are directed to be sung to the tune of “ An the Kirk wad let me be ;” but as this air was inserted in the first volume of the Museum, (vide Song No 58,) entitled “ Fye let us a’ to the Wedding,” Mr Johnson made choice of another lively Scots air, which answers the words extremely well.

DXXXVIII

THE SUN IN THE WEST.

THIS pathetic sonnet is another production of Mr Richard Gall. The beautiful air to which the words are adapted, is supposed to be of Gaelic origin.

DXXXIX.

SCROGGAM.

THIS humorous and eccentric song, beginning “ There was a wife wonn’d in Cockpen,” was written by Burns for the Museum. There is another, and a very old song, to the same air, but it is quite inadmissible.

Cockpen is the name of a parish in the county of Edinburgh, of which the Earl of Dalhousie is patron.

DXL.

O, TELL ME, MY BONNY YOUNG LASSIE.

THIS fine pastoral dialogue was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. author of several songs in the Museum. Mr Macneill informed the present Editor, that he picked up the air, to which his verses are united in the Museum, during a trip to Argyleshire, and being very fond of the tune, he wrote the words for it *con amore*.

The late Mr Graham of Gartmore wrote a song, which has a similar burden with that of Mr Macneill's. It was printed in Mr Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border, under an idea that it was as old as the reign of Charles I. The chorus runs—

THEN tell me how to woo thee, love !
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But the two songs, in other respects, have no similarity, and the respective measures of the stanzas require them to be adapted to very different tunes.

DXLI.

O, MARY, TURN AWA.

THIS song was written by the late Mr R. Gall. His verses are adapted to the beautiful old air of "My Dearie, an thou die."

The second song, to the same tune, beginning "What ails this heart of mine," is the production of the late Miss Blamire of Carlisle. Both of these songs are excellent.

DXLII.

O, GUDE ALE COMES.

THIS humorous drinking song, with the exception of the chorus, which is old, was written by Burns. It is adapted to the tune, called "The Bottom of the Punch-bowl," which appears in Oswald's First Collection, and in many others.

DXLIII.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

THE tune and title of this song are ancient, but the rest is by Burns. In Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book fifth, page 11th, the air, with variations, is inserted under the title of "Robin shear'd in Her'st," but the old words of the song are probably now lost.

The tune, in some modern collections, is called "Bobbing John," but erroneously, for that is the name of a very old English air, printed in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' in the time of $\frac{6}{8}$, or six quavers in the bar, so far back as 1657, and in all the subsequent editions of that work. It is quite different from the Scottish air. Mr Robert Jamieson of Edinburgh, however, in his Popular Ballads and Songs, printed in 1806, has written a very humorous song to the tune, under its modern title. It follows:

BOBBING JOHN.

HEY, for Bobbing John,
Kittle up the chanter!
Bang up a strathspey
To fling wi' John the ranter.
Johnnie's stout an' bald,
Ne'er could thole a banter,
Bien in byre an' fald,
An', lassies, he's a wanter.

Back as braid's a door;
Bow-hough'd, like a felly;
Thick about the brands,
And o'er the breast an' belly.
Hey, for Bobbing John!
Kittle up the chanter!
Queans are a' gane gyte
To fling wi' John the Ranter.

Bonny's his black ee,
Blinkin', blythe, an' vogie,
Wi' lassie on his knee,
In his nieve a cogie;
Syn the lad will kiss,
Sweetly kiss and cuddle;
Cald wad be the heart
That cou'd wi' Johnnie widdle.

Sonse fa' Bobbing John ;
 Want and wae gae by him ;
 There's in town or land
 Nae chiel doesna envy him.
 Flingin to the pipe,
 Bobbin to the fiddle,
 Knief was ilka lass
 That could wi' Johnnie meddle.

DXLIV.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

THIS comic ballad, beginning "Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggie Lawder?" was written by Francis Semple of Beltrees, Esq. in the county of Renfrew, about the year 1642. This fact is stated on the joint authorities of two of his descendants, viz. the late Mr Semple of Beltrees, who died in 1789, and his relation, the late Mr Semple of Edinburgh.

In the fifth number of the "Paisley Repository," the editor of that work has communicated the following additional information respecting the author of this favourite song:

"Anecdote of Francis Semple of Beltrees, author of *The Banishment of Poverty*—some *Epitaphs* in Penny-cooke's Collection of Poetical Pieces, and the songs of 'She rose and loot me in,' and 'Maggie Lawder.'"

"When Cromwell's forces were garrisoned in Glasgow, the city was put under severe martial law, which, among other enactments, ordained 'That every person or persons coming into the city must send a particular account of themselves, and whatever they may bring with them, unto the commander of the forces in that place, under the penalty of imprisonment and confiscation, both of the offender's goods and whatever chattels are in the house or houses wherein the offender or offenders may be lodged.' &c.

"Francis Semple and his lady set out on a journey to Glasgow, accompanied by a man-servant, some time in 1651, or a little after that, to visit his aunt, an old maiden lady, his father's sister, who had a jointure of him, which he paid by half-yearly instalments.

“ When he came to his aunt’s house, which was on the High-street, at the *bell of the brae*, now known by the name of ‘ The Duke of Montrose’s Lodging, or Barrell’s Ha,’ his aunt told him, that she must send an account of his arrival to the captain of Cromwell’s forces, otherwise the soldiers would come and poind her moveables. Francis replied, ‘ Never you mind that ; let them come, and I’ll speak to them.’ ‘ Na, na,’ quoth his aunt, ‘ I maun send an account o’ your coming here.’— ‘ Gie me a bit of paper,’ says Francis, ‘ and I’ll write it myself.’ Then taking the pen, he wrote as follows :

Glasgow, — —

Lo doon near by the City temple,
There is ane lodg’d wi’ auntie Semple,
Francis Semple of Beltrees,
His consort also, if you please ;
There’s twa o’s horse, and ane o’s men,
That’s quarter’d down wi’ Allan Glen.
Thir lines I send to you, for fear
O’ poindin of auld auntie’s gear,
Whilk never ane before durst stear,
It stinks for staleness I dare swear.

(Signed) FRANCIS SEMPLE.

Directed ‘ To the commander of the guard in Glasgow.’ ”

When the captain received the letter, he could not understand it, on account of its being written in the Scottish dialect. He considered it as an insult put upon him, and, like a man beside himself with rage, he exclaimed, ‘ If I had the scoundrel who has had the audacity to send me such an insulting, infamous, and impudent libel, I would make the villainous rascal suffer for his temerity.’ He then ordered a party of his men to go and apprehend a Francis Semple, who was lodged with a woman of the name of Semple, near the High Church, and carry him to the provost. Mr Semple was accordingly brought before the provost, and his accuser appeared with the insulting, infamous, and impudent libel against him. It was read ; but it was impossible for the provost to retain his gravity during the perusal ; nay,

the captain himself, after hearing an English translation of the epistle, could not resist joining in the laugh. From that moment he and Beltrees became intimate friends, and he often declared, that he considered Semple to be one of the cleverest gentlemen in Scotland. On no account would the captain part with Beltrees during his residence in Glasgow. The time, therefore, that Francis intended to have passed with the old lady his aunt, was humorously spent with the captain and the other officers of Cromwell's forces, who kept him in Glasgow two weeks longer than he otherwise would have staid.

It seems probable, that these officers of Cromwell had introduced two of Semple's songs into England before the period of the Restoration; for they were both printed, and well known in England, in the reign of Charles II. the words and music being engraven by Thomas Cross. Henry Playford afterwards introduced the song of "She rose and let me in," in his "Wit and Mirth," vol. i. printed at London in 1698. Gay introduced the air of *Maggie Lauder* in his musical opera of *Achilles*, printed in 1733. The same air had previously been used for a song, called *Sally's New Answer, set to the tune of Mogey Lauther*, a sort of parody on Carey's *Sally in our Alley*, as well as for a song in the Quaker's Opera, written by Thomas Walker, and acted at Lee and Harper's Booth in Bartholomew Fair, anno 1728.

The following continuation of the ballad, by a modern hand, appeared in the Pocket Encyclopædia of Songs, printed at Glasgow, 2 vols 12mo, 1816. It possesses considerable merit.

THE cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
 And winter yet did blaud her,
 When the Ranter cam to Anster fair,
 And spier'd for Maggy Lauder;
 A snug wee house in the East Green,
 Its shelter kindly lent her;
 Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth-stane,
 Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
 And to the kirk he ranted ;
 He play'd the auld " East nook o' Fife,"
 And merry Maggie vaunted,
 That *Hab* himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
 Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
 For he made Anster town to ring ;
 And wha's like Rob the Ranter !

For a' the talk and loud reports
 That ever gaed against her,
 Meg proves a true and faithfu' wife,
 As ever was in Anster ;
 And since the marriage knot was tied,
 Rob says he coudna want her ;
 For he loes Maggy as his life,
 And Meg loes Rob the Ranter.

Anstruther, easter and wester, is the name of two adjacent royal burghs in the county of Fife. The scene of the ballad, however, is laid in easter Anstruther, where a fair is held on the first Tuesday after the 11th of April, another on the 5th day of July, and a third on the 12th day of November annually. This burgh has lately acquired an additional celebrity, from the excellent poem of *Anster Fair*, by Mr William Tennant, (late schoolmaster of Lasswade, now Professor in the Institution at Dollar.)

The learned editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (Bishop Percy) says, it is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, *Maggie Lawder* was one of those ridiculous songs composed to be sung by the rabble to the tune of a favourite hymn in the Latin service, and that the original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. The absurdity of this notion has already been detected in a former part of this work.—*Vide Notes on Song No 260 of the Museum.*

The service-book used in the cathedral of Dunkeld was, till lately, supposed to be the only work of this kind that had escaped the flames at the period of the Reformation in Scotland ; but this conjecture was incorrect. The service-book used in the abbey of Scone has likewise been discovered, and

is now deposited in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. It is a very large folio volume, and very neatly written. From a Latin docquet inserted in the work,* it appears to have been compiled by Mr Robert Carver, a canon of Scone, in the twenty-second year of his age, and in the sixth year after his initiation into holy orders. The Editor has carefully examined this book from beginning to end, and can safely aver, that there is not one air that has the smallest resemblance to *Maggie Lauder*, or to any other secular Scots tune in the whole compass of the work. The chaunts, hymns, and antiphones, are all, as usual, in the Latin tongue.

DXLV.

A COGIE OF ALE AND A PICKLE AIT-MEAL.

THIS song was written in 1797, by Andrew Sheriffs, A. M. author of the Scottish pastoral comedy of "Jamie and Bess," printed at Edinburgh in 1790, and other poems. The Editor was present when Mr Sheriffs sung this song on the Edinburgh stage, at his own benefit; on which occasion the author's pastoral comedy above-mentioned was performed by some of his friends who were natives of Edinburgh. Mr Sheriffs received a classical education at Aberdeen, and was for a considerable time one of the editors of "The Aberdeen Chronicle." In 1798 he went to reside in London; but the writer of this article has heard nothing of him since that period. Mr Sheriffs had the misfortune to be lame from his infancy.

The melody was composed by the late Mr Robert Macintosh, musician in Edinburgh. Mr Macintosh afterwards went to London, where he continued till his death, in February 1807. He published three Collections of Scottish Reels and Strathspeys, and composed many of the best of them himself. He was an excellent violin player.

* "Composuit Dominus Robertus Carver Canonicus de Scona, Anno Domini 1513, et ætatis suæ Anno 22, nec non ingressus suæ religionis anno 6to, ad honorem Dei et Sancti Michaelis."

DXLVI.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

THIS song, beginning "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" was written by Burns in 1795, and transmitted to Johnson for insertion in his Museum. The charming tune, to which the words are adapted, was composed by Mr Stephen Clarke, organist.

It was originally published as a single sheet song, a considerable number of which were transmitted to Mr Burns, to be distributed among the Dumfries Volunteers, of which corps he was a member. Burns, on receipt of the packet, wrote a letter to Johnson, which is printed in his Reliques, wherein he says, "Thank you for the copies of my Volunteer ballad. Our friend Clarke has indeed done well! 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with any thing that has pleased me so much. You know I am no connoisseur; but that I am an amateur, will be allowed me."

DXLVII.

HE'S DEAR TO ME.

THIS sweet little pastoral made its appearance about the year 1796, as a single sheet song, written by a gentleman. His name, however, the Editor has not yet learnt. The melody is very pretty, and appears to belong to the ancient class of Scottish airs of one simple strain, such as the "Braw braw Lads of Gala Water," to which indeed it bears a strong resemblance.

DXLVIII.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

THIS song appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs Grant of Laggan, beginning "O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?" on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in 1799. The words are adapted to a modern Scottish air.

DXLIX.

COLIN CLOUT.

THIS fragment of a very fine pastoral ballad, beginning "Chanticleer wi' noisy whistle," was communicated by Mr Gall. The Editor recollects having seen the whole of the ballad in that gentleman's hands, and perhaps the manuscript may yet be recovered. It well deserves to be printed. The author is anonymous.

The words are adapted to a fine melody, which was composed by the late Mr Stephen Clarke.

DL.

'TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.

THIS humorous ballad was copied from Herd's Collection, printed in 1776, where it is inserted under the title of "My Heart's my ain." It does not appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and may therefore have been composed subsequently to the year 1724. The author is unknown.

The words are adapted to the tune of "We'll kick the world before us," from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. xi.

DLI.

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was the earliest that Burns ever wrote; or, as the bard terms it, the "first time he committed the sin of rhyme." It was written in the autumn of 1773. In a letter to Dr Moore, dated 2d August 1787, Burns says, "You know our country custom of coupling a man and a woman together in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How

she caught the contagion, I cannot tell : you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. ; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours ; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp ; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly ; and it was her favourite reel (*I am a Man unmarried*) to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous, as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin ; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love ! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he ; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, my highest enjoyment."

This song was originally intended to have been sung to the old reel tune, called *I am a Man unmarried*, with the foolish chorus of *Tal lal de ral*, &c. repeated at the end of each verse. Burns afterwards gave up this idea, and had it set to the beautiful slow melody in the Museum, which he picked up and transmitted to the publisher of that work : it is said to be very ancient.

DLII.

WHEN I THINK ON MY LAD.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, as a substitute for the indelicate old Scots song, called "Jumping John." Ramsay published it in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, under the title of "Her Daddy forbad, her Minny forbad," in 1724. But as this tune, with new words by Burns, had been inserted in the second

volume of the Museum (vide Song No. 138), Johnson made choice of another air for Ramsay's words, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book^{viii}. entitled *Hark, the Cock crow'd*. Neither Oswald nor Johnson, however, seem to have been aware that this was an English tune, composed by Mr Jeremiah Clarke of London, organist, and published by Henry Playford, with the original words, in the first volume of his *Wit and Mirth*, in 1698. The English song begins,

HARK ! the cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly fair morning ;
Up Roger and James, and drive out the teams ;
Up quickly and carry the corn in.

The old Scottish tune of *Jumping John*, was an early favourite in England. In "Playford's Dancing Master," 1657, it is printed with the name of "*Joan's Placket*," the title of a parody upon, and equally indelicate as the old northern words. In the year 1686, Lord Wharton wrote a satirical song to the same tune, beginning "Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree," which contributed in no small degree towards the great Revolution in 1688. In this song, his Lordship introduced, as the burden or chorus, the words of distinction which had been used by the Irish papists in their horrid massacre of the protestants in 1641, viz. *Lilliburlero* and *Bullen-a-lah*. It was written on occasion of James II. having nominated General Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, to the lieutenancy of Ireland. Talbot was a furious papist, and had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of these times. Bishop Burnet, alluding to the ballad which had been written by Wharton, says, that it "made an impression on the (king's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army,

and at last the people both in the city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Ritson, in alluding to the same ballad observes, " what an astonishing effect these vulgar and despicable rhapsodies had upon the temper of the times ; we may, in some measure, conjecture from the brags of that unprincipled character, Lord (afterwards Marquis of) Whar-ton, who was wont to boast, that by the most foolish of them all (Lilliburlero) he had rhymed the king out of his dominions. *Historical Essay on National Song*, p. 62. See also Notes on Song No. 138 of the Museum. This old Scots tune of Jumping Joan, having acquired the new title of *Lilliburlero* from Wharton's ballad, has erroneously been, by many, supposed to be an Irish air.

DLIII.

THE FIENT A CRUM OF THE SHE FAWS.

THIS ancient song, beginning *Return hameward my heart again*, was recovered by Ramsay, and printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, with the letter Z, to denote its antiquity. The tune to which the verses are adapted is likewise known by the name of *The Spinning Wheel*, but it is essentially different from the air called " The Spinning Wheel," in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book ix. The author and composer are unknown.

DLIV.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

THIS song was written for the Museum by Burns, in 1788. The words are adapted to a well-known strathspey, or reel tune, composed by the late Mr James Gregg, an eminent teacher of dancing in Ayrshire. Gregg composed the strathspey, called " Gregg's Pipes," and many other excellent dancing tunes. He had a taste for painting, mechanics, and natural history ; made and improved telescopes ; he was also skilled in the mathematics, and was frequently employed as a land-surveyor. He taught dancing, until, by old age, he could scarcely see his pupils, or hear the tones of his own

violin. He died, regretted by all who knew him, in November 1817, at a very advanced age.

Johnson long hesitated to admit this song into his Museum ; but, being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place in that work.

DLV.

MAY MORNING.

THIS little song, beginning "The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green," was communicated to Johnson by an anonymous hand. It is adapted to an old strathspey tune, which is very pretty.

DLVI.

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE, I'M GAUN TO LEAVE THEE.

HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq., informed the Editor that he wrote the whole of this song except the last verse, which the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, took the liberty to add to it, and to publish as a sheet song. "It was on this account, (Mr Macneill added,) that I did not include this song in collecting my poetical works for the uniform edition in two volumes, which has been given to the public." For a similar reason he omitted another song, likewise written by him, beginning *My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame*.

The song of *Dinna think Bonnie Lassie*, is adapted to a dancing tune, called *Clunie's Reel*, taken from Cumming of Granton's Reels and Strathspeys.

DLVII.

O, GIN I WERE FAIRLY SHOT O' HER!

THIS old song received some additions and corrections from the pen of Mr John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Johnson, the publisher. The air, under the title of *Fairlie Shot of Her*, appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Music-book, so that the tune is very old. It is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and various other collections. This tune was selected by Mr O'Keefe for one of his songs

for "Shelty" in the *Highland Reel*, beginning, "Boys, when I play, cry O Crimini," acted at Covent Garden in 1788.

DLVIII.

HEY! MY KITTEN, MY KITTEN.

THIS humorous nursery song was written, about the beginning of the last century, by the celebrated Dean Swift. The words are adapted to the old Scottish air, called *Whip Her below the Couring*, which is inserted in the Crookat Manuscript, and was printed in *The Dancing Master*, by Playford, under the name of *Yellow Stockings*, in 1657. This tune has been a great favourite, time out of mind, in both kingdoms. The old Scots song is inadmissible, for an obvious reason; but there are several humorous English ones to the same tune, such as "Madam Fig's Gala," &c., of considerable merit.

DLIX.

SWEETEST MAY, LET LOVE INSPIRE THEE.

THIS *petit morceau*, words and music, was communicated by Burns. The tune is very simple and sweet, yet the critical reader will easily discover that Burns, in this instance, has parodied the first verse of the old song of *There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile Thee*. It begins—

MY sweetest May,* let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny.

DLX.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

THIS ballad is universally attributed to John Campbell, the renowned Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, whose uncorrupted patriotism and military talents, justly entitled him to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of his country. He

* May, i. e. Maid.

died on the 4th of October 1743, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Old David Herd published a copy of this ballad in his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* in 1776, under the title of *Bannocks o' Barley Meal*, with two additional stanzas; but these were rejected in the Museum, on account of their being both spurious and indelicate. The tune is of Gaelic origin.

Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq., M.P., altered and abridged this old ballad for Mr Thomson's Collection, vol. iii., published in 1801.

DLXI.

AN I'LL AWA TO BONNY TWEEDSIDE.

THIS song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, A.D. 1726. He directs it to be sung to the tune of *We'll a' to Kelso go*. In the Museum, the words have accordingly been adapted to this lively old air, which is also preserved in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vi. p. 11. The old song of *We'll a' to Kelso go*, is supposed to be lost.

DLXII.

GENTLY BLAW, YE EASTERN BREEZES.

THIS song was written by Mr John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh. It is adapted to a very ancient and beautiful air, entitled *O gin my Love were but a Rose*, from the first line of an old but rather indelicate song, still well known. Two verses of the old song were retouched by a modern hand, and printed in Herd's Collection, in 1776.—The reader will find them in the sixth volume of the Museum (vide Song 594); but they are there adapted to a different tune, taken from Gow's Collection, called *Lord Balgonie's Delight*.

DLXIII.

IN YON GARDEN FINE AND GAY.

MR ANDERSON, author of the last song, informed the Edi-

tor, that the words and music of this were taken down from the singing of Mr Charles Johnson, father of Mr James Johnson, the publisher of the Museum. The song was acquired by old Johnson in his infancy, and he was then informed that it was very ancient. From the simplicity of the air, which consists of one strain, and the structure of the words, there can be no doubt of the correctness of the old man's information.

DLXIV.

THE POOR PEDLAR.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "There was a noble lady so fair," has been a favourite among the peasantry of Scotland time out of mind. But the strain of double meaning, which runs through many of the verses, must ever prove a bar to its reception in the more polished circles of modern society.

DLXV.

YOU ASK ME, CHARMING FAIR.

THIS beautiful song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. The composer of the charming melody, to which the verses are united, has hitherto escaped the researches of the Editor.

DLXVI.

O, KEN YE WHAT MEG O' THE MILL HAS GOTTEN ?

THIS humorous old song was retouched by Burns in 1788, and sent to the publisher of the Museum, with directions to unite it to the old air called *Jackey Hume's Lament*. This was accordingly done.

Mr Burns, about five years thereafter, made several alterations on the first copy of his song, which he transmitted to Mr George Thomson, with the following introduction : "Do you know a fine air called *Jackie Hume's Lament*? I have a song of considerable merit to that air. I'll enclose you both the song and tune, as I had them ready to send to Johnson's Museum."

It had escaped the bard's recollection, that the original draught of the song, as well as the air, had been sent to the publisher of the Museum long before this period, and that he had altered his intention of having the second edition of the song set to the air of *Jackie Hume's Lament*; for, in Dr Currie's edition of Burns' Works, we find that it is directed to be sung to the air of *O bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack*. The song, with Burns' last alterations, is annexed for the reader's perusal.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O, bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack."

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fallow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear-chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

DLXVII.

HOW SWEET IS THE SCENE AT THE DAWNING OF MORNING.

THIS fine song is another of the productions of the late Mr Richard Gall. The original manuscript is in the hands of the Editor. The words are adapted to the fine old air, called "The Humours o' Glen."

DLXVIII.

SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.

THIS song was also written by Mr Gall. The original manuscript of it is likewise in the possession of the Editor. The words are adapted to a very pretty modern air, which was communicated by Mr Gall himself.

DLXIX.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

THIS song was written by the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother of Thomas late Earl of Kellie, an eminent violin performer and musical amateur. Burns admired this song very much. In a letter addressed to Mr George Thomson, dated 7th June, 1793, he says, "Mr Erskine's songs are all pretty, but his *Lone Vale* is divine."

The verses are adapted to a favourite Gaelic melody.

DLXX.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

THIS charming song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the ancient air called *Bonnie Lassie tak a Man*, which is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. The old song is supposed to be now lost.

DLXXI.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

THIS is one of Thomas Durfey's *Anglo-Scottish* productions, with some alterations by Allan Ramsay. Durfey's verses were printed with the music in Playford's Wit and Mirth, vol. iii. first edition, London, 1702. Some of them are very indelicate, and even the copy re-touched by Ramsay, and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, is not altogether free from objections on the same score. Ramsay directs the song to be sung to the tune of "The Glancing of her Apron;" but this tune being already inserted in a former volume of the Museum, Johnson got the words adapted to a modern Scots air. Mr James Hook of London, about thirty years ago, composed a beautiful melody to the modernized verses.

DLXXII.

LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.

THIS Jacobite ballad was written about the time of the rebellion in 1715. Its old title was "The Chevalier's Muster-Roll, 1715." The author, of course, is anonymous.

The Dunywastles (*Dhuinc Uasal*, Gaelic) were the High-

land lairds or gentlemen. The Earls of Wigton, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Derwentwater; the Viscount Kenmure, and Thomas Foster, Esq. M.P. for Northumberland, and commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's English forces; the Earl of Widdrington and Lord Nairn are the personages alluded to in the third stanza of the ballad. The names in the other verses are either those of particular clans, or such as are applicable to all.

The old tune, to which the words are adapted, was formerly called "Fiddle Strings are dear, Laddie," from the first line of an ancient, though now almost forgotten song. It began—

Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,
Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,
An' ye break your fiddle strings,
Ye'se get nae mair the year, laddie.

The same tune, in Gow's and other recent collections, is called *Tail Toddle*, but from what cause the Editor has been unable to discover. The old tune, called "Cuttyman and Treeladle," which is mentioned by Ramsay in the canto which he added to the ancient poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," has a considerable resemblance to "Fiddle Strings are dear, Laddie." Both airs seem to have been composed about one period, if not by the same minstrel.

DLXXIII.

O LEAVE NOVELS, YE MAUCHLINE BELLES.

THIS humorous but friendly advice to the ladies of Mauchline, a town in Ayrshire, on the dangers arising from an indiscriminate use of novels, was written by Burns in 1785. The *Rob Mossgrill* in the ballad was our bard himself, who has substituted the name of his farm in place of his own surname. The words are adapted to a favourite Scots measure, or dancing tune.

DLXXIV.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is

adapted to the favourite old tune, called *The Cordwainer's March*, which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and useful fraternity, at their annual procession on St Crispin's day. The tune is also preserved in Aird's first volume of *Select Airs*, and other collections.

DLXXV.

SAW YE THE THANE O' MEIKLE PRIDE.

THIS ballad, entitled "DUNCAN, a fragment," was written by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, and many other well-known and justly esteemed works. It was a juvenile composition; but when the late Dr Blacklock first heard the author's father read the manuscript of this poem and that of "Kenneth," as his son's compositions, he predicted that the young poet would, in his more advanced years, make a distinguished and respectable figure in the republic of literature; a prediction which has been most amply verified.

Johnson, the publisher of the Museum, has omitted several stanzas of the ballad for want of room, but the reader will find the whole of it in Mr Mackenzie's works, printed at Edinburgh in 1812, or in Herd's Collection in 1776, and in various other publications.

The tune to which the words are united in the Museum is, perhaps, one of the sweetest melodies, in the minor mode, that ever was played or sung. The composer's name has hitherto eluded every research that the Editor has made.

DLXXVI.

GO, PLAINTIVE SOUNDS.

THIS song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. Mr William Shield of London set the words to a tune of his own composition, which is printed in Ritson's Collection of *Scottish Songs*, London 1794. In the Museum the words are united to a fine modern Scottish air.

DLXXVII.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

THIS justly celebrated and patriotic song, beginning "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was written by Burns on the 1st of August 1793. The following account of its origin, from the pen of his friend Mr Syme, is very interesting.

On the 30th of July 1793, Mr Syme and our bard set out on horseback from the hospitable mansion of Mr Gordon of Kenmure, for Gatehouse, a village in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. "I took him (says Mr Syme) by the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation.

"What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day (2d July 1793) he produced me the following Address of Bruce to his Troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell." (Here follows the song.)

In the month of September following, Burns transmitted another copy of the song to Mr George Thomson, accompanied with a letter, in which he says, "I have shewed the air (meaning *Hey now the Day dawis*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Hey tutti taitie*) to Urbani, who was *highly pleased with it*, and begged me to make *soft* verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused my rhyming mania."

Mr Thomson, on receiving the song, wrote Mr Burns to the following effect: "Your heroic ode is to me the noblest composition of the kind in the Scottish language. I hap-

pened to dine yesterday with a party of your friends, to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it, entreated me to find out a suitable air for it, and reprobated the idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur, as "Hey tutti taitie." Assuredly, your partiality for this tune must arise from the ideas associated in your mind by the tradition concerning it; for I never heard any person, and I have conversed again and again with the greatest enthusiasts for Scottish airs—I say, I have never heard any one speak of it as worthy of notice." Mr T. then proceeds to inform the bard, that he had fixed on the tune of *Lewie Gordon* for the words; but this tune required an elongation of the last line of each verse, to make the words and music agree together.

This unfortunate criticism obliged Burns to lengthen and alter the last line of every stanza, to suit the newly-suggested air, which, instead of improving, manifestly injures the simple majesty of the original. That the old air was susceptible of stirring up or assuaging the passions, according to the different styles in which it may be played or sung, was at one glance obvious to Urbani, than whom no better judge of these matters ever lived. The tune has also been a favourite of Messrs Braham, Incledon, Sinclair, and the best singers throughout the united kingdom. To us, indeed, it appears impossible, that any person, who is endowed with the smallest portion of musical taste, can listen to the song of "The Land of the Leal," without feeling the most tender emotions of pity, or hear "The Bruce's Address to his Troops," without partaking of that patriotic flame that glowed in the breasts of his gallant ancestors. Mr Thomson, however, after some years reflection, has himself become a convert to the united sense of the public. In a late edition of his third volume, in which the tune of "Hey tutti taitie" is happily adapted to the original words of Burns, he observes, that "the poet *originally* intended this noble strain for the air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the editor of this work, who then thought 'Lewie Gordon' a fitter tune for the words, they were united

together, and published in the preceding volume, page 74. The editor, however, having since examined the air 'Hey tutti taitie' with more particular attention, frankly owns, that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry, than the air of 'Lewie Gordon.'"

As the tune of "Hey now the Day dawis" was inserted in the second volume of the Museum, (vide Song No 170, and the observations upon it in a former part of the present work) Johnson requested Mr William Clarke, the organist, to set Burns' song to a simple ballad tune which he sent him. It is undoubtedly pretty, but by no means calculated to give adequate expression to the bold and energetic sentiments of the bard. Some people too, having got by rote the altered edition of this poem, sing it to the old air; but they are obliged to distort the tune, to make it suit the lengthened lines. For these reasons, we shall now present the reader with the words and air in their original simplicity, according to the first intention of the bard.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY,

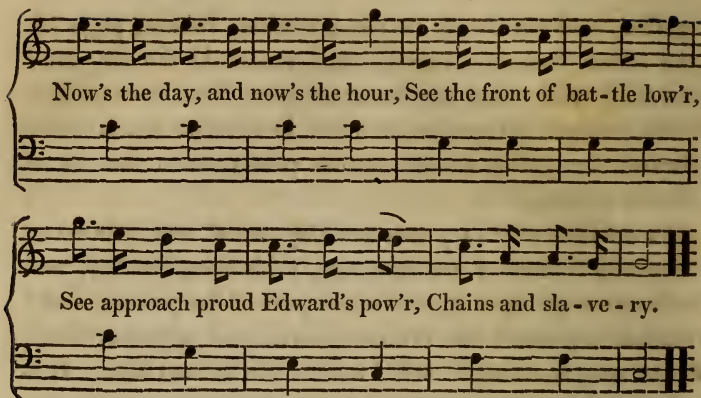
AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, 24th June 1314,

As originally written by Burns,

To the tune of "Hey now the Day dawis."

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has

af-ten led, Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry.



Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee !
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand or freemen fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free,
Lay the proud usurper low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

DLXXVIII.

FAREWELL YE FIELDS AND MEADOWS GREEN.

THIS song, entitled "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff," was written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. It is adapted to a favourite air, composed by Mr Isaac Cooper of Banff, musician.

The musical reader will observe a considerable similarity between this air and the tune of *Shannon's flowery Banks*, which, though generally supposed to be an Irish melody, was composed by Mr James Hook of London, organist, in 1783, and sung by Mrs Kennedy, at Vauxhall, with much applause.

DLXXIX.

THE BLIND HARPER.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "O heard ye of a silly harper," with its original melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for his Museum.

Mr Ritson, in his Historical Essay on Scottish Song, alludes to this ballad in the following words: "The Reverend Mr Boyd, the ingenious translator of 'Dante,' had a faint recollection of a ballad of a Scotch minstrel who stole a horse from one of the Henrys of England."

In Mr Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border, we have another edition of the same ballad, under the title of "The Lochmaben Harper," but it is not so complete as the copy in the Museum. The fourth, fifth, and eighteenth stanzas of the original ballad are omitted in Mr Scott's edition. The following stanza, however, is substituted for the eighteenth:

Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,
The harper harped to high and low,
And the fiend thing dought they do but listen him to,
Until the day began to daw.

Mr Scott has the following verse at the end of his edition, which is not in the original:

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear;
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times o'er for the gude gray mare.

In Mr Scott's copy, the scene is laid at Carlisle, and the warden of that city is substituted for King Henry himself.

DLXXX.

MY NANNIE, O.

THIS song, beginning "Behind yon hills where riv'lets row," was written by Burns, and printed in the second edition of his Poems, at Edinburgh, in 1787. The first line of the song, as originally written, was "Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows," but Burns afterwards inserted the word *Lugar*, the name of another river in the county of Ayr, in preference to the former, as being more agreeable to the ear.

Burns directs the song to be sung to the tune of "My Nannie, O." This fine air is inserted in the first volume of the Museum, with the words by Allan Ramsay.—*Vide Song No 88.* In order to avoid a repetition of the same tune, Mr William Clarke adapted the verses by Burns to a favourite modern melody, composed by Mr Thomas Ebdon of Durham, organist.

DLXXXI.

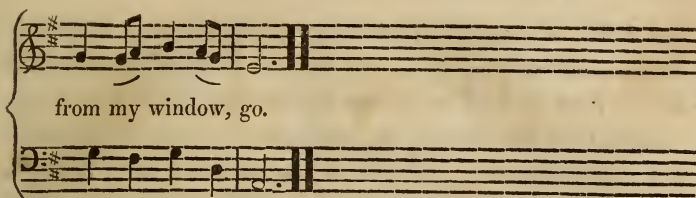
GO FROM MY WINDOW, LOVE, DO.

THIS fragment of an ancient ballad, with its melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for the Museum. It is all that remains, we believe, of one of those secular songs that were parodied about the dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, and printed by Wedderburne in 1549, under the title of "Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the scripture, with sundrie of other ballates, changed out of profaine sanges, for avoiding sinne and harlotrie." The Editor, however, has met with a far more ancient, and, he thinks, more genuine set of the melody than that communicated by Burns, which he shall now annex with the first verse of Wedderburne's parody.

Slow.

Who is at my window, who, who? Go from my window, goe,

goe. Who call-is there, so like a stranger? Go



Wedderburn's parody must have been well known in England early in the reign of Elizabeth, for a new tune was made to it by J. D. *i. e.* John Dowland, which is still preserved in a work called "An Instruction to the Orpharion," printed at London by William Barley, in 1596. Dowland contributed "Mrs Winter's Jump," and several other airs, to this work; but his tune of "Go from my Window, goe," is altogether different from the ancient Scottish melody.

DLXXXII.

THE RAIN RINS DOWN THRO' MIRRYLAND TOWN.

THIS old Scottish ballad was published by Bishop Percy, under the title of "The Jew's Daughter," in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, printed at London in 1765. The manuscript was sent to him from Scotland.

The bishop observes, that "the ballad is probably built upon some Italian legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer; the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of HUGH OF LINCOLN, a child said to have been murdered there by the Jews, in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained, may be seen in Chaucer. As for MIRRYLAND-TOWN, it is probably a corruption of MILAN (called by the Dutch Meylandt) TOWN; since the PA is evidently the river Po."—*Percy's Reliques*.

The story of Hugh of Lincoln, a boy about eight years old, being murdered by the Jews, and of the child's body having been discovered in a well by his disconsolate mother, with the punishments inflicted on that dispersed and persecuted people, are circumstantially narrated by Mathew Paris. But Bishop Percy observes, that "the supposed practice of

the Jews, in crucifying, and otherwise murdering, Christian children out of hatred to the religion of their parents, hath always been alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious."

There are various editions of this ballad. That in the Museum, which was taken from Percy's *Reliques*, volume first, is merely a fragment. A more perfect copy was published by Mr Jamieson in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, printed at Edinburgh in 1806. It was taken down, *verbatim*, from the recitation of Mrs Brown of Falkland, wife of the reverend Dr Brown. Another edition of the ballad, under the title of "Sir Hugh," appears in Gilchrist's *Scottish Ballads*, vol. i. page 210. Edinburgh, 1814. But the following edition, communicated by an intelligent antiquarian correspondent, appears to be the most complete version yet obtained.

SIR HUGH OF LINCOLN,

An old Scottish Ballad.

THE rain rins down thro' merry *Lincoln*,
 Sae does it down the *Pa*;
 Sae rin the lads o' merry *Lincoln*,
 Whan they play at the ba'.

Four and twenty bonnie young boys
 Were playing at the ba',
 With sweet Sir Hugh of *Lincoln* town,
 The flower amang them a'.

He kick'd the ba' wi' his right foot,
And stopt it wi' his knee,
And thro' and thro' the Jew's window
He gard it quickly flee.

Sir Hugh hied to the Jew's castle,
And walk'd it round about,
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At a window looking out.

"Cast down the ba' to me, fair maid;
Cast down the ba' to me:"
"I winna cast down the ba'," she said,
"Till you come up to me."

"How will I come up?" said sweet Sir Hugh,
"How can I come up to thee?
For as ye did to my father dear,
The same ye'll do to me."

"Come in Sir Hugh, my dear Sir Hugh,
And ye sall get the ba';"
"I winna come in, I canna come in,
Without my play-fere's a'."

Then outen came the Jew's daughter,
The sweet Sir Hugh to win;
She powd the apples red and white,
And wyl'd the young thing in.

She has wyl'd him thro' ae dark dark room,
Sae has she done thro' twa:
She has wyl'd him to anither room,
The mirkest o' them a'.

Then she has ta'en a sharp pen-knife,
That hung down by her gair,
And she has twin'd Sir Hugh o' his life;
Ae word he never spake mair.

She laid him on a dressing-board,
Whar she did aften dine;
And then she took his fair body,
And drest it like a swine.

And first came out the thick thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood,
There was nae life left in.

She rowd him in a cake of lead,
 Bade him lie still and sleep :
 She cast him in a garden well,
 Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 An' a' the bairns came hame ;
 Then ilka lady had her young son,
 But lady Helen had nane.

She wrapt her mantle her about,
 And sair sair gan she weep,
 Till she came to the Jew's castle,
 When all were fast asleep.

" My bonnie Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
 I pray thee to me speak ;"
 " O lady rin to the deep draw-well,
 Gin ye your son wad seek."

Then she ran to the deep draw-well,
 And knelt upon her knee ;
 " My bonnie Sir Hugh, my sweet Sir Hugh,
 I pray thee speak to me."

" The lead is wond'rous heavy, mither,
 The well is very deep ;
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
 But, mither, dinna weep."

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
 Prepare my winding-sheet,
 And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
 It's there we twa sall meet.

Now lady Helen is gane hame,
 Made him a winding-sheet,
 And, at the back o' merry Lincoln
 The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
 Without men's hands were rung ;
 And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
 Were read without men's tongue.

Was never heard in Christantie,
 By woman, chyld, or man,
 Sic selcouth sounds at a burial,
 Sen Adam's days began.

Though the foregoing ballad is Scottish, yet, in all probability, it has been derived from a still more ancient English tragic ballad; for the scene of it not only lies in England, but the English tune to which it was sung is also known. It is very different from the Scottish melody, and seems even more appropriate to the melancholy catastrophe of the poem. For the satisfaction of the reader, we shall annex the English air, from Mr Smith's "Musica Antiqua," vol. i. folio 65.

THE JEW'S DOCHTER.

THE rain rins doon thro' mirryland toun, Sae does it doon the

Pa; Sae does the lads o' mir-ry-land toun, When

they play at the ba'. Then out and cam the Jew's dochter, Said,

Will ye come in and dine? I win-na come in, I

can-na come in, Without my playferes nine.

2 x

DLXXXIII.

CAULD IS THE E'ENING BLAST.

THIS short song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to an old Scottish air, called "Peggy Ramsay," which, in several bars, resembles the tune of "O'er Bogie." The ancient words, adapted to the tune of Peggy Ramsay, began—

Bonny Peggy Ramsay,
As ony man may see,
Has a bonny sweet face,
And a gleg glintin ee.

The old song is witty, but indelicate. A corrupted copy of it was inserted in the third volume of Henry Playford's Pills, published at London in 1704, who directs it to be sung to the tune of "The Suburbs of London," which is totally different and very inferior to the original Scottish air.

DLXXXIV.

O, TURN AWAY THOSE CRUEL EYES.

THE author of this song is unknown to the Editor. It is adapted to an old air, called "Be Lordly, Lassie," from the first line of a silly old nursery song, beginning—

Be lordly, lassie, be lordly,
Be lordly, lassie, be lordly ;
Put a hand in each side
And walk like a bride,
Your mither bids you be lordly.

DLXXXV.

O, MARY, YE'S BE CLAD IN SILK.

THIS song is only slightly altered from the original words of "The Siller Crown," which the reader will find in the third volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 240.*

This new version of "The Siller Crown" first appeared in Urbani's Collection of Scottish Songs, adapted to a beautiful modern Scottish air, composed by Miss Grace Corbett of Edinburgh when she was only eleven years old. Both the words and new melody were copied into the sixth volume of the Museum, by Urbani's permission.

DLXXXVI.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns. The words are adapted to the tune of a favourite slow march.

DLXXXVII.

NO CHURCHMAN AM I.

THIS is another production of Burns. It was published in the second edition of his poems, printed at Edinburgh in 1787. The words are adapted to a beautiful tune, called "The Lazy Mist," from the last volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. Several modern songs, such as "Prepare, my dear Brethren,"—"Honest Dermot," &c. have been united to this fine old air.

DLXXXVIII.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

THIS song, beginning "A soldier for gallant achievements renown'd," is a fragment of a larger poem, supposed to have been written by an anonymous hand after the battle of Culoden, in 1746. The tune is said to be a Gaelic melody.

DLXXXIX.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS!

THIS humorous song was retouched by Burns from a very ancient one, called "I winna gang to my Bed until I get a Man." It is adapted to the lively old original air, which may be considered one of the earliest specimens of *Scottish Reels*. It appears in Skene's MSS. circa, 1570, under the title of *I winna gang to my Bed till I sud die*.

DXC.

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

THIS elegant pastoral song was written by James Thomson, Esq. the well-known author of "The Seasons," "The Castle of Indolence," and many other excellent poems. The composer of the plaintive air, to which the words are suited, is not known. The bass part was added by Mr William Clarke.

DXCI.

YE MUSES NINE, O LEND YOUR AID!

THIS song, entitled *The Highland King*, made its appearance soon after the publication of *The Highland Queen*, by Mr Macvicar, to which it was intended as an answer. *Vide Song, No 1. vol. i. of the Museum.* It was printed as a sheet song, and did not appear in any regular collection until the publication of Wilson's "ST CECILIA," at Edinburgh in 1779. The author of the song, as well as the composer of the melody, have hitherto escaped the Editor's researches.

DXCII.

NELLY'S DREAM.

THIS song, beginning *Bright the moon aboon yon mountain*, was written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. He published it with the music as a sheet song, and it was copied into the Museum by his permission. Mr Hamilton furnished several other songs for the same work.

DXCIII.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

THE first verse of this song is old ; the second was written by Burns for the Museum. The Bard likewise communicated the beautiful old air to which it is united.

In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, dated 5th December, 1795, Burns introduces the original lines to her notice, with the following prefatory remarks : " There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father ; for, God knows ! they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks, me and my exertions all their stay ; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang ! If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood as I am—such things happen every day ;—gracious God ! what would become of my little flock ! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough ; but the man

of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!

“To leave talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing with the old Scots ballad—

“O THAT I had ne’er been married,
I would never had nae care;
Now I’ve gotten wife and bairns—
They cry, crowdie! evermair.

Crowdie! ance—crowdie!—twice—
Crowdie! three times in a day;
An ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye’ll crowdie a’ my meal away.”

DXCIV.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

THIS fragment is copied verbatim from Herd’s Collection, printed in 1776. Burns had a high opinion of its poetical merit. In a letter to Mr Thomson, he says, “Do you know the following beautiful little fragment in Witherspoon’s Collection of Scots Songs?

AIR.—“*Hughie Graham.*”

“O GIN my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa’,
And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa’!
Oh! there, beyond expression blest,
I’d feast on beauty a’ the night:
Seal’d on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley’d awa’ by Phoebus’ light.

“This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself, for a musing five minutes, on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following:

“O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi’ purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

I have often heard and with very great pleasure, my friend Mr. Herd, of Glasgow, repeat this beautiful Song. The following is the tune of the same.

How wad I mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd."

" These verses are very far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess ; but if worthy insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet, who knows any thing of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke."—*Burns' Works*.

Mr Thomson paid attention to this hint in arranging the old and new words ; but, in place of the air of " Hughie Graham," (the music and words of which old ballad are printed in the fourth volume of the Museum, vide Song No 303), he has adapted the song to a Gaelic or Irish melody ; for it is claimed by both nations. This melody, in Gow's Second Collection, is called *Ceanu dubh dileas*, and in Fraser's Highland Airs, *Cuir a ghaoil dileas tharrum do lamh*, i. e. " Place, true Love, thine arms around me." All these *three* sets of the tune differ, in some notes, from each other, as well as from the Irish set of the same air, printed in the Irish Melodies.

In the Museum, the words of *O gin my Love were yon red Rose*, are united to a strathspey tune, printed in Gow's Fourth Collection of Reels, &c. under the title of " LORD BALGONIE'S FAVOURITE, a very old Highland tune," which was afterwards published under the new title of " Gloomy Winter's now awa," from the first line of a beautiful Scots song adapted to that air, written by the late Mr Robert Tannahill of Paisley. This strathspey, however, has lately been claimed as a *modern* production by Mr Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology. In the first volume of that work, Mr C. says he composed this strathspey in the year 1783, and in 1791, or 1792, he published and inscribed it to the Rev. Patrick Macdonald of Kilmore. The writer of this article has made a diligent search for this production, but has met with no copy to decide the question between Messrs Gow and Campbell. But

effect by giving the chorus of " O my love home"
 see page 581. He is now in years - but
 has no more & continue all the while

the reader, on comparing the air of Burns' song of "O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass," (vide No 574 of the Museum), which was taken from Aird's First Collection, and has been known time out of mind by the name of "The Cordwainer's March," will observe a striking similarity between it and the disputed composition.

But the proper air of "O gin my Love were but a Rose," is neither the *Strathspey* in question, nor *Hughie Graham*, nor the *Gaelic* or *Irish Melody* before alluded to. Both the words and air of this old song are still very well known. The first four lines of it, as printed in Herd's Collection, only are genuine; the other four, though beautiful, are comparatively modern. The strain of double meaning, that runs through the whole of the eight verses of the old song, prevents their insertion in the present work; but the tune to which they are uniformly sung, is that which Mr Anderson has selected for his song of *Gently blow ye Eastern Breezes*, printed in the sixth volume of the Museum. Vide Song No. 562.

DXCV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE, WHEN OUR GOOD-
WIFE'S AWA.

THIS very humorous modern ballad is a parody of the celebrated poetic tale, called *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, which tradition affirms to have been composed by a priest of the name of Moffat, in the reign of James V. A manuscript copy of the original, which is preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript of 1568, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, corroborates the traditional account, for the signature "*quod Moffat*," is actually subjoined to that copy. This curious old ballad is printed in Herd's Collection 1776, and in several others. But the most perfect edition is that in Blackwood's Edinburgh Monthly Magazine for April 1817.

The name of the author of the parody has not yet been discovered; but the writer has evidently meant it to be an answer to the beautiful ballad of, *There's nae Luck about*

+ *the House when our Gudeman's awa*, which was written by William Julius Mickle, Esq., the ingenious translator of *The Lusiad*. It is printed in the first volume of the Museum. Vide Song, No 44. The beautiful tune to which Mickle's ballad was adapted, would have suited the parody equally well; but Johnson united the latter to a sprightly modern tune for the sake of greater variety.

DXCVI.

WILLIE AND ANNET.

THIS old Border ballad was inserted in Herd's Collection in 1776. In the Museum the words are adapted to an air in the new series of *The Vocal Magazine*, published at Edinburgh, by the late Mr James Sibbald, in 1803. In that work the air is said to have been "communicated by a lady in Orkney." But the old Border melody is much better adapted to the words. Vide notes on Song No 482, of the Museum.

DXCVII.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. He also communicated the air to which it is united; but it is evidently borrowed from the fine old Lowland melody of *Andro and his cutty Gun*.

XCVIII.

TELL ME, JESSY, TELL ME WHY.

THIS song was written and published by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, by whose permission it was inserted in the Museum.

DXCIX.

I CARE NA FOR YOUR EEN SAE BLUE.

THIS song was also written and published by Mr John Hamilton, before it appeared, by his permission, in the Museum.

DC.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THIS beautiful tune has, time out of mind, been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland. The principal publishers of Scottish music have also adopted it, as their

+ Disputed - the Air is now
very common - of Greenock,

farewell air, in closing their musical works. Macgibbon placed it at the end of his third and last volume of *Scottish Airs*, published in 1755. Oswald closed the fourth volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion* with the same air. Oswald probably then thought it would be the last volume of his work, but he afterwards found materials for no less than *eight* more. Mr James Johnson followed the same example, in closing his sixth and last volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*.

There are two songs adapted to this air in the Museum. The first is said to have been composed by Thomas Armstrong, the night before his execution for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warden of the middle marches on the Border of Scotland. The warden was murdered 16th June 1600, and Armstrong suffered on 14th November 1601. It is by no means certain that these verses are the original words.

This tune was a particular favourite with Burns, who wrote the second song, beginning *Adieu! a heartwarm fond adieu!* In one of his letters, he says, "Ballad-making is now as completely my hobby-horse, as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race, (God grant that I may take the right side of the winni ng-post!), and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing, 'Sae merry as we a' hae been!' and raising my last looks to the whole of the human race, the last words of the voice of *Coila* shall be, 'Good night and joy be wi' you a'? *Works*, vol. iv. Burns here calls himself the *Voice of Coila*, in imitation of Ossian, who styles himself the *Voice of Cona*. *Coila*, or *Kyle*, is the middle bailiewick of Ayrshire.

The second song was printed in Burns's *Works*, at Edinburgh in 1787. It is there entitled "The Farewell to the Brethren of St James's Lodge, Tarbolton, tune, Good Night and Joy be wi' you a'." Burns became a member of this

lodge of Freemasons, after his family removed to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire." During this period (says his brother Gilbert,) he became a Freemason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, and the praises he has bestowed on Scotch drink, (which seem to have misled his historians,) I do not recollect, during these seven years, nor towards the end of his commencing author (when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company,) to have ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking."—*Life of Burns*.

We shall conclude these remarks with the following masterly song, to the same tune, written by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P. It is entitled "The old Chef-tain to his Sons," and conclude the fourth volume of Mr George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;
 May life's fell blasts out-o'er ye blaw!
 In sorrow may ye never part!
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan,
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore.
 Who show'd himsel a better man,
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?
 But when in peace—then mark me there,
 When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
 I gave him of our hardy fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
 Be canty, but be good and leal;
 Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
 Anither's ay hae heart to feel;
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
 My parting breath shall boast you mine,
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART VI.

DIII.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

THIS Song was afterwards inserted by the author in his collection of "Poetry chiefly in the Scottish Language. By ROBERT COUPER, M. D." Inverness, 1804, 2 vols. 12mo. He was the author of other lyrical pieces. One of these, written "to a beautiful old Highland air," called *Geordy Agam*, is inserted in Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, vol. ii. p. 23. The author states, that he wrote this song at the request of L. G. G. (Lady Georgiana Gordon, now Duchess of Bedford), and that it alludes "to her noble brother (the Marquis of Huntley), then with his regiment in Holland. A few days after it was written, and to the author's great uneasiness, the news arrived of his being wounded, from which he is not yet recovered."

Dr Thomas Murray, in his Literary History of Galloway, p. 247, refers to a MS. Life of Dr Couper, "communicated by his accomplished friend, John Black, Esq., Wigton. On applying to Dr Murray, I was favoured with the following abstract of the memoir:—

"ROBERT COUPER was born at Balsier, parish of Sorbie, Wigtonshire, of which farm his father was tenant, on the 22d September 1750. He entered a student in Glasgow College in 1769. He studied at first for the Scottish Church; but his parents having died, and his patrimony being small, if any thing at all, he accepted of an office as tutor in a family in the State of Virginia, America, where he

meant to take orders to enter the Episcopal Church as a clergyman. The date of his going to America is not given. But he returned in 1776, owing to the breaking out of the war of Independence. He returned to the College of Glasgow, and having studied medicine, and taken his diploma as a surgeon, (date not known,) he began practice at Newtonstewart, a village of 2000 inhabitants, in his native county. While at Glasgow, he had gained the friendship of Dr Hamilton, professor of midwifery, on whose recommendation to the Duke of Gordon, Couper settled in Fochabers (I am informed, in 1788), as physician to his Grace. Previously to going there, and preparatory to it, he had obtained the degree of M. D. from the College of Glasgow, to 'prevent people, no wiser than himself, from dictating to him.' At this time, that is, shortly after settling in Fochabers, he married Miss Stott, daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Stott, minister of the parish of Minnigaff, Kirkcudbrightshire. He left Fochabers in 1806. He died in Wigton on the 18th January 1818. He was F.R.S.E."

DVI.

WHERE ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THE author of this Song was DAVID CAREY, who was known during the earlier part of this century as "an elegant poet and agreeable novelist." He was a native of Arbroath, and he died at his father's house, in that town, after a protracted illness, on the 4th of October 1824, in the forty-second year of his age. A brief but interesting biographical notice, and a list of his various works, will be found in the Scots Magazine, for November 1824, p. 637.

DVIII.

ROW SAFTLY, THOU STREAM.

THE collection of Poems and Songs, by RICHARD GALL, (the author of this and other Songs in the present volume of the Museum,) which is mentioned by Mr S. at page 444,

bears the date "Edinburgh, from the press of Oliver and Boyd," 1819. 12mo.

DX.

O CHERUB CONTENT.

THIS early production of a poet who has attained such high distinction as the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," is not contained in the collected edition of his Poems. THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., is a native of Glasgow, and was born in the year 1777, as, I think, he stated two years ago, at a public dinner given him in this place. His "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and other compositions, rank him as a lyric poet of the first order.

DXII.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

THIS well-known ballad, or poem, is probably not older than the latter part of the 16th century. There was an edition printed in the year 1668, which Ramsay probably copied, when he inserted the poem in "The Evergreen," 1724.

DXIII.

O BOTHWELL BANK.

THIS Song was evidently, or rather avowedly, founded upon an interesting incident related in Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," first published at Antwerp, 1605.

In Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads, vol. ii. p. 131. Lond. 1783, where this Song first appeared, it consists of three stanzas, disfigured by an affected use of obsolete words. The first stanza is descriptive, and runs thus:—

On the blyth Beltane, as I went
Be mysel attour the green bent,
Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde
Throch saughs and hanging hazels glyde,
There sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

The other two verses are given in the Musical Museum,

some of the words being modernized, and two lines added to suit the music. Pinkerton's imitations of our old ballad poetry, were not happy. In the account of his writings given in Chambers's *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*, we meet, indeed, with the following astounding assertion respecting his publication of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, from Sir Richard Maitland's MSS.—“Pinkerton *maintained* that he had found the Manuscript in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge; and, in his correspondence, he sometimes alludes to the circumstances *with very admirable coolness*. THE FORGERY WAS ONE OF THE MOST AUDACIOUS RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF TRANSCRIBING. Time, place, and circumstances, were all minutely stated—there was no mystery.” (vol. iv. p. 102.) I confess my ignorance of what is here meant by “the Annals of Transcribing,” unless, perchance, it may have some allusion to the learned Mr Penny, the “Historian of Linlithgowshire,” whose accuracy and minute research were so highly commended by his literary executors in 1831, although, it must be admitted, that the merit of his work consists wholly in the accuracy with which he transcribed that portion of Chalmers's “*Caledonia*,” which relates to the Shire. In regard to Pinkerton, it would have been strange had he pretended any “mystery” where there was none; as the MSS. in question may be seen in the Pepysian Library to this day. Some half century after this, it is as probable that the future biographer of Mr Robert Chambers shall attribute to him all Burns's Poems, contained in his late comprehensive edition of that poet, as that any one should have given Pinkerton the credit of having written the poems by Henryson, Dunbar, and the other old Scottish Makers, contained in Maitland's Manuscript Collections, from which Pinkerton's Selections, printed in 1782, were copied. After all, it ought to be added, that the contributor of the article in Chambers's Work, merely improves upon the similar blundering statement that appeared in Nichols's *Literary Illustrations*, &c., vol. v. p. 670.

JOHN PINKERTON was born at Edinburgh, 17th of February 1758, and died at Paris, 10th of March 1825, at the age of sixty-seven. With all his insufferable petulance and conceit, (not to mention other failings,) he was unquestionably a man of learning and research; and he rendered very important services to the history and early literature of his native country, by several of his publications.

DXV.

LAMINGTON RACES.

THIS Song is attributed, at page 456, to "Mr Macaulay, an acquaintance of Mr Johnson," the publisher of the Museum. I have not ascertained who this Mr M. was; but it is not improbable that he was the same with JAMES MACAULAY, printer in Edinburgh, the author of a volume of "Poems on various subjects, in Scots and English."— "Edinburgh, printed for and sold by the Author, Printing-office, Castlehill, 1790," 12mo. pp. 300.

DXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THIS Song was long and deservedly popular. As stated at page 456, it was written in 1775, and it appeared in several collections. In "The Goldfinch," Edinb. 1782, it is accompanied "With additions by a Lady," being four stanzas, no doubt the same that Mr S. notices as contained in Wilson's collection, 1779, and there said to be by "Miss Betsy B—s."

The author of "The Banks of the Dee," was JOHN TAIT, Esq., who had been an assiduous wooer of the muses in his younger days. Besides the frequent contributions to the Poets' Corner, signed J. T—t, consisting of elegiac and other verses, which appeared in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Weekly Magazine for 1770, and subsequent years, he published anonymously, the "Cave of Morar," "Poetical Legends," and some other poems, in a separate form. Mr

Tait passed as Writer to the Signet, 21st November 1781. In July 1805, when the new system of police was introduced into Edinburgh, he was appointed Judge of Police, and he continued to preside in that Court till July 1812; when it was again remodelled by Act of Parliament, and the decision of Police cases replaced in the hands of the Magistrates of the City. (See Kay's Portraits, vol. ii. p. 147.) He died at his house in Abercrombie Place, 29th of August 1817. (Scots Mag. 1817, p. 99.)

DXXV.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

THIS song is contained in the second volume of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, and not in the first volume, 1725. So likewise is Hamilton's ballad, "The Braes of Yarrow." This favourite theme in Scottish Song, has obtained additional celebrity by the verses of our great English Poet, Mr Wordsworth, who to his "Yarrow Unvisited," in 1803, "and Yarrow Visited," in 1814, again honoured this much favoured stream by his "Yarrow Revisited," in 1831.

DXXIX.

AH! MARY! SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.

THIS song was included in a small volume of "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. Edinburgh, 1803," 8vo, published anonymously, in which the songs were given in a more correct form, in consequence of several of them having been printed "without the Author's permission, and with alterations, which he did not consider as improvements." The author of this and two other songs in this volume, (See pages 435 and 512,) SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL of Auchinleck, was the eldest son of the biographer of Johnson, and was born 9th of October 1775. He succeeded to his paternal estate in 1795, and was created a Baronet in 1821. At a time when party politics ran high,

his disposition to satirical writing unfortunately involved him in a dispute, which was the occasion of that fatal duel, 26th of March 1822, that cut off in the prime of life, a gentleman of much natural genius and high acquirements, only a few days after having performed the last sad offices to his brother James, the friend of Malone, and the editor of Shakspeare. Some affecting lines, written on the death of his brother, were found in Sir Alexander's pocket-book after his own death.

Sir A.'s love of literature was exemplified by the republication of many rare and curious works, for private circulation, from his press at Auchinleck, of which a full list is given by Mr Martin, in his "Bibliographical Catalogue of Books. Privately printed." Lond. 1834, 8vo.

DXXXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

"A GENTLEMAN of universal erudition lately showed me a MS. copy of the above, with a notice prefixed, that it was composed on—'Sharp, and Gregory's Daughter,'—most probably a descendant of Archbishop Sharp, and a lady of the learned house of Gregory, for some time settled at St Andrew's.

"I may mention here, that Mallet's song, 'A youth adorned with every art'—was composed on the ill-fated loves of Lady Jean Hume, daughter of Alexander, seventh Earl of Home, and Lord Robert Kerr, killed in the bloom of youth, and extraordinary personal attractions, at the battle of Culloden. Susanna Kennedy, Countess of Eglington, used to sing this pretty ballad, and relate its origin; she was well acquainted with both the parties.

"The music of this song was composed by Oswald."—(C. K. S.)

The editor of Andrew Marvell's works, Lond. 1776, in the Preface (vol. i. p. xx), refers to a MS. volume of "Marvell's Poems, some written with his own hand, and the rest copied by his order," among which was a copy of this

well-known ballad. He accordingly claimed it for Marvell, charging Mallet with gross plagiarism. "I am sorry this truth (he adds) did not appear sooner, that the Scots Bard might have tried to defend himself; but now the jackdaw must be stripped of his stolen plumage, and the fine feathers must be restored to the real peacock." Notwithstanding this bold assertion, (and, upon the same grounds, he claims for Marvell some undoubted compositions by Addison,) it is perfectly evident that the MS. he refers to, must have contained a number of pieces transcribed forty years subsequent to Marvell's death.—Allan Ramsay wrote a poetical address to Mr David Malloch on his departure from Scotland (Poems, vol. ii. p. 402), in which he specially mentions "his tender strains," in this ballad of William and Margaret.

Gibbon, in the Memoirs of his own life, mentions, that about the time when he professed himself a Roman Catholic, he had resided for some time with Mallet, "by whose philosophy I was rather scandalized than reclaimed." There are some curious anecdotes respecting his irreligion, in Davies's life of Garrick.

DXL.

O TELL ME, &c.

THE song by Mr Graham of Gartmore need not be quoted here, from a work so well known as the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. When first published by Sir Walter Scott, he considered it to be a traditional version of a song of the age of Charles I.; and he afterwards remarked, that the verses "have much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry." Curious enough, however, in a collection published by John Ross, Organist in Aberdeen, the song is given as written "by Mr Jeffreys." There is no reason, however, to doubt, that Sir Walter was correct in subsequently assigning it to Mr

Graham, of whom the following is a brief notice, obligingly communicated by Sir John Graham Dalyell, Kt., who is his nephew on the mother's side. (See Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. i. p. 639.)

“ ROBERT GRAHAM of Gartmore, was the son of Nicol Graham of Gartmore, by Lady Margaret Cunningham, eldest daughter of William, twelfth Earl of Glencairn. After discharging the office of Receiver-General of the Revenue of the island of Jamaica, he returned to Scotland on the decease of his elder brother, William, and succeeded his father in his estates, in the year 1775 : and, on the demise of John, the last Earl of Glencairn, he succeeded to the estates of Finlayston. Mr Graham was a man of refined taste, and of a patriotic disposition ; he warmly encouraged the reform so long projected of the royal boroughs, and represented the county of Stirling in Parliament (in 1794). Having been elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, he bestowed some testimony of liberality in its favour, which he was the better enabled to do from his ample fortune. Mr Graham married first, a sister of Sir John Taylor, baronet, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. Secondly, a lady alike beautiful and amiable, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Buchanan of Leny ; whose son, the late Dr Francis Hamilton Buchanan, was recognised as chief of the family of Buchanan.”—Mr Graham of Gartmore died the 11th of December 1797.

DXLI.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE.

IN the Scots Magazine, for February 1803, there is inserted another excellent song, entitled “ The Nabob. By the *late* Miss Blamire, Carlisle,” to the tune of Auld Langsyne. It begins,

When silent time, with lightly foot
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
With many hopes and fears :

Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
 May still continue mine,
 Or gin I e'er again shall taste
 The joys I left langsyne.

Miss SUSANNAH BLAMIRE was a native of Cumberland, and was born at Thackwood-nook, in the parish of Sowerby. She died at Carlisle in 1795, aged 49, and lies interred at Roughton Head, near Rose Castle. Her nephew, William Blamire, Esq., lately one of the Members of Parliament for Cumberland, possesses the patrimonial estate called *The Oakes*, a beautiful property about three miles from Carlisle; and Rose Castle is possessed by her aunt. For this information I am indebted to Patrick Maxwell, Esq., who is forming a collection of her poems. Mr M. adds, that "Miss Blamire was very affable to the poor and the peasantry about her, and that she was generally addressed in their provincial manner by the title of *Miss Sukey*."

DXLIII.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

"'WRITTEN for this work, by Robert Burns.' This is probably wrong; or Burns suppressed the last stanza, to be found in the stall copies, besides substituting "three goose feathers and whittle," for the indecent line in the third: it is likely that he only altered the song for the Museum, making it applicable to himself as an author, by the three goose quills and the pen-knife. The last stanza begins:

"Now I'm Robin's bride, free frae kirk fo'ks bustle,
 Robin's a' my ain, wi's, &c., &c., &c."—(C. K. S.)

DXLIV.

MAGGY LAUDER.

THE late Mr William Motherwell had made some collections for an edition of the Poems attributed to the *SEMPLES OF BELTREES*. As his papers are still in the hands of his

friend, Mr P. A. Ramsay, it is to be hoped that the project will not be abandoned.

My good friend, WILLIAM TENNANT, Esq., the author of the inimitable poem of "Anster Fair," mentioned at page 478, as then newly appointed Teacher, or Professor of Languages in Dollar Academy, has since (in 1835) obtained higher and more congenial preferment, as Professor of Oriental Languages in St Mary's College, St Andrew's—an appointment alike honourable to the patrons and to himself, as the reward of learning and genius.—A short Memoir of Professor Tennant is prefixed to Chambers's late edition of "Anster Fair," Edinb. 1838, 8vo.

"IN former times, the singers of this ditty used to inform their audience that Maggie was at last burnt for a witch; I could never find her name in any lists of Satan's Seraglio which I have had an opportunity of inspecting.

"Some amusing verses were said to have been composed to this air, by a very eccentric person, Lady Dick of Prestonfield: before the reader peruses them, a short account may be given of the reputed authoress. She was the daughter of Lord Royston, a Lord of Session, son of the Earl of Cromarty, and the wife of Sir William Dick, with whom she did not live on the best of terms, having a high spirit, much satirical wit, and no children to endear their conjugal union. Her strange fancies and frolics were well remembered fifty years ago; and that with considerable spleen, as she made herself many enemies by the lampoons she was in the habit of composing. Among her other odd freaks, she took it into her head to enact the she-Petrarch to Sir Peter Murray of Balmanno, whose perfections she celebrated in several other copies of verses, besides the subjoined song—two of these have been printed in a small ballad book, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. There seems to have been nothing criminal in her admiration, as she made no secret of her poetical effusions—but those whom she had offended by poems of a different stamp, were naturally eager enough

to put the worst constructions on her mirth, and pretended to take seriously what was only meant in jest. Lady Dick died in the year 1741. There is a half-length portrait of her at Prestonfield, not handsome, and ill painted. Her Adonis, Sir Peter, married in 1751, Anne, daughter of Alexander Hay of Drummelzier.”—(C. K. S.)

Tune.—MAGGY LAUDER.

On Tweedside dwells a gallant swain,
 The darling o’ the women ;
 Whene’er he makes his entering bow,
 With joy their eyes are swimming.
 Tho’ gallant he, yet snug his heart,
 He only plays with Cupid,
 For as Minerva guides the youth
 He never can be stupid.
 Tho’ gallant he, yet snug his heart,
 He only plays with Cupid,
 For reason tames his passions ; thus
 He never can be duped.

O, when he dances at a ball,
 He’s rarely worth the seeing ;
 So light he trips, you would him take
 For some aerial being !
 While pinky winky go his een,
 How blest is each bystander ;
 How gracefully he leads the fair,
 When to her seat he hands her !
 While pinky winky go his een,
 How blest is each bystander !
 More conquests he is said to make
 Than e’er did Alexander.

But when in accents soft and sweet
 He chants forth Lizzy Baillie,
 His dying looks and attitude
 Enchant ; they cannot fail ye.
 The loveliest widow in the land,
 When she could scarce disarm him,
 Alas, the belles in Roxburghshire
 Must never hope to charm him.

O happy, happy, happy she,
 Could make him change his plan, sir,

And of this rigid bachelor
 Convert the married man, sir.
 O happy, and thrice happy she
 Could make him change his plan, sir.
 And to the gentle Benedick,
 Convert the single man, sir.

How could the lovely Roman give
 To Michael all her beauty,
 When Peter's such a worthy saint,
 To whom she owed her duty !
 How could the lovely Roman let
 That Michael take possession ;
 Nor angel he, nor saint, nor yet
 An embryo Lord of Session.

The lady to whom the above verses are assigned, was Anne Mackenzie, daughter of the Hon. Sir James Mackenzie, a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Royston (and third son of George, first Earl of Cromartie), by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate in the reign of Charles the Second. As stated above, she became Lady Dick by marriage. In the Scots Magazine for September 1741, (p. 431,) where her death is recorded, she is simply styled "The Lady of Sir William Dick of Corstorphine."

DXLV.

A COGGIE OF ALE.

ANDREW SHIRREFFS, A. M., was a bookbinder in Aberdeen. Burns, in the notes of his Northern Tour, mentions having seen him, and calls him "a little decrepid body, with some abilities." He is best known as the author of "Jamie and Bess, or the Laird in Disguise, a Scots Pastoral Comedy, in imitation of the Gentle Shepherd." It was first printed at Aberdeen, 1787, 12mo, and was frequently performed at different theatres in the country. In the dedication "To the Honourable the County Club of Aberdeenshire," the author says, "he never was, and probably

never will be, without the limits of their county." As stated, however, at page 479, Shirrefs migrated to the South in 1798, but whether he spent the rest of his life at London, and when or where he died, I have not been able to ascertain.

DXLVIII.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

"MR RITSON, in his 'North Country Chorister,' gives the older words of this ballad, beginning—'There was a Highland laddie courted a Lowland lass'—and adds, 'this song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs Jordan, who knew neither the words nor the tune;' but there is another set of words, probably as old, which I transcribed from a 4to collection of songs in MS. made by a lady upwards of seventy years ago.'"—(C. K. S.)

O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn,
O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn?
It is a sodger's son, she said, that's lately gone to Spain,
Te dilly dan, te dilly dan, te dilly, dilly dan.

O, fair maid, what was that sodger's name?
O, fair, &c.
In troth a'tweel, I never speir'd—the mair I was to blame.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what had that sodger on?
O, fair, &c.
A scarlet coat laid o'er wi' gold, a waistcoat o' the same.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what if he should be slain?
O, fair, &c.
The king would lose a brave sodger, and I a pretty man.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what if he should come hame?
O, fair, &c.
The parish priest should marry us, the clerk should say amen.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, would ye that sodger ken ?

O, fair, &c.

In troth a'tweel, an' that I wad, among ten thousand men.

Te dilly, &c.

O, fair maid, what if I be the man ?

O, fair, &c.

In troth a'tweel, it may be so ; I'se haud ye for the same.

Te dilly dan, te dilly dan, te dilly, dilly dan.

The song, by the late MRS GRANT, referred to at p. 480, is too well known to be quoted in this place. This lady, ANNE MACVICAR, was born at Glasgow in 1755, was married to the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan, in 1779, whom she survived many years, and died at Edinburgh, 7th of November 1838, in the 84th year of her age. A detailed notice of her life and writings, which originally appeared in the Edinburgh newspapers, will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1839, p. 97.

DLIII.

THE FEINT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

THIS ancient song, *Return hameward*, &c., says Mr S., was revised by Allan Ramsay, and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. It was likewise included in "The Evergreen," by Ramsay, who had used undue freedoms in altering the original verses, which were the production of ALEXANDER SCOTT, a poet who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who has been styled the Anacreon of Scotland. See edition of Scott's Poems, p. 100. Edinb. 1821, small 8vo.

DLVII.

O GIN I WERE FAIRLY SHOT O' HER.

JOHN ANDERSON, music-engraver, the writer of this and of some other verses, in the last part of the Museum, is, I am informed, still living in Edinburgh.

DLX.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

“THIS song is older than the period here assigned to it—and if the name of Maggie is to be trusted, can only apply to the first Marquis of Argyle, whose wife was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton. He was so very notorious a coward, that this song could have been made by nobody but himself, unless to turn him into ridicule.”—(C. K. S.)

DLXIX.

HOW SWEET THE LONE VALE.

THE Honourable ANDREW ERSKINE, was the third son of Alexander, fifth Earl of Kellie, by his lady, who was a daughter of Dr Pitcairne. He was born about the year 1739, and having embraced a military life, he held a lieutenant's commission in the 71st regiment of foot, as early, at least, as 1759. On its being reduced in 1763, he exchanged from half-pay into the 24th regiment of foot, then quartered at Gibraltar. Previous to this, he had carried on a kind of literary correspondence, in verse as well as prose, with James Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq., which, with that most insatiable desire for notoriety which characterised him, were published by the latter, at London, 1763, 8vo, in order, as it was expressed, to gratify “Curiosity, the most prevalent of all our passions.” Whether the publication of these letters, in “their present more conspicuous form,” raised the character of the writers in public estimation, we need not stop to enquire. Both of them were likewise principal contributors to Donaldson's collection of “Original Poems, by Scots gentlemen.” Edin. 1760 and 1762, 2 vol. 12mo. Mr Erskine's “Town Eclogues,” and other poems, appeared at a later date. He died suddenly, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, about the end of September 1793, much lamented. Mr George

Thomson sent Burns an account of his death, as appears from Burns's reply, dated Oct. 1793, but the letter itself was not published by Dr Currie.

His eldest brother, Thomas Alexander, sixth EARL of KELLIE, born 1st of September 1732, who was so distinguished for his musical genius, was also an occasional writer of verses. His brother Andrew, in 1762, alludes to some poems written by Lord Kellie; as in a letter to Boswell, he says, "Donaldson tells me that he wants thirty or forty pages, to complete his volume; pray, don't let him insert any nonsense to fill it up," (an advice that was altogether disregarded;) "but try John Home, and John R[——?], who I hear is a very good poet; you may also hint the thing to Mr N[airne?], and to my brother Lord K[ellie], who has some excellent poems by him." The following Song, I have been assured on good authority, was written by Lord Kellie. It seems, at least, to have been written by some one not a professed dealer in rhyme. It is now first printed from a MS. Album, containing Songs and Poems, written before the year 1780, in the possession of Thomas Mansfield, Esq. of Scatwell.

KELSO RACES.

Tune—LOGAN WATER.

1.

You have heard of our sweet little races at Kelso;
Of the riders and horses, and how they all fell so,
Of Dirleton¹ and Kelly Sir John—and, what's still more,
The famed clerk of Green-Cloth, Sir Alexander Gilmore.

2.

Of Dukes there were two, of Duchesses one,
As sweet a dear woman as e'er blest a man;
Of mien most engaging, how finely she dances,
With her sister-in-law, full of mirth, Lady Frances.²

¹ Nisbet of Dirleton.

² Lady Frances Scott, afterwards Lady Douglas of Bothwell.

3.

His Grace of Buccleugh would have been most extatic,
But, alas, he was seized with a fit of sciatic.
As he could not attend to make us all mellow,
He left t'other Duke,³ a clever little fellow.

4.

Of Nabobs a pair, their names shall have strait,
Take Archibald Swinton, and fat Thomas Rait,
As fine jolly fellows, I'm sure to the full,
As ever set their faces to the Great Mogul.

5.

The bald-pated Knight⁴ soon had them in view,
And set at these Nabobs like an old Jew ;
Quoth he to himself, I think I with ease,
Could plunder these Indians of all their rupees.—

6.

Gentlemen, says he, will you bet on a horse,
I'll lay what you please, without any remorse ;
If that does not suit, I'll do what you list,
Perhaps you would choose a rubber at whist.

7.

Down sat the great dupes, and with them a Peer—
Lord ! how the bald Knight did joke and did jeer ;
The Nabobs and Peer he left not a groat,
And even condescended to steal a great-coat.

8.

Young Nisbet comes next, whom they call Maccaroni,⁵
The sweet youth whom he and we think so bonny,
That whene'er he appears, the ladies cry bless us,
I vow and protest he's a perfect Narcissus.

9.

My dearest sweet girls, pray tell me what mean ye,
Cries his spruce little cousin, Mr John Gantoucini ;⁶
Pray look at me, a'n't I a fine little man,
A trig dapper fellow, deny it who can ?

10.

O' my drunken friend Jock, I'll tell you a story O,⁷
He had of his own a complete oratorio ;

³ Probably the Duke of Roxburghe.

⁴ (In MS.) Sir John Paterson.

⁵ Nisbet of Dirleton.

⁶ Mr John Nisbet.

⁷ (In MS.) M'Dowell.

Three hours after midnight his concert begun,
Where he drank and he danced and he had all his fun.

11.

His company consisted of Mr Stewart Shaw,
My Lord Percy's piper who travels to Blair, (?)
An Irish dear joy, two captains of foot,
And Lord North⁸ the waiter who danced so stout.

12.

Melvina appeared next like a bright star,
She stole the heart of a young man of war.
Of all her solicitors she lives but for one,
And solicitor Dundas⁹ is the happy man.

13.

The great little Percy came down from the border,
To keep us poor Scotch a little in order ;
He nothing remarkable did, but we hope
Next year when he's steward, he'll take his full scope.

14.

There were many more besides, well I wot,
Sir Gilbert¹⁰ and Lady, Miss Bell Elliot :
There was sweet Anne Scott, and Lady Diana,¹¹
And bold Mrs Ker, like any hyena.

15.

I cannot pass by were I ever so brief,
That loveliest of girls, Miss Jeany Moncrieff :
To Kelso she came with uncle beau Skeene,
Whose person is always so neat and so clean.

16.

There was fat Sandy Maxwell as big as a tun,
A fine laughing fellow in whom there's much fun :
Sir William Lorrain, Jack Askew, and Selby,
As fine jolly bucks as e'er pint bottle fell by.

17.

There was John Scott of Gala, and Wat Scott of Harden,
Who they say is possessed of many a farthing ;

⁸ See Kay's Portraits of Edinburgh Characters.

⁹ Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord Chief Baron.

¹⁰ Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, his lady, and sister Isabella.

¹¹ Lady Diana Hume, who married Walter Scott of Harden, Esq.

And numbers more over—but I'm in a hurry,
I had almost forgot sweet Peter Murray.¹²

18.

We laught and we danced, and we sat up all night,
A thing, I confess, in which I delight.
But I very dear my pleasure did earn,
For I was obliged to return to Blaneearn.

On the subject of Lord Kellie's musical genius, it may be sufficient to refer to the elegant collection of his Minuets, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., Edinburgh, 1836, 4to. The Hon. Henry Erskine, (brother of the late Earl of Buchan,) in an unpublished poem, written about the year 1772, has paid the following compliment to his Lordship's musical genius. It is entitled "The Musical Instruments, a Fable,"—when the claims of the Fiddle, to pre-eminence, are thus stated:—

'Twas he that still employ'd the master's hand,
Follow'd obsequious by the list'ning band,
Nay, swore that KELLY learnt from him his art
To rule, with magic sounds, the human heart.

DLXXV.

SAW YE THE THANE O' MEIKLE PRIDE.

IN the collected edition of Mr Mackenzie's Works, (vol. viii. p. 1,) printed at Edinburgh, 1808, 8 vols. 8vo, the author gives this account of the ballad:—

"DUNCAN: A FRAGMENT, FROM AN OLD SCOTS MANUSCRIPT.

"The following ballad was an almost extempore production, written when I was a mere lad, in imitation of the abrupt and laconic description of the ancient Scottish ballad, some of which had been collected and published at that time. It was sent, under the above title, to the editor of *The London Chronicle*, who published it without any

¹² Sir Peter Murray, *vide* page *523.

comment; and such was the state of politics at the time, that some of his readers objected to the first line,

Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride,

as applying personally to Lord Bute, who used to be known by that appellation. It was afterwards inserted in Clark's (Herd's) Collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, as genuine, though one should have thought the imitation was so inartificial as might have saved it from the sin of forgery."

Mr Mackenzie dates it 1762. It was also inserted in the Edinburgh Advertiser, April 1764, No. 575. This copy contains the following lines, omitted in the above edition, but which, as necessary for the sense, should be restored. They come in before the last verse, at page 6.

Wou'd then my uncle force my love,

Whar love it wou'd na be?

Or wed me to the man I hate?

Was this your care of me?

Can these brave men, &c.

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq., best known by the title of his most popular work, as "The Man of Feeling," was born at Edinburgh, in August 1745, where he died on the 14th of January 1831, at the venerable age of 86. An excellent sketch of his life, by Sir Walter Scott, is included in his Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. iv. Edin. 1834, 12mo.

DLXXVII.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

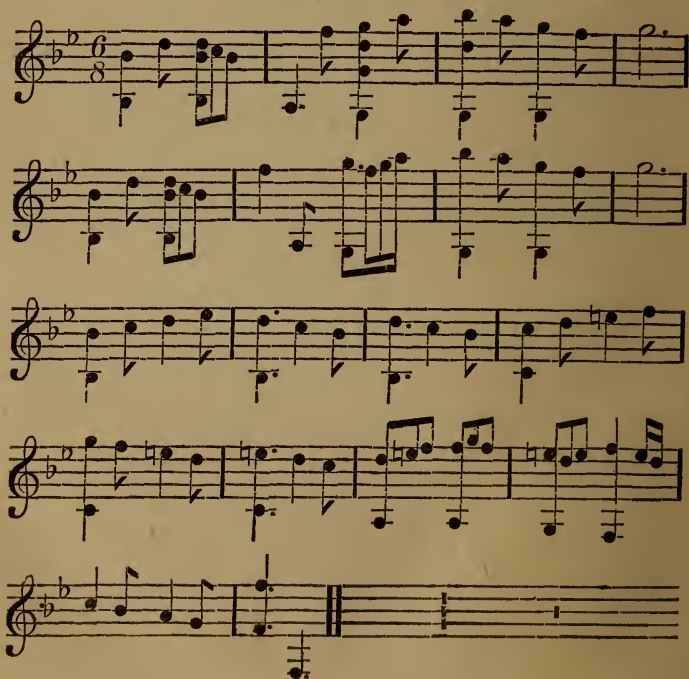
IN the additional note to song CLXX., at page *215, it is stated that Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute Book, 1627, preserves the old tune, "The Day Dawis," but that it bears no resemblance to that air, (under any of its different titles of "Hey, now the day daws," "Hey, tuttie, tattie," or "The land of the leal,") which, on mere conjecture, has been assigned to the age of Robert the Bruce. The earliest reference to any of these tunes is by Dunbar, who alludes to the common minstrels of the town of Edinburgh,

(that is, to the town's pipers), in the reign of James the Fourth, as having only two hackneyed tunes, which were played, no doubt, at an early hour, to rouse the inhabitants to their daily occupations.

Your commone Menstralis has no tone,
But "Now the day daws," and "Into June."

It is very probable that there might have been two different airs under that name; at least the following air, which is here subjoined from Gordon's Manuscript, 1627, has more the character of an artificial tune, than of a simple melody, and it is not unlikely that it may have been composed by some of the musicians at the Scottish Court during the minority of James the Sixth, to suit Montgomery's Song, the words of which the Reader will find in this work at page 163.

THE DAY DAWIS.



DLXXXII.

THE RAIN RINS DOWN THRO' MIRRÝLAND TOWN.

A CURIOUS volume has been lately published at Paris, containing, along with an Anglo-Norman ballad of the 13th century, on Hugh of Lincoln, the various Scottish or English ballads on the same subject, reprinted from the collections of Percy, Pinkerton, Jamieson, Gilchrist, and Motherwell. It is entitled, "Hugues de Lincoln: Recueil de Ballades Anglo-Normande et Ecossoises relatives au meurtre de cet Enfant commis par les Juifs en M.CC.LV. Publié avec une Introduction et des Notes, par Francisque Michel." Paris, 1834, 8vo.

The Anglo-Norman ballad is a great curiosity, and corresponds more closely with the notice that occurs in Matthew of Paris, and other old English historians, than with the more poetical cast of this tragical incident in the Scottish ballads. It begins —

Ore oez un bel chançon
Des Jues de Nichole, qui par tréison
Firent la cruel occision
De un enfant que Huchon ont nom.

DLXXXIX.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS!

In this Note, for Skene's MS. circa 1570, *read* circa 1620.

DXC.

HARD IS THE FATE, &c.

It would be superfluous to give any account of a person so well known as the author of "The Seasons." The most minute and accurate life of the poet with which I am acquainted, is that prefixed to the elegant edition of his Poetical Works, in the Aldine series of English Poets, London, 1830, 2 vols. 12mo.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire,

11th of September 1700, and died at London, 27th of August 1748. The following is an extract from a letter written by David Malloch, or Mallet, from London in 1727, soon after the appearance of Thomson's "Winter." It was addressed to Professor Ker of Aberdeen, and gives a curious account of the estimation in which Thomson was held by his college companions at Edinburgh:—

"SIR,—I beg leave to take notice of a mistake that runs through your last letter, and that was occasioned by your not understanding a passage in mine. The copy of verses that I sent you, was, indeed, written by me, and I never intended to make a secret of it; but Mr Thomson's 'Winter' is a very different poem, of considerable length, and agreeing with mine in nothing but the name. It has met with a great deal of deserved applause, and was written by that dull fellow whom Malcolm calls the jest of our club. The injustice I did him then, in joining with my companions to ridicule the first imperfect essays of an excellent genius, was a strong motive to make me active in endeavouring to assist and encourage him since; and I believe I shall never repent it. He is now settled in a very good place, and will be able to requite all the services his friends have done him, in time. The second edition of his poem is now in the press, and shall be sent to you as soon as published. You will find before it three copies of commendatory verses, one written by Mr Hill, the second by a very fine woman, at my request, and the third by myself. Since all this is so, I will say nothing of your suspecting me of insincerity, a vice which I am very free from."

Thomson's earliest printed verses occur in a volume entitled "The Edinburgh Miscellany," vol. I. (no second volume ever appeared). Edinburgh, 1720, 12mo.

Since the previous notes regarding Malloch or Mallet, were printed, a search has been made in the parochial registers of Crieff (from 1692 to 1730), where he is said to have been born in 1700. It appears, however, that

his baptism was not registered. The names of various children of Charles and Donald Malloch's, in the neighbourhood of Crieff, occur, including a David, in 1712. This obviously was not the poet; but it appears that his father "James Malloch, and Beatrix Clark, his wife," were brought before the Kirk-Session of Crieff, in October and November 1704, for profanation of the Lord's day, "by some strangers drinking and fighting in his house on the Sabbath immediately following Michaelmas." On the 12th of November, "they being both rebuked for giving entertainment to such folks on the Sabbath-day, and promising never to do the like, were dismissed."

DXCII.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNY.

JOHN HAMILTON, who contributed various pieces to the Museum, was for many years a Musicseller at No. 24, North Bridge street, Edinburgh. He was much employed also as a teacher of music, and I have been told that it was one of his fair pupils, connected with an ancient family, whom he married, to the no small indignation of her friends. He died at Edinburgh, in September 1814.

In the Scots Magazine for November 1814, the following notice occurs:—Sept. 23d, "Died in the 53d year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, JOHN HAMILTON, late Musicseller, in this city, author of many favourite Scots Songs, and composer of several Melodies of considerable merit."

DXCIV.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

To the two verses inserted in this Note, the one old, the other by Burns, this song has been enlarged, by the addition of the following beautiful lines, written by John Richardson, Esq., for Mr George Thomson's Collection.

O were my love yon violet sweet,
 That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
 And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
 Amang its bonnie leaves to play ;
 I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
 Beneath the noontide's scorching ray ;
 And sprinkle it wi' freshest dew,
 At morning dawn and parting day.

As Mr Stenhouse alludes, at page 508, to Tannahill's fine Song, "Gloomy Winter," I may take this opportunity to mention, that an interesting Memoir of that unfortunate Bard has recently appeared, by Mr Philip A. Ramsay, prefixed to "The Poems and Songs of ROBERT TANNAHILL, a revised and enlarged edition, with Memoirs of the author, and of his friend, Robert A. Smith." Glasgow, 1838, 12mo. Tannahill was born at Paisley, 3d of June 1774, where he died, 17th of May 1810, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH, usually styled 'of Paisley,' to whose musical skill Tannahill was indebted for much of the celebrity which his songs enjoyed, was born at Reading, 18th of November 1780. His father, originally a weaver from Paisley, had been settled at Reading for a number of years, but at length he returned to Paisley with his family in 1800. Here Robert continued during the best period of his life, and had so distinguished himself by his musical attainments, that so early as 1812, we find he was strongly urged to settle in Edinburgh as a teacher of music. This appears from a friendly letter addressed to him by Mr John Hamilton, Musicseller, with which I have been favoured by Smith's biographer. It was not until August 1823, on receiving an invitation from the Rev. Dr Thomson to conduct the music in St George's Church, that he came hither ; and I believe he had only occasion to lament his not having done so at an earlier period of life. He died at Edinburgh, very sincerely regretted, 3d of January 1829, in the 49th year of his age, and lies interred in St Cuth-

bert's burying-ground. His "Scottish Minstrel," 1821-1824, 6 vols., and his various other musical publications, are well known and esteemed; he also enriched the music of his country by many original melodies of great simplicity and beauty; and above all, the services that he rendered to Sacred Music, by his professional skill and good taste, as well as by his original compositions, will long continue to have a beneficial influence on the Psalmody and Sacred Music of the Church of Scotland.

The late WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, who projected the publication of the volume which his friend Mr Ramsay has so well performed, was a native of Glasgow, and born 13th of October 1797. Besides his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," Glasgow, 1827, small 4to, his edition of Burns, and various other republications, he was the author of a small volume of original "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," Glasgow, 1832, 12mo, which remains as a pleasing memorial of his poetical genius. He was for many years resident in Paisley, officially connected with the Sheriff-Clerk's Office, but latterly settled in his native place (as editor of the Glasgow Courier Newspaper), where he died in the prime of life, 1st of November 1835.

DC.

GOOD-NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THE following beautiful stanzas, by JOANNA BAILLIE, written for this air, appeared in Mr Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," vol. IV. p. 212, from whence they were copied, by his son, Mr Peter Cunningham, into one of the most elegant and judicious selections of the kind that has appeared, under the title of "Songs of England and Scotland." Lond. 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.

GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting, one by one;

Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day ;
And, since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Good-night, good-night !

The bride into her bower is sent,
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent ;
The lover's whispered words, and few,
Have bid the bashful maid adieu ;
The dancing floor is silent quite,
No foot bounds there, Good-night, good-night !

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansmen in the heather'd hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone, Good-night, good-night !

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all ;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, and charm the sight ;
Gay dreams to all ! Good-night, good-night !

INDEX

OF THE

SONGS OR AIRS CONTAINED IN THE MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Vol. I. contains pages	1-101	Vol. IV. contains pages	311-413
— II. ——— —	102-208	— V. ——— —	414-516
— III. ——— —	209-310	— VI. ——— —	517-620

A		Page.			Page.
Absence,	.	191	As I lay on my bed on a	night,	601
A cock laird, fu' cadgie,	.	155	As I was wand'ring,	.	359
A cogie of ale, and a pickle ait			As I went o'er, &c.,	.	525
meal,	.	564	As I went out ae May morning,	.	410
A country lass,	.	356	A southland Jenny,	.	318
Ae day a braw wooer,	.	538	As Sylvia in a forest lay,	.	441
Ae fond kiss, &c.,	.	358	As walking forth,	.	526
Afton water,	.	400	Auld King Coul,	.	486
Ah! Mary, sweetest maid,	.	546	Auld langsyne,	.	26
Ah! the poor shepherd's			Auld langsyne,	.	426
mournful fate,	.	158	Auld Robin Gray,	.	256
Ah! why thus abandon'd,	.	270	Auld Rob Morris,	.	200
A lass wi' a lump o' land,	.	177	Auld Sir Symon the King,	.	354
A lassie all alone,	.	418	A waukrife minnie,	.	298
Allan water,	.	43	Awa', whigs, awa',	.	272
Alloa house,	.	246	Ay waukin', O,	.	222
A mother's lament for the			Ay waking oh,	.	396
death of her son,	.	280			
And I'll kiss thee yet,	.	201	B.		
An Gille dubh ciar dhubh,	.	135	Banks of Spey,	.	194
An I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-			Bannocks o' bear meal,	.	489
side,	.	580	Benny side,	.	160
Anna, thy charms my bosom			Bess and her spinning-wheel,	.	371
fire,	.	547	Bess the gawkie,	.	4
An thou wert my ain thing,	.	2	Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,	.	134
A red, red rose,	.	415	Bessy's haggies,	.	31
A red, red rose (old sett),	.	416	Beware, o' bonnie Ann,	.	224
Argyll is my name,	.	578	Bhannerach dhon na chri,	.	165
A rosebud by my early walk,	.	197	Bide ye yet,	.	98
As I cam down by yon castle			Birks of Aberfeldie,	.	116
wa',	.	336	Blink o'er the burn, sweet		
As I came in by Auchindoun,	.	308	Betty,	.	52
As I came o'er the Cairney			Blue bonnets,	.	473
mount,	.	480	Blythe Jockie,	.	25

	Page.		Page.
Blythe Jockie, young and gay,	30	Cumbernauld house,	149
Blythe was she,	187	Cumnock psalms,	418
Bonny Barbara Allan,	230		
Bonnie Bell,	401	D.	
Bonny Bessy,	31	Dainty Davie,	34
Bonny Christy,	61	Deil tak the wars,	270
Bonny Dundee,	100	Dinna think, bonny lassie,	574
Bonny Jean,	55	Donald and Flora,	261
Bonnie Kate of Edinburgh,	205	Donald Couper,	344
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,	342	Donocht-head,	388
Bonnie May,	113	Down the burn Davie,	75
Braes of Ballenden,	93	Drap o' capie, O,	306
Braes of Balquhider,	201	Druimon dubh,	187
Braw, braw lads of Gala wa- ter,	131	Dumbarton's drums,	169
Bruce's address to his army,	596	Duncan Davison,	156
Busk ye, busk ye,	65	Duncan Gray,	168
By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,	262	Dusty miller,	151
		E.	
C.		Earl Douglas' lament,	352
Cameronian rant,	290	East nook of Fife,	286
Captain Cook's death,	288	Eppie Adair,	290
Carle an the king come,	248	Eppie M'Nab,	346
Carle an the king come (old words),	248	Ettrick banks,	82
Carron side,	312	Evan banks,	516
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,	273	Evanthe,	394
Cauld frosty morning,	236	F.	
Cauld is the evening blast,	603	Faillte na miosg,	268
Cauld kail in Aberdeen,	170	Fair Eliza,	378
Cease, cease, my dear friend, to explore,	254	Fair Eliza,	379
Charlie he's my darling,	440	Fairest of the fair,	33
Chronicle of the heart,	482	Farewell, ye fields,	597
Clarinda,	206	Fife and a' the lands about it,	125
Clout the caldron,	24	Finlayston house,	280
Cock up your beaver,	319	Fine flowers in the valley,	331
Colin Clout,	568	For a' that, an' a' that,	300
Colonel Gardener,	214	For lack of gold,	171
Come follow, follow me,	552	For the sake o' somebody,	448
Come, here's to the nymph that I love,	354	Fourteenth of October,	182
Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me,	363	Frae the friends and land I love,	312
Come, let's hae mair wine in,	12	Freicedan (M.),	102
Come under my plaidie,	550	Frennett hall,	296
Comin' thro' the rye (1st sett),	430	Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae,	17
Comin' thro' the rye (2d sett),	431	G.	
Corn riggs,	94	Gaelic air,	183
Could aught of song,	509	Gaelic air,	266
Country lassie,	376	Gaelic air,	378
Craigie-burn wood,	311	Gaelic air,	379
Cromlet's lilt,	207	Gaelic air,	399
		Gae to the ky wi' me Johnny,	142
		Galashiels,	158
		Galloway Tam,	336

	Page.		Page.
Gently blow, &c., . . .	581	Highland lamentation, . . .	186
Geordie, an old ballad, . . .	357	Highland song, . . .	274
Get up and bar the door, . . .	310	Hooly and fairly, . . .	199
Gilderoy, . . .	67	How long and dreary is the	
Gill Morrice . . .	212	night, . . .	183
Gingling Geordie, . . .	482	How sweet is the scene, . . .	586
Gladsmuir, . . .	210	How sweet this lone vale, . . .	588
Gloomy December, . . .	515	Hughie Graham, . . .	312
Good-morrow, fair mistress, . . .	502	I.	
Good-night and joy be wi'		Ianthy the lovely, . . .	107
you a', . . .	620	I care na' for your e'en sae	
Go, plaintive sounds, . . .	595	blue, . . .	619
Go to Berwick Johnny, . . .	534	I do confess thou art sae fair, . . .	332
Go to the ewe bughts, Marion, . . .	86	I dream'd I lay, &c., . . .	153
Gow's (Neill) lamentation for		If e'er I do weel it's a wonder, . . .	332
Abercainry, . . .	203	I had a horse and I had nae	
Green grow the rashes . . .	78	mair, . . .	193
Green sleeves, . . .	402	I ha'e a wife o' my ain, . . .	364
Gudeen to you, kimmer, . . .	540	I'll ay ca' in by yon town, . . .	470
Gude Wallace, . . .	498	I'll mak' you be fain to follow	
H		me . . .	277
Had I the wyte she bad me, . . .	427	I'll never leave thee, . . .	92
Hallow E'en, . . .	143	I'll never love thee more, . . .	464
Hallow Fair, . . .	462	I lo'e na a laddie but ane, . . .	276
Hamilla, . . .	111	I love my Jean, . . .	244
Hap me wi' thy petticoat, . . .	146	I love my jovial sailor, . . .	404
Happy Clown, . . .	260	I love my love in secret, . . .	213
Hard is the fate of him who		I'm o'er young to marry yet, . . .	110
loves, . . .	610	In Brechin did a wabster	
Hardy Knute, or the battle		dwell, . . .	541
of Largs, . . .	289	Invercauld's reel, . . .	203
Have you any pots or pans, . . .	536	In yon garden, &c., . . .	582
Her absence will not alter me, . . .	72	Irish air, . . .	458
Here awa', there awa', . . .	58	It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, . . .	343
Here's a health to my true		It was a' for our rightfu' King, . . .	513
love, . . .	174	I've been courting at a lass, . . .	316
Here's a health to them that's		I who am sore oppressed with	
awa', . . .	425	love, . . .	154
Here's his health in water, . . .	494	I wish my love were in a mire, . . .	41
Here's to thy health, my bonnie		J.	
lass, . . .	511	Jamie, come try me, . . .	238
He's dear dear to me, &c., . . .	566	Jamie Gay, . . .	15
He stole my tender heart away, . . .	29	Jamie o' the glen, . . .	420
He who presumed to guide the		Jenny's bawbie, . . .	512
sun, . . .	115	Jenny dang the weaver, . . .	133
Hey ca' thro' . . .	405	Jenny Nettles, . . .	53
Hey how, Johnie lad, . . .	368	Jenny was fair and unkind, . . .	217
Hey, Jenny, comedown to Jock, . . .	175	Jocky fou, and Jenny fain, . . .	395
Hey my kitten, my kitten, . . .	577	Jocky said to Jenny, . . .	62
Hey, tuttie, tatti, . . .	178	Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . . .	589
Highlander's lament, . . .	218	John Anderson my jo, . . .	269
Highland laddie, . . .	481	John, come kiss me now, . . .	315
Highland laddie (new set), . . .	22	John Hay's bonny lassie, . . .	68

	Page.		Page.
John o' Badenyond, . . .	294	Lucky Nancy, . . .	34
Johnny Macgill, . . .	216	Lucy Campbell, . . .	278
Johnny and Mary, . . .	101		
Johnie Armstrang, . . .	367	M.	
Johnie Blunt, . . .	376	M'Gregor of Roro's lament, . . .	181
Johnie Cope, . . .	242	M'Pherson's farewell, . . .	117
Johnny Faa, or the gipsie		Maggy Lauder, . . .	99
laddie, . . .	189	Magie's tocher, . . .	238
Johny's gray breeks, . . .	28	Marquis of Huntly's reel, . . .	209
Jumpin' John, . . .	145	Mary of Castlecary, . . .	454
		Mary Queen of Scots lament, . . .	417
K.		Mary Scot, . . .	74
Kate of Aberdeen, . . .	36	Mary's dream, . . .	38
Katherine Ogie, . . .	171	May-Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen, . . .	36
Katy's answer, . . .	180	May morning, . . .	574
Kellyburnbraes, . . .	392	Merry ha'e I been teethin' a	
Killiecrankie, . . .	303	heckle, . . .	279
Kind Robin loes me, . . .	492	M. Freicedan, . . .	102
		Miss Admiral Gordon's Strath-	
L.		spey, . . .	244
Laddie lye near me, . . .	226	Miss Hamilton's delight, . . .	183
Laddie lye near me (old		Miss Muir, . . .	360
words), . . .	227	Miss Weir, . . .	413
Lady Bothwell's lament, . . .	135	Morag, . . .	150
Lady Mary Ann, . . .	390	Muirland Willie, . . .	380
Lady Randolph's complaint, . . .	352	Musing on the roaring ocean, . . .	187
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now, . . .	253	My ain kind dearie O, . . .	50
Leader haughs and Yarrow . . .	220	My apron dearie, . . .	94
Leander on the bay, . . .	27	My bonny Mary, . . .	240
Leezie Lindsay, . . .	446	My boy Tammy, . . .	518
Leith wynd, . . .	250	My collier laddie, . . .	372
Let me in this ae night, . . .	320	My daddy left me, &c., . . .	542
Let ithers brag weel, . . .	276	My dearie, if thou die, . . .	83
Lewis Gordon, . . .	87	My dear Jockey, . . .	16
Little wat ye wha's coming, . . .	591	My father has forty good shil-	
Lizae Baillie, . . .	469	lings, . . .	465
Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon		My goddess woman, . . .	314
dale, . . .	616	My Harry was a gallant gay, . . .	218
Lochaber, . . .	96	My heart's in the Highlands, . . .	268
Loch Eroch side, . . .	78	My joe Janet, . . .	114
Logan water . . .	42	My lady's gown there's gairs	
Loggan burn, . . .	511	upon't, . . .	573
Logie o' Buchan, . . .	368	My loved Celestia, . . .	160
Lord Breadalbine's march, . . .	279	My love has forsaken me, . . .	159
Lord Ronald my son, . . .	337	My love is lost to me, . . .	264
Lord Thomas and fair Annet, . . .	553	My love she's but a lassie yet, . . .	234
Louis, what reck I by thee, . . .	427	My Mary, dear departed shade, . . .	288
Lovely Davies, . . .	360	My minnie says I manna, . . .	478
Lovely lass of Monorgan, . . .	154	My Nannie, O, . . .	89
Lovely Polly Stewart, . . .	485	My Nannie, O, . . .	600
Love is the cause of my		My Peggy's face, . . .	517
mourning, . . .	111	My tocher's the jewel, . . .	322
Love will find out the way, . . .	157	My wife has ta'en the gee, . . .	422
Low down in the broom, . . .	91	My wife's a wanton wee thing, . . .	226

N.		Page			Page
Nae luck about the house,	615		On the death of Delia's linnet,	408	
Nancy's ghost,	205		On the restoration of the forfeited estates, 1794,	308	
Nancy's to the greenwood gane,	50		O once I loved,	570	
Nelly's dream,	612		Orananaig,	399	
Nithsdale's welcome hame,	375		Oran Gaoil,	282	
No churchman am I,	606		O saw ye my father,	77	
No dominies for me, laddie,	504		Oscar's ghost,	71	
Now bank an' brae,	537		O steer her up and haud her gaun,	520	
Now westlin' winds,	363		O tell me, my bonny, &c.,	558	
O.			O that I had ne'er been married,	613	
O as I was kist yestreen,	330		O turn away those cruel eyes,	604	
O ay, my wife she dang me,	549		Our goodman came hame at e'en,	464	
O Bothwell bank,	529		Out over the Forth, &c.,	434	
O can ye labor lea, young man,	407		O wat ye wha's in yon town,	471	
O can ye sew cushions,	456		O were I on Parnassus' hill,	264	
O cherub content,	526		P.		
O dear mother what shall I do,	245		Patie's wedding,	396	
O dear! what can the matter be,	510		Peas strae,	316	
O'er Bogie,	175		Peggy, in devotion,	419	
O'er the hills and far away,	62		Peggy, I must love thee,	3	
O'er the moor to Maggy,	56		Pinky house,	57	
O'er the muir amang the heather,	338		Polwart on the green,	191	
O'er the water to Charlie,	195		Powers celestial, whose pro- tion,	473	
O fare ye weel, my auld wife,	365		Prælium Gillicrankianum,	105	
O for ane and twenty, Tam,	366		Put the gown upon the bishop,	462	
O gin I were fairly shot of her,	576		R.		
O gin my love were yon red rose,	614		Rattlin' roarin' Willie,	202	
O gin ye were dead, gudeman,	421		Raving winds around her blowing,	181	
O gude ale comes, &c.,	561		Rinn m'eudail mo mhealladh,	359	
O heard ye e'er of a silly blind harper,	598		Red gleams the sun,	519	
Oh ono chrio,	90		Return hameward,	572	
Oh open the door, Lord Gregory,	5		Robie donna gorach,	305	
O Kenmure's on and awa' Willie,	370		Robin shure in hairst,	562	
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,	585		Rock and a wee pickle tow,	450	
O laddie, I maun lo'e thee,	320		Rory Dall's port,	358	
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,	593		Roslin castle,	9	
O leave novels, &c.,	592		Row saftly, thou stream,	524	
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,	617		Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,	352	
O Mary turns awa',	560		Ruffian's rant,	164	
O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,	605		S.		
O May, thy morn,	477		Sae far awa',	461	
O mither dear,	133		Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,	60	
On a bank of flowers,	232		Sandy and Jockie,	292	
On a rock by seas surrounded,	107		Sandie o'er the lee,	283	
On hearing a young lady sing,	453		Sawnie's pipe,	214	

	Page		Page
Saw ye Johnnie cummin', quo'		The banks of the Devon,	165
she,	10	The banks of the Tweed,	6
Saw ye nae my Peggy,	12	The battle of Harlaw,	528
Saw ye the Thane,	594	The battle of Sherra Muir,	290
Scenes of woe and pleasure,	533	The beds of sweet roses,	8
Scots queen,	198	The birks of Aberfeldy, . . .	115
Scots Jenny,	217	The birks of Abergeldie,	115
Scroggam,	558	The birks of Invermay,	73
Sensibility, how charming,	339	The black eagle,	237
Seventh of November,	233	The blathrie o't,	34
She rose and let me in,	84	The blue bells of Scotland,	566
She says she lo'es me best of a',	458	The blue-eyed lassie,	304
She's fair and fause,	411	The blythsome bridal,	58
Sic a wife as Willie had,	389	The boatie rows (1st sett),	438
Since robb'd of all that charm'd		The boatie rows (2d sett),	438
my views,	183	The boatie rows (3d sett),	438
Sir John Malcolm,	468	The bonie banks of Ayr,	293
Sir Patrick Spence,	496	The boniest lass in a' the world,	111
Sleepy body,	404	The bonny brucket lassie,	69
Song of Selma,	123	The bonny Earl of Murray,	185
Song of Selma,	265	The bonny grey-eyed morn,	80
Stay, my charmer, can you		The bonie lad that's far awa',	328
leave me?	135	The bonie lass made the bed	
Stern winter has left us,	544	to me,	460
Stern winter has left us (2d		The bonny Scotsman,	13
sett),	545	The bonny wee thing,	351
St Kilda Song,	250	The braes o' Ballochmyle,	285
Strathallan's lament,	138	The breast knots,	222
Strephon and Lydia,	107	The brisk young lad,	228
Such a parcel of rogues in a		The bridal o't,	278
nation,	391	The broom blooms bonie,	474
Sure, my Jean,	587	The broom of Cowdenknows,	70
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach		The bush aboon Traquair,	81
came,	85	The butcher boy,	314
Sweetest May,	578	The Campbells are comin',	309
T.		The captain's lady,	242
Tak your auld cloak about ye,	258	The captive riband,	266
Talk not of love, it gives me		The cardin' o't,	449
pain,	194	The carle he came o'er the	
Tam Glen,	306	craft,	141
Tam Lin,	423	The carlin of the glen,	433
Tarry woo,	45	The cherry and the slae,	478
Tell me, Jessie, tell me why,	618	The collier's bony lassie,	48
The auld goodman,	328	The cooper o' Cuddy,	442
The auld man,	429	The day returns, my bosom	
The auld man's mare's dead,	500	burns,	233
The auld wife ayont the fire,	446	The deil's awa' wi' th' excise-	
The auld yellow-haired laddie,	128	man,	412
The banks o' Doon,	387	The deucks dang o'er my	
The banks of Forth,	76	daddie,	409
The banks of Helicon,	478	The Duke of Gordon has three	
The banks of Nith,	305	daughters,	431
The banks of the Dee,	532	The Dumfries volunteers,	565
		The ewie wi' the crooked horn,	302

	Page		Page
The flowers of Edinburgh,	14	The Queen o' the Lothians	
The flowers of the Forest,	64	cam cruisin' to Fife,	539
The gaberlunzie man,	234	The rain rins down,	602
The gallant weaver,	403	The rantin dog the daddie o't,	286
The gardener wi' his paidle,	229	The rantin laddie,	474
The gentle swain,	28	The reel o' Stumpie,	470
The glancing of her apron,	457	There grows a bonie brier	
The Gordons has the guiding		bush,	508
o't,	107	There'll never be peace till	
The happy marriage,	20	Jamie comes hame,	326
The haws of Cromdale,	502	There's a youth in this city,	266
The Highland balou,	486	There's my thumb, I'll ne'er	
The Highland character,	218	beguile you,	66
The Highland king,	ib.	There's nae luck about the	
The Highland laddie,	22	house,	44
The Highland lassie O,	121	There's news, lasses, news,	609
The Highland queen,	1	There's three gude fellows	
The Highland widow's lament,	514	ayont yon glen,	454
The Highlander's lament,	608	There was a bonie lass,	606
The humble beggar,	435	There was a silly shepherd	
The jolly beggar,	274	swain,	490
The joyful widower,	99	There was a wee bit wiffikie,	506
The lass of Ecclefechan,	442	The rinaway bride,	488
The lass of Livingston,	18	The rowin't in her apron,	437
The lass of Peaty's mill,	21	The Scots recluse,	214
The lass that winna sit down,	476	The shepherd Adonis,	167
The last time I came o'er the		The shepherd's preference,	286
moor,	19	The shepherd's wife,	372
The lazy mist,	241	The siller crown,	249
The linkin laddie,	246	The slave's lament,	398
The lovely lass of Inverness,	414	The soger laddie,	334
The lover's address to a rose-		The song of death,	399
bud,	254	The souters o' Selkirk,	450
The lowlands of Holland,	118	The sun in the west,	557
The maid's complaint,	115	The taylor,	505
The maid gaed to the mill,	494	The taylor fell thro' the bed,	221
The maid in bedlam,	46	The tears I shed,	350
The maid in bedlam,	47	The tears of Scotland,	147
The maid of Selma,	119	The tither morn,	355
The maid's complaint,	115	The toast,	12
The maid that tends the goats,	40	The turnimspike,	24
The maltman,	445	The vain pursuit,	344
The miller,	129	The wae fu' heart,	252
The mill, mill, O,	250	The wauking of the fauld,	88
The moudiewort,	366	The weary pund o' tow,	362
The mucking o' Geordie's byre,	97	The wedding-day,	151
The northern lass,	122	The wee thing,	454
Then guidwife count the law-		The wee wee man,	382
in,	323	The whistle,	324
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,	114	The white cockade,	281
The ploughman,	173	The winter it is past,	268
The poor pedlar,	582	The winter of life,	501
The poor thresher,	384	The wren, or Lennox's love	
The posie,	386	to Blantyre,	497

	Page		Page
The wren's nest, . . .	419	What will I do gin my hoggie	
The yellow-hair'd laddie, . . .	127	die, . . .	139
The young Highland rover, . . .	150	When absent from the nymph	
The young laird and Edin-		I love, . . .	54
burgh Katie, . . .	179	When Guilford good our pilot	
The young man's dream, . . .	131	stood, . . .	102
This is no mine ain house, . . .	225	When I gaed to the mill, . . .	521
Tho' for seven years, . . .	522	When I think on my lad, . . .	570
Thou art gane awa', . . .	348	When I upon thy bosom lean, . . .	214
Thou art gane awa' (new sett), . . .	348	When she cam ben she bobbed, . . .	364
Thro' the wood laddie, . . .	161	When the days they are lang, . . .	530
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, . . .	548	Where braving angry winter's	
Tibbie Dunbar, . . .	216	storms, . . .	203
Tibbie Fowler, . . .	452	Where Helen lies, . . .	163
Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day, . . .	203	Where wad bonie Annie lie, . . .	335
'Tis nae very lang sinsyne, . . .	569	Where winding Forth adorns	
To a blackbird, . . .	198	the vale, . . .	149
To daunton me, . . .	190	While hopeless, &c., . . .	406
Todlin hame, . . .	284	Whistle an' I'll come to you,	
To the rosebud, . . .	340	my lad, . . .	109
To the weaver's gin ye go, . . .	106	Whistle o'er the lave o't, . . .	258
Tranent muir, . . .	103	Why hangs that cloud? . . .	143
Tullochgorum, . . .	298	Widow, are ye waking? . . .	444
Tune your fiddles, . . .	209	William and Margaret, . . .	554
'Twas at the shining mid-day		William's ghost, . . .	374
hour, . . .	534	Willie brewed a peck o' maut, . . .	301
Tweedside, . . .	37	Willy's rare and Willy's fair, . . .	542
Twine weel the plaiden, . . .	32	Willy was a wanton wag, . . .	144
		Will ye go and marry, Katie, . . .	472
U.		Wilt thou be my dearie, . . .	484
Up and warn a', Willie, . . .	195	Within a mile of Edinburgh	
Up in the morning early, . . .	147	town, . . .	49
		Woe's my heart that we should	
W.		sunder, . . .	137
Wae is my heart, . . .	490	Woo'd and married and a', . . .	10
Waly, waly, . . .	166		
Waly, waly (a different sett), . . .	458	Y.	
Wantonness for ever mair, . . .	435	Ye gods, was Strephon's pic-	
Wap at the widow, my laddie, . . .	130	ture blest, . . .	182
Water parted from the sea, . . .	39	Ye Jacobites by name, . . .	383
Wee Willie Gray, . . .	530	Ye Muses nine, O lend your	
We'll put the sheephead in		aid, . . .	611
the pat, . . .	493	Ye're welcome, Charlie Stew-	
Were na my heart light, I wad		art, . . .	485
die, . . .	126	Yon wild mossy mountains, . . .	340
Wha is that at my bower door, . . .	347	You ask me, charming fair, . . .	584
Wha wadna be in love, . . .	562	Young Damon, . . .	186
Whar Esk its silver streams, . . .	522	Young Jamie, pride of a' the	
What ails the lasses at me, . . .	556	plain, . . .	433
What can a young lassie do wi'		Young Jockey was the blythest	
an auld man, . . .	327	lad, . . .	297
What's that to you, . . .	590	Young Philander, . . .	230

INDEX

OF THE

MUSICAL AIRS INSERTED IN THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page		Page
A.		I.	
ANCIENT AIR,	130	I kist her while she blusht,	139
A Port,	*376	In January last,	396
A Scottish march,	391	I wish that ye were dead,	366
Auld langsyne,	375	gudeman,	366
Auld Robin Gray,	233		
Ay wakin', oh!	206	J.	
		Jean Lindsay's port,	*377
B.		Joan's placket,	129
Battle of Harlaw,	447	Jockie's fow, and Jenny's fain,	282
Bruce's address to his army,	495	Johnie Armstrang,	336
		Jumpin Joan,	129
C.		L.	
Cold and Raw,	132	Logie of Buchan,	337
Come kiss with me,	325	Long berdes hertheles,	166
		Love will find out the way,	140
D.		M.	
Donald Couper,	316	May her blest example chace,	132
F.		My dearie, an' thou die,	86
Fair Helen of Kirkconnell,	143		
G.		O.	
Green grows the rashes,	*138	O dear minny, what shall I	223
		do?	223
H.		Oh Nancy, wilt thou go with	30
Hap me with thy petticoat,	130	me,	256
Hardie Knute,	268	Oran Gaoil,	140
Haud awa' from me, Donald,	318	Over the mountains,	140
Here's a health to him that's	371		
awa',	163	P.	
Hey, now the day dawis,	495	Ports (Highland),	*371
Hey, now the day dawis,	495		
(2d sett),	410	R.	
Highland laddie,	410	Rory Dall's Port,	*371

	Page		Page
S.		The Jew's dochter, .	503
Sandie o'er the lea, .	257	The ploughman's whistle, .	158
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace		The rain rins down, .	503
bled,	495	The souters of Selkirk, .	390
Skirving's lament, . .	*194	This is no mine ain house,	210
		Tune your fiddles, . .	190
T.			
The auld Highland laddie, .	410	W.	
The auld Jew, . . .	254	Who is at my window? .	498
The banks of Helicon, .	408	Willie and Annet, . .	395
The day dawis, . . .	163		
The day dawis, (2d sett),	495	Y.	
The day dawis, (3d sett),	*534	Young Philander, . .	214
The flowers of the Forest,	*403		

INDEX

OF THE

FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS IN THE MUSICAL MUSEUM.

	Page		Page
ABOUT ane bank with balmy bewis,	478	Altho' my back be at the wa',	494
A cock laird fu' cadgie,	155	Amidst a rosy bank of flowers,	186
A cogie of ale and a pickle ait meal,	564	Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,	515
Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu,	620	And are ye sure the news is true?	44
Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide	64	And a' that e'er my Jenny had,	512
Ae day a braw wooer,	538	And gin ye meet a bonny lassie,	17
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,	358	And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,	56
A friend o' mine came here yestreen,	422	And ye shall walk in silk attire	249
Aften hae I play'd at the cards and the dice,	474	An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-side,	580
Ah! Chloris could I now but sit,	67	An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,	201
Ah, Mary, sweetest maid, farewell,	546	Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,	547
Ah! sure a pair was never seen,	23	A nobleman lived in a village of late,	384
Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,	158	An' O for ane and twenty Tam,	366
Ah! why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,	270	An' O my Eppie,	290
A laddie and a lassie,	488	An thou were my ain thing,	2
A lass that was laden'd with care,	60	Argyll is my name,	578
All hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,	340	A rose bud by my early walk,	197
Allan by his grief excited,	125	As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,	47
All lovely on the sultry beach,	107	As from a rock past all relief,	3
Altho' I be but a country lass,	356	As I came by Loch Erroch's side,	78
		As I came down by yon castle wa',	336
		As I came in by Auchindown,	502
		As I came o'er the Cairny mount,	480

	Page		Page
As I lay on my bed on a night,	601	Behind yon hills where riv'lets	
As I stood by yon roofless		row,	600
tower,	418	Beneath a green shade, a	
As I was a-walking all alone,	382	lovely young swain,	93
As I was a-walking one morn-		Beneath a green shade I fand	
ing in May,	8	a fair maid,	250
As I was a-wandering ae		Bessie's beauties shine sae	
midsummer e'enin,	359	bright,	31
As I was walking by yon river		Betty, early gone a-maying,	66
side,	566	Blest are the mortals above	
As I went o'er the Highland		all,	453
hills,	525	Blest as the immortal gods	
As I went out, ae May morn-		is he,	41
ing,	340	Blythe, blythe and merry was	
As I went over yon meadow,	97	she,	187
As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe		Blythe Jocky, young and gay,	30
his way,	15	Blythe young Bess to Jean	
As late by a sodger I chanced		did say,	4
to pass,	277	Bonny lassie, will ye go,	115
As o'er the Highland hills I		Bonny lassie, will ye go,	116
hied,	308	Bonie wee thing, canie wee	
A soldier for gallant achieve-		thing,	351
ments renoun'd,	608	Braw, braw lads o' Gala	
As on an eminence I stood a-		water,	131
musing,	282	Bright the moon aboon yon	
As on the banks of Tweed I		mountain,	612
lay reclined,	6	Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny	
A Southland Jenny that was		bride,	65
right bonie,	318	But lately seen in gladsome	
As over Glasmuir's blood-		green,	501
stain'd field,	210	By a murmuring stream a fair	
As Patie cam up frae the		shepherdess lay,	111
glen,	396	By Pinky House oft let me	
As Philermon and Phillis to-		walk,	57
gether did walk,	162	By smooth winding Tay,	68
As Sylvia in a forest lay,	441	By the delicious warmth of	
As walking forth to view the		thy mouth,	262
plain,	171	By the stream so cool and	
As walking forth to view the		clear,	250
spring,	526	By yon castle wa' at the close	
A' the lads o' Thornie bank,	164	of the day,	326
At Polwarth on the green,	191		
Auld Rob Morris that wins		C.	
in yon glen,	200	Carl an the king come,	248
Auld Rob the laird o' muckle		Ca' the yowes to the knowes,	273
land,	420	Cauld blaws the wind frae	
Awa, Whigs, awa',	272	east to west,	147
Ay waking O, waking ay		Cauld is the e'enin blast,	603
and wearie,	396	Cease, cease my dear friend	
		to explore,	254
B.		Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle,	568
Balow, my boy, lie still and		Clarinda, mistress of my soul,	206
sleep,	135	Come boat me o'er, come row	
Bannocks o' bear meal,	489	me o'er,	195

	Page		Page
Come, follow, follow, . . .	552	Frae Dunidier as I cam	
Come, fy! let us a' to the		through, . . .	528
wedding, . . .	58	Frae the friends and land I	
Come, gies a sang, Montgom-		love, . . .	312
ery cried, . . .	298	From Roslin castle's echoing	
Come, here's to the nymph		walls, . . .	9
that I love, . . .	354	Fu' fain wad I be Jamie's lass,	478
Comin thro' the craigs o'			
Kyle, . . .	338	G.	
Comin thro' the rye, poor		Gane is the day and mirk's	
body, . . .	430	the night, . . .	323
Come, let's hae mair wine in,	12	Gat ye me, O gat ye me,	442
Come under my plaiddy, . .	550	Gently blaw, ye eastern	
Could aught of song declare		breezes, . . .	581
my pain, . . .	509	Gie me a lass wi' a lump o'	
D.		land, . . .	177
Dear Myra, the captive rib-		Gill Morice was an earle's son,	212
and's mine, . . .	266	Gin a body meet a body, . .	431
Dear Roger, if your Jenny		Gin I had a wee house, and a	
geck, . . .	17	canty wee fire, . . .	98
Deil tak the wars that hurried		Gin living worth could win	
Willy frae me, . . .	270	my heart, . . .	252
Does haughty Gaul invasion		Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,	240
threat, . . .	565	Good morrow, fair mistress,	502
Down the burn, and through		Go on, sweet bird, and soothe	
the mead, . . .	101	my care, . . .	198
Dumbarton drums beat bonie		Go, plaintive sounds, . . .	595
O, . . .	169	Go to Berwick, Johnny, . .	534
F.		Grahamius notabilis coegerat	
Farewell, thou fair day, thou		montanos, . . .	103
green earth, and ye skies,	399	Gudeen to you, kimmer,	540
Farewell to a' our Scottish		H.	
fame, . . .	391	Had I a heart for falsehood	
Farewell to Lochaber, and		fram'd, . . .	47
farewell my Jean, . . .	96	Had I the wyte, had I the	
Farewell, ye dungeons dark		wyte, . . .	427
and strong, . . .	117	Happy's the love which meets	
Farewell, ye fields an' mea-		return, . . .	74
dows green, . . .	597	Hard is the fate of him who	
Fate gave the word, the arrow		loves, . . .	610
sped, . . .	280	Harken and I will tell you	
First when Maggy was my		how, . . .	380
care, . . .	258	Hark! the loud tempest shakes	
Flow gently, sweet Afton, a-		earth to its centre, . . .	226
mong thy green braes, . . .	400	Hark! yonder eagle lonely	
Forbear, gentle youth, to pur-		wails, . . .	237
sue me in vain, . . .	344	Have ye any pots or pans,	536
For ever, fortune, wilt thou		Hear me, ye nymphs, and	
prove, . . .	42	every swain, . . .	81
For lake o' gold she's left		Hee, balou, my sweet wee	
me O, . . .	171	Donald, . . .	486
For weel he kend the way O,	505	Her daddie forbad, her min-	
		nie forbad, . . .	145

	Page		Page
Here awa, there awa, here		I love my jovial sailor,	404
awa, Willie,	58	I married with a scolding wife,	99
Here's a health to them that's		In April when primroses paint	
awa,	425	the sweet plain,	127
Here's to the king, sir,	178	In Brechin did a wabster	
Here's to thy health, my bonie		dwell,	541
lass,	511	In comin' by the brig o' Dye,	164
Hersell be Highland shentle-		In lovely August last,	457
man,	24	In May when the daisies ap-	
He who presum'd to guide		pear on the green,	286
the sun,	115	In Scotland there lived a hum-	
Hey, Donald, how Donald.	344	ble beggar,	435
Hey how, my Johnie lad,	368	In summer when the hay was	
Hey! my kitten, my kitten,	577	maun,	376
Hey the bony, hey the bony,	222	In the hall I lay at night,	119
Hey the dusty miller,	151	In the garb of old Gaul,	218
Hid from himself now by the		In winter when the rain rain'd	
dawn,	260	cauld,	258
How blest has my time been,	20	In yon garden fine and gay,	582
How blythe was I each morn		I sing of a whistle, a whistle of	
to see,	70	worth,	324
How long and dreary is the		It fell about the Martinmas	
night,	183	time,	310
How often my heart has by		It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,	343
love been o'erthrown,	482	It is night, I am alone,	123
How pleasant the banks of the		It's up wi' the souters o' Sel-	
clear winding Devon,	165	kirk,	450
How sweet is the scene at the		It's whisper'd in parlour,	474
dawning o' morning,	586	It was a' for our rightfu'	
How sweet this lone vale,	588	king,	513
How sweetly smells the sim-		It was in and about the Mar-	
mer green,	61	tinmas time,	230
I.			
I am a young bachelor, win-		It was in an evening sae saft	
some,	556	and sae clear,	113
I am my mammy's ae bairn,	110	It was in sweet Senegal,	398
I care na for your een sae		I've been courting at a lass,	316
blue,	619	I who am sore oppress'd with	
I chanced to meet an airy		love,	154
blade,	504	I will awa' wi' my love,	175
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,	449	I winna marry ony man but	
I do confess thou art sae fair,	332	Sandy o'er the lea,	283
I dream'd I lay where flowers		J.	
were springing,	153	Jamie, come try me,	238
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,	304	Jenny's heart was frank and	
I had a horse and I had nae		free,	28
mair,	193	Jockey fou and Jenny fain,	395
I hae a wife o' my ain,	364	Jockey he came here to woo,	175
I hae been at Crookieden,	342	Jockey met with Jenny fair,	62
I hae laid a herring in saft,	253	Jockey said to Jenny,	62
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,	470	Jockey's ta'en the parting	
I lo'e nae a laddie but ane,	276	kiss,	589
		John Anderson, my jo, John,	269

INDEX.

XV

	Page		Page
K.		My love was born in Aber-	
Keen blows the wind o'er		deen,	281
Donocht head,	388	My love was once a bonny lad,	14
		My mithers ay glowran o'er	
L.		me,	180
Landlady, count the lawin',	178	My Patie is a lover gay,	94
Lang hae we parted been,	227	My Peggy is a young thing,	88
Late in an evening forth I		My Peggy's face, my Peggy's	
went,	328	form,	517
Leander on the bay, . .	27	My Sandy gied to me a ring,	213
Leave kindred and friends,		My sheep I've forsaken, . .	94
sweet Betty,	52	My soger laddie is over the sea,	334
Let ithers brag weel o' their		My wife's a wanton wee thing,	226
gear,	276	Musing on the roaring ocean,	187
Little wat ye wha's coming,	591		
Lived ance two lovers in yon		N.	
dale,	616	Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er	
Look where my dear Hamilla		so fair,	121
smiles,	111	No churchman am I for to	
Lord Thomas and fair Annet,	553	rail and to write,	606
Loud blaw the frosty breezes,	150	No more my song shall be, ye	
Louis, what reck I by thee,	427	swains,	1
Love never more shall give		No repose can I discover, .	131
me pain,	83	Now bank and brae are	
Love's goddess in a myrtle		claith'd in green,	537
grove,	55	Now smiling Spring again	
		appears,	28
M.		Now Nature hangs her	
Mourn, hapless Caledonia,		mantle green,	417
mourn,	147	Now wat ye wha I met ye-	
My bonny Lizie Baillie,	469	streen,	179
My daddy is a canker'd carle,	91	Now westlin winds and	
My daddy left me gear enough,	542	slaughterin' guns, . . .	363
My dear and only love, I pray,	464		
My father has forty good		O.	
shillings,	465	O all ye laves and groves la-	
My Harry was a gallant gay,	218	ment,	408
My heart is a breaking, dear		O an ye war dead gudeman,	421
titty,	306	O as I was kist yestreen, .	330
My heart is sair, I dare na tell,	448	O ay my wife she dang me,	549
My heart's in the Highlands,	268	O Bell, thy looks have kill'd	
My heart was ance as blythe		my heart,	146
and free,	106	O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,	134
My hero, my hero, my beau-		O Bothwell bank, thou bloom-	
teous, my brave,	352	est fair,	529
My Jeany and I have toil'd,	590	O cam ye here the fight to	
My Jockey is the blithest lad,	25	shun,	290
My laddie is gane far away		O can ye labor lea, young man,	407
o'er the plain,	16	O can ye sew cushions, . .	456
My lady's gown there's gairs		O cherub content,	526
upon't,	573	O dear minnie what shall I do,	245
My loved Celestia is so fair,	160	O dear Peggy, love's beguil-	
My love has forsaken me,	159	ing,	245
My love she's but a lassie yet,	234	O dear! what can the matter be,	510

	Page		Page
O dinna think, bonnie lassie,	574	O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,	605
O fare ye weel, my auld wife,	365	O May, thy morn was ne'er	
Of a' the airts the wind can		sae sweet,	477
blaw,	244	O meikle thinks my love o'	
O for my ain king, quo' gude		my beauty,	322
Wallace,	498	O merry hae I been teethen a	
O gae to the kye wi' me,		heckle,	279
Johnie,	142	O merry may the maid be,	129
O Galloway Tam cam here		O mighty Nature's handy-	
to woo,	336	work,	314
O gin I were fairly shot o' her,	576	O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,	133
O gin my love were yon red		O Molly, Molly, my dear	
rose,	614	honey,	132
O gude ale comes,	561	O mount and go,	242
O heard ye of a silly Harper,	598	O my love's like a red, red	
Oh! I am come to the low		rose,	415
countrie,	514	On a bank of flowers in a sum-	
Oh open the door, Lord Gre-		mer day,	232
gory,	5	O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi'	
O how can I be blythe and		me,	33
glad,	328	On a rock by seas surround-	
O how shall I unskilfu' try,	360	ed,	107
Oh! send Lewis Gordonhame,	87	One day I heard Mary say,	92
Oh was not I a weary wight,	90	One morning very early, one	
O I forbid you, maidens a',	423	morning in the Spring,	46
O I hae lost my silken snood,	32	One night as young Colin lay	
O John, come kiss me now,	315	musin' in bed,	151
O keep ye weel frae Sir John		One night I dream'd I lay	
Malcolm,	468	most easy,	131
O Kenmure's on an' awa',		On Etrick banks ae summer's	
Willie,	370	night,	82
O ken ye what Meg o' the		O once I lov'd a bonnie lass,	570
mill has gotten,	585	O sad and heavy should I	
O ladie, I maun lo'e thee,	320	part,	461
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er		O Sandy, why leaves thou thy	
the castle wa',	390	Nelly to mourn,	161
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,	593	O saw ye Jenny Nettles,	53
O leave novels, ye Mauchlin		O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie	
belles,	592	M'Nab,	346
O leeze me on my spinning		O saw ye my father,	77
wheel,	371	O see that form that faintly	
O let me in this ae night,	320	gleams,	71
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie		O steer her up and had her	
the laird,	368	gaun,	520
O lovely maid, how dear's		O tell me, my bonny young	
thy power,	42	lassie,	558
O lovely Polly Stewart,	485	O that I had ne'er been mar-	
O love, thou delights in man's		ried,	613
ruin,	413	O that I were where Helen	
O luve will venture,	386	lies,	163
O Mally's meek, Mally's		O this is no my ain house,	225
sweet,	617	O turn away those cruel eyes,	604
O Mary, turn awa that bonny		Our auld King Coul was a	
face,	560	jolly auld soul,	486

	Page		Page
Our goodman came hame at e'en,	466	Return hameward my heart again,	572
Our lords are to the moun- tains gane,	312	Robin is my only joe,	492
Our young lady's a-hunting gane,	437	Robin shure in hairst,	562
Out over the Forth, I look to the North,	434	Row safly thou stream,	524
O waly, waly, up yon bank,	166	Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,	352
O waly, waly, up yon bank,	458		
O wat ye wha's in yon town,	471	S	
O weel may the boatie row,	438	Sae flaxen were her ringlets,	458
O were I able to rehearse,	302	Saw ye Johnnie cummin' quo' she,	10
O were I on Parnassus' hill,	264	Saw ye my wee' thing,	454
O wha my babie clouts will buy,	286	Saw ye nae my Peggy,	12
O whar did ye get that hauver meal bannock,	100	Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride,	594
O what had I ado for to marry,	199	Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,	533
O when she cam ben she bob- bit,	364	Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,	596
O where and O where does your Highland laddie dwell,	566	Se do mhollla mhollla mhollla,	274
O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald my son,	337	Sensibility how charming,	339
O where wad bonnie Annie lie,	335	She's fair and fause that caus'd my smart,	411
O whistle, an' I'll cometo you my lad,	109	She sat down below a thorn,	331
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,	301	She took me in and set me down,	188
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar,	216	Should auld acquaintance be forgot,	26
		Should auld acquaintance be forgot,	426
P.		Simmer's a pleasant time,	222
Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,	18	Since all thy vows, false maid,	207
Peggy, now the king's come,	248	Since robb'd of all that charm'd my view,	184
Powers celestial, whose pro- tection,	473	Sir John Cope trode the north right far,	242
Put the gown upon the bishop,	462	Sleepy body, drousy body,	404
		Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,	516
Q.		Some spieks of lords, some spieks of lairds,	367
Quite over the mountains,	157	Speak on, speak thus and still my grief,	137
		Stately stept he east the wa',	289
R.		Stay my charmer, can you leave me,	135
Rattlin, roarin Willie,	202	Stern winter has left us,	544
Raving winds around her blowing,	181	Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,	263
Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,	519	Sure my Jean is beauty's blos- som,	587
		Sweet Annie frae the sea- beach came,	85

	Page		Page
Sweet closes the evening on		The last time I came o'er the	
Craigieburn wood, . . .	311	moor, . . .	19
Sweetest May, let love inspire		The Lawland lads think they	
thee, . . .	578	are fine, . . .	22
Sweet nursling of the tears of		The Lawland maids gang	
morning, . . .	254	trig and fine, . . .	23
Sweet nymph of my devo-		The lazy mist hangs from the	
tion, . . .	419	brow of the hill, . . .	241
Sweet sir, for your courtesie,	114	The love that I hae chosen, . .	118
T.		The lovely lass of Inverness, .	414
Talk not of love, it gives me		The maid's gane to the mill	
pain, . . .	194	by night, . . .	494
Tarry woo, O tarry woo, . .	45	The maltman comes on Mon-	
Tell me Jessy, tell me, . .	618	onday, . . .	445
The auld man he came over		The meal was dear short	
the lea, . . .	439	syne, . . .	238
The auld man's mare's dead, .	500	The moon had climb'd the	
The auld wife beyond the fire,	446	highest hill, . . .	38
The blude red rose at Yule		The morn was fair, saft was	
may blaw, . . .	190	the air, . . .	220
The bonniest lad that e'er I		The night her silent sable	
saw, . . .	484	wore, . . .	84
The bonny brucket lassie, . .	69	The night is my departing	
The bonny grey-eyed morn-		night, . . .	620
ing, . . .	80	The noble Maxwells and	
The bride camout of the byre, .	10	their powers, . . .	375
The Campbells are comin', .	309	The nymphs and shepherds	
The carl he cam o'er the		are met on the green, . .	574
craft, . . .	141	The ploughman he's a bonie	
The Catrine woods were yel-		lad, . . .	173
low seen, . . .	285	The queen o' the Lothians	
The Chevalier being void of		cam cruisin to Fife, . .	539
fear, . . .	103	The pawkie auld carl came	
The collier has a daughter, . .	48	over the lea, . . .	234
The country swain that haunts		The rain rins down thro'	
the plain, . . .	316	Merryland toune, . . .	602
The day returns, my bosom		The robin came to the wren's	
burns, . . .	233	nest, . . .	419
The Deil cam fiddlin thro'		There came a ghost to Mar-	
the town, . . .	412	garet's door, . . .	374
The deucks dang o'er my		There came a young man to	
daddy, . . .	409	my daddie's door, . . .	228
The Duke of Gordon has		There grows a bonie brier	
three daughters, . . .	421	bush, . . .	508
The fields were green, the		There lived a carl in Kelly-	
hills were gray, . . .	29	burn braes, . . .	392
The gloomy night is gath'ring		There liv'd a man in yonder	
fast, . . .	293	glen, . . .	376
The gypsies cam to our gude		There liv'd a wife in our gate	
lord's yett, . . .	189	end, . . .	306
The king sits in Dunfermline		There Nancy's to the green-	
toune, . . .	496	wood gane, . . .	50
The lass of Peaty's Mill, . .	21	There's a youth in this city,	
		it were a pity, . . .	266

	Page		Page
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,	170	Thickest night, surround my dwelling,	138
There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennies,	462	Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,	122
There's news, lasses, news, 609		Tho' for seven years and mair,	522
There's nought but care on every hand,	78	Thou art gane awa, thou art gane awa,	348
There's three gude-fellows, 454		Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,	288
There was a battle in the north,	375	Though distant far from Jessy's charms,	72
There was a bonie lass, . . 606		Tho' women's minds like winter winds,	300
There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,	450	Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, 548	
There was ance a may, . . . 126		Thy praise I'll ever celebrate, 274	
There was a jolly beggar, . . 274		Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, . . 452	
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,	156	Tibbie, I hae seen the day, . . 203	
There was a noble lady, . . . 582		'Tis nae very lang sinsyne, . . 569	
There was a silly shepherd swain,	490	To fly like bird from grove to grove,	25
There was a wee bit wiffikie, 506		To me what are riches encumber'd with care,	174
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,	558	Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockey,	292
The shepherd Adonis, 167		'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,	214
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the knowe,	372	'Twas at the shining midday hour,	534
The silver moon's enamour'd beams,	36	'Twas at the silent solemn hour,	554
The smiling morn, the breathing spring,	73	'Twas in that season of the year,	9
The smiling plains profusely gay,	213	'Twas on a Monday morning, 440	
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,	401	'Twas past ane o'clock in a cold frosty morning,	236
The spring time returns, . . 246		'Twas summer and softly the breezes,	532
The sun in the west, 557		'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,	49
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an a',	221	Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,	208
The tears I shed must ever fall,	350	Turn again, thou fair Eliza, . . 378	
The Thames flows proudly, . . 305			
The tither morn when I forlorn,	355	U.	
The weary pund, the weary pund,	362	Ullin, Carril and Ryno, . . . 265	
The widow can bake, 130		Up amang yon cliffy rocks, . . . 40	
The winter it is past, 208		Up and warn a' Willie, 195	
The wren scho lyes in care's bed,	497	Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . . 405	
The yellow hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,	128		
They say that Jocky'll speed weel o't,	278	W.	
		Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e,	490

	Page		Page
Waes me that e'er I made		When I gaed to the mill my	
your bed,	246	lane,	521
Wantonness for ever mair,	435	When I have asixpence under	
Wap and row, wap and row,	470	my thumb,	284
Water parted from the sea,	39	When I think on my lad,	570
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray,	168	When I think on this warld's	
Wee Willie Gray,	530	pelf,	34
We'll hide the cooper behind		When I upon thy bosom lean,	214
the door,	442	When I was a young lad my	
Well, I agree, ye're sure o' me,	176	fortune was bad,	332
We'll put the sheep-head in		When Januar wind was blow-	
the pat,	493	ing,	460
Were I assured you'd constant		When merry hearts were gay,	261
prove,	257	When rosy May comes in wi'	
Wha is that at my chamber		flowers,	229
door,	444	When summer comes, the	
Whare are ye gaun my bony		swains on Tweed,	71
lass,	298	When the days they are	
Whare Esk its silver current		lang,	530
leads,	522	When the sheep are in the	
Whare hae ye been sae braw,		fauld,	256
lad,	302	When trees did bud, and	
Whare live ye, my bonie lass,	372	fields were green,	75
Whar hae ye been a' day, my		When west winds did blow,	217
boy Tammy,	518	Where braving angry win-	
Wha's that at my bower door,	347	ter's storms,	203
What beauties does Flora dis-		Where Cart rins rowin to the	
close,	37	sea,	403
What can a young lassie,	327	Wherefore sighing art thou	
What numbers shall the		Phillis,	473
Muse repeat,	43	Where waving pines salute	
What think ye o' the scorn-		the skies,	205
fu' quine,	476	Where winding Forth adorns	
What will I do gin my hog-		the vale,	149
gie die,	139	While fops in saft Italian	
What words, dear Nancy, will		verse,	34
prevail,	140	While hopeless and almost	
Wha wadna be in love wi'		reduced to despair,	406
bonny Maggy Lauder,	562	While some for pleasure	
When absent from the nymph		pawn their health,	89
I love,	54	Why hangs that cloud upon	
When, dear Evanthe, we were		thy brow,	143
young,	394	Willie was a wanton wag,	144
When first I came to be a		Willie Wastle dwalt on	
man,	294	Tweed,	389
When first my brave Johnie		Wilt thou be my dearie,	484
lad,	319	Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig,	50
When first my dear laddie		Will ye go and marry, Katie,	472
gaed to the green hill,	128	Will ye go to the ewe-bughts,	
When Frennet castle's ivy'd		Marion,	86
wall,	296	Will ye go to the Highlands,	
When Guilford good our pilot		Leezie Lindsay,	446
stood,	102	Willy's rare and Willy's fair,	542

	Page		Page
With broken words and		Ye rivers so limpid and clear,	191
downcast eyes, . . .	137	Ye sylvan pow'rs that rule	
		the plain, . . .	76
Y		Ye watchful guardians of the	
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie		Fair, . . .	302
Down, . . .	387	Yon wild mossy mountains,	340
Ye gales that gently wave the		You ask me, charming fair,	584
sea, . . .	13	Young Jamie pride of a' the	
Ye gallants bright I red you		plain, . . .	433
right, . . .	224	Young Jackie was the blyth-	
Ye gods was Strephon's pic-		est lad, . . .	297
ture blest, . . .	182	Young Peggy blooms our	
Ye Highlands and ye Law-		boniest lass, . . .	79
lands, . . .	185	Young Philander woo'd me	
Ye Jacobites by name give an		lang, . . .	230
ear, . . .	383	You sing of our goodman frae	
Ye Muses nine, O lend your		hame, . . .	614
aid, . . .	1		
Ye Muses nine, O lend your			
aid, . . .	611		

INDEX

OF THE

FIRST LINES OF SONGS OR POEMS, INSERTED IN THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page		Page
A.		Bonny Peggy Ramsay,	504
A cock laird fu' cadgie, . .	137	Born with too much fickle-	
Ae day a braw wooer came		ness, &c.	*401
down the lang glen, . .	461	Born with too much sensibili-	
Ae simmer night, on Logan		ty, &c.	*400
braes,	42	Braw, braw lads of Gala	
Ah! my love! leif me not, . .	93	Water,	121
Alas, my son, you little know, 101		Bra', bra' lads o' Gala Wa-	
All health be round Balcarras'		ter,	*408
board,	*128	But are ye sure the news is	
And from home I wou'd be, *387		true,	*117
As I came in by Fisherrow, . .	122	By Logan's streams that rin	
As I stood by yon roofless		sae deep,	42
tower,	363		
As I went forth to view the		C.	
plain,	152	Can I cease to care?	207
As Sylvia in a forest lay, . .	58	Canst thou leave me thus,	
As the gentle turtle-dove, . .	55	my Katy?	145
Astrea, why so pale and sad, *119		Ca' the yowes to the knowes, .	248
At gloamin, if my lane I be, . .	53	Cauld kale in Aberdeen, . .	150
At setting day and rising		Come all ye souls devoid of	
morn,	433	art,	424
Awake, my love, with genial		Come, gie's a sang, Mont-	
ray,	80	gomery cry'd,	283
		Come, take your glass, the	
B.		northern lass,	118
Balow, my boy, lie still and		Cope sent a challenge frae	
sleep,	124	Dunbar,	220
Behind yon hills where Lugar			
flows,	91	D.	
Behold, my love, how green		Dead as a door-nail,	*146
the groves,	79	Dear Oswald, could my verse	
Be lordly, lassie, be lordly, . .	504	as smoothly flow,	*406
Blink o'er the burn, sweet		Declare, ye banks of Helicon, 408	
Betty,	55		

	Page		Page
Did ever swain a nymph adore,	*447	Here awa, there awa, wan- dering Willie,	60
Donald Couper and his man,	316	Here is the glen, and here the bower,	14
Down in yon meadow a cou- ple did tarrie,	181	Here's a health to him that's away,	371
Duncan Gray cam here to woo,	148	Here's a health to them that's awa,	372
Dusty was his coat,	*207	Hey for bobbing John,	474
E.		Hey, now the day dawis,	163
Every day my wife tells me,	305	Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,	422
Ewie wi' the crooked horn,	*412	Hoo are ye kimmer,	*315
F.		How can I be sad on my wedding day,	136
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	354	How happy is the rural clown,	237
Father, she said, you have done me wrang,	*388	Husband, husband, cease your strife,	112
Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,	491	I.	
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,	303	Ianthe lovely, the joy of her swain,	108
Frae Dunideir as I cam through,	447	I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,	309
From the chase in the moun- tain,	170	I feed a lad at Roodmass,	358
G.		If those who live in shep- herds' bowers,	79
Gil Morice was an erle's son,	193	If thou'lt play me fair play,	413
Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,	16	I ha'e a cow, I ha'e a calf,	*412
Go, go, go—Go to Berwick, Johnny,	459	I hae a wife o' my ain,	326
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a',	512	I hae layen three herring in saut,	229
Great William of Nassau, who saved us from Rome,	13	I'll clip, quo' she, yere lang grey wing,	81
H.		I'll gang nae mair to yon town,	403
Had I the power as I've the will,	415	I'll hap ye wi' my petticoat,	130
Had we never loved sae kindly,	*370	I'll rowe thee o'er the lea rig,	53
Hame, hame, hame, &c.	*386	I'm o'er young to marry yet,	110
Hark! now the drums beat up again,	64	I'm wearing awa, Jean,	168
Hark! the mavis' evening sang,	249	In figure, in feature, and powers of mind,	*196
Harmonious pipe, how I en- vye thy bliss,	*202	In January last,	396
Have you any laws to mend,	*402	I saw three ladies fair,	369
He courted her kindly,	*452	I see a form, I see a face,	209
Hee, balow, my sweet wee Donald,	417	It fell about the month of June,	*300
Her daddy forbad, her minny forbad,	*207	I've heard them liltin' at the ewe-milking,	67
		I've heard them liltin',	*146
		I've seen the smiling of for- tune beguiling,	66
		I was born near four miles, &c.	*316

	Page		Page
I will awa' wi' my luve,	162	My wife's a wanton wee	
I will away,	219	thing,	211
I wish I were where Helen		My wife's a winsome wee	
lies,	143	thing,	211
I wish I war where Eelin			
lies,	*210		
I met four chaps yon birks		N.	
amaug,	435	Nancy's to the Assembly	
It was in and about the Mar-		gone,	*124
tinmas,	*451	No wonder that Apollo left,	*134
I wish that you were dead,			
goodman,	366	O.	
		O Brother Sandie, hear ye	
J.		the news?	12
Joan, quod John, when wyll		O dear, minny, what shall I	
this be?	228	do?	223
Jockey's fou, and Jenny's		O fair maid, &c.,	*526
fain,	282	O far-famed Rab! my silly	
John Anderson, my jo, cum		muse,	*294
in as ye gae by,	243	O gin my love were yon red	
John, come kiss me now,	298	rose,	507
		Oh, Nancy, wilt thou go with	
K.		with me,	30
Ken ye wha supped Bessy's		O ken ye what Meg o' the	
haggies?	28	mill has gotten?	489
King, Lords and Commons, *	193	O let us swim in blood of	
		grapes,	169
L.		O Logan, sweetly didst thou	
Last May a braw wooer cam		glide,	43
doun the lang glen,	462	O Logie of Buchan, O Logie	
Listen here awhile, a story I		the laird,	337
will tell,	*384	O lassie, art thou sleeping	
Lived ance twa luvvers in yon		yet?	302
dale,	395	O my bonnie, bonnie High-	
Lizae Baillie's to Gartartan		land laddie,	410
gane,	402	On the blythe Beltane,	*515
Long berdes hertheles,	166	On Tweedside dwells a gal-	
Look behind and you shall		lant swain,	524
see,	*127	O, open the door, love Gre-	
Look up to Pentland's tow'r-		gory,	*107
ing tap,	16	O swiftly glides the bonny	
		boat,	*444
M.		O the ewe-bughting's bon-	
May her blest example chase,	132	nie,	*201
My daddie's a delver of		O, this is no my ain house,	208
dykes,	99	O, this is no my ain house,	210
My luve murnis for me, for		Out o'er yon moss, out o'er	
me,	93	yon muir,	*408
My luve's in Germany, send		Over the mountains, and un-	
him hame,	344	der the caves,	140
My mother sent me to the		O waly! waly! love is bonnie,	147
well,	421	O were my love yon violet	
My sweetest May, let love		sweet,	538
incline thee,	486	O wha for honest poverty,	285
		O wha is she that lo'es me,	134

	Page		Page
O whar hae ye been a' day,	*364	The first day I landed,	*314
O when shall I be married,	401	The grass had nae freedom o'	
O where hae ye been, Lord		growing,	6
Randal, my son,	312	The lovely moon had climbed	
O whistle, and I'll come to		the hill,	39
you, my lad,	109	The mucking o' Geordie's	
O Willie, weel I mind I lent		byre,	100
you my hand,	32	The nine pint bicker's fa'n,	
		&c.	*392
P.		Then Jockey wou'd a wooing	
Peace, wayward barne,	*204	away,	160
Peggy in devotion,	365	The ploughman he's a bony	
Pray, came you here the		lad,	158
fight to shun?	271	The rain rins down through	
Put up thy dagger, Jamie,	*303	merry Lincoln,	500
		The rain rins doon through	
R.		Mirryland toun,	503
Returning spring, with glad-		The reek it rose, and the	
some ray,	*366	flame it flew,	279
		There is not a tailor in all	
S.		London town,	*461
Sawney was tall and of noble		There's a rose in Kenmore's	
race,	96	cap, Willie,	339
Saw ye my Maggie,	8	There's auld Rob Morris,	
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace		that wons in yon glen,	183
bled,	495	There's braw, braw lads on	
See where the Forth, &c.	*296	Yarrow braes,	121
Should auld acquaintance be		There's cauld kail in Aber-	
forgot,	375	deen,	151
Shouldauld acquaintance, &c.	*440	There's nae luck about the	
Since cruel hearted fate,	*135	house,	49
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou,		There was a lass dwelt in the	
fairest creature,	247	north,	397
Some speiks of lords, some		There was a lass, they ca'd	
speiks of lairds,	333	her Meg,	139
Stay, my Willie, yet believe		There was a knight and he	
me,	145	was young,	420
Streams that glide in orient		There was an auld man was	
plains,	135	hauding his plow,	350
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-		There was a pretty may, and	
burn,	293	a milkin' she went,	345
		The snows are dissolving on	
T.		Torno's wild shore,	348
The canons roar and trum-		The sun is sunk, the day is	
pets sound,	411	done,	539
The cantie spring scarce		The winter it is past,	188
rear'd her head,	477	Thickest night surrounds my	
The cock's at the crawling,	*216	dwelling,	126
The cold Winter it is past,	*466	Thy braes were bonny, Yar-	
The collier has a daughter,	52	row stream,	464
The Coopers they came,	410	Thou hast left me ever,	
The Elphin Knight sits on		Jamie,	6
yon hill,	63	Thy restless father roams	
		once more,	*194

	Page		Page
Tillielute, tillielute, &c.	*109	When I was in my se'en-	
To daunt me, to daunt		teenth year,	27
me,	176	When Maggie and I were	
To your arms, to your arms,		acquaint,	36
my bonny Highland lads,	10	When merry hearts were gay,	239
Tune your fiddles, tune them		When Phœbus bright the	
sweetly,	190	azure skies,	203
'Twas even—the dewy fields		When silent Time, with light-	
were green,	25	ly foot,	521
'Twas even—the dewy fields		When steeds were saddled,	*319
were green,	260	When the sheep are in the	
'Twas na her bonnie blue cen		fauld,	233
was my ruin,	212	When white was my o'erlay,*	317
		When wild war's deadly blast	
		was blawn,	226
U.		When you came over first frae	
Up and war them a', Willie,	179	France,	11
Up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,	390	Where got'st thou that haver-	
		mill bonack,	102
W.		Who is at my window, who,	498
Wee Totum Fogg,	455	Why tarries my love,	*311
Weel may we a' be,	167		
We'll put the sheep-head in		Y.	
the pat,	353	Ye banks, and braes, and	
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,	82	streams around,	153
Were I but able to rehearse,	287	Ye'll bring me here a pint of	
Whan winter's wind was		wine,	*305
blawing cauld,	398	Ye Lothian lairds, in sable	
What merriment has ta'en the		weeds,	*192
Whigs,	*455	You have heard of our sweet	
When absent from the nymph		little races at Kelso,	529
I love,	56	Young Philander woo'd me	
When first my dear Johnny		lang,	214
came to this toun,	301	Young Randal was a bonny	
When first she cam to toun,*	299	lad,	*465
When I sleep I dream,	206	You will think it, my duck,	
When I think on this warld's		for the fault I must own,	20
pelf,	32		

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

ILLUSTRATIONS.

[* * * *The Names of the, Scottish Lyric Poets, specimens of whose Songs are contained in the Musical Museum, are printed in Capital Letters.*]

- A.
- Abell, John, of the Chapel Royal, 153, 155.
- Aberdeen Cantus; a Collection of Songs, &c., 1662, 1666, and 1682, 140. See also Introduction.
- ADAMS, JEAN, (*Died* 1765,) 46, *117, *398.
- Aird's Musical Collections for the Violin, 403, 423.
- ANDERSON, JOHN, music engraver, Edinburgh, (*Alive* 1839,) 485, 487, 527.
- Anderson, Thomas, piper in Kelso, *379.
- Armstrong, John, old ballad, and historical notices, 327, 333.
- Arne, Thomas Augustine, Mus. Doct., song by, 40.
- AUSTIN ADAM, M.D., (*B.* 1726 ? *D.* 1774,) 153, *214, *466.
- AYTOUN, SIR ROBERT, (*B.* 1570, *D.* 1638,) 308, *363.
- B.
- BAILLIE, LADY GRISELL, (*B.* 1665, *D.* 1746,) 119, *200.
- BAILLIE, MISS JOANNA *317, *443, *444, 539.
- BARCLAY, REV. JOHN, (*B.* 1734, *D.* 1798,) 271, *322.
- Barnard, Lady Ann, *vide* Lindsay.
- Barrett, John, organist, 319.
- Battishill, Jonathan, 34.
- BEATTIE, JAMES, D.D., (*B.* 1735, *D.* 1803,) 45, 108.
- Berg, Mr, 14.
- Berwick, Friars of, an old Scottish poem, attributed to Dunbar, 292.
- Biggar, Dissenting clergyman at, song attributed to, 360.
- BINNING, Charles Hamilton, LORD, (*B.* 1696, *D.* 1732,) *447.
- BIRNIE, PATRICK, fiddler at Kinghorn, (*Flour.* 1700,) 427, *461.
- BLACKLOCK, THOMAS, D.D., (*B.* 1721, *D.* 1791,) 94, 119, 127, 137, 141, 159, 171, 177, *199, 211, 230, 276, 317, 321, 352, 414, *455.
- Blamire, Miss, of Carlisle, (*Died* 1795, aged about 36, not 49, as stated at p. 521.)
- Border Bag-pipers, Notices of *378-381.
- BOSWELL, SIR ALEXANDER, of Auchinleck, Bart., (*B.* 1775, *D.* 1822,) 435, 466, 512, 518.
- Boswell, James, of Auchinleck, 528.
- Bothwell, Lady Ann, *203.
- Brash, James, bookseller, Glasgow, *214.

- Bremner, Robert, musician, 110, 313, 336, 349.
- Bruce, John, musician, Dumfries, 109, 236, *410.
- Bruce, Michael, (*B.* 1746, *D.* 1767,) 262.
- BRYCE, REV. ALEXANDER, (*B.* 1714, *D.* 1786,) *76, *137, *138.
- Buchan, Peter, *Gleanings of Ballads*, quoted *381, *461.
- Burn, Minstrel, a Border poet and musician, 203, *298.
- Burn, Nicol, a Roman Catholic priest, *298.
- BURNS, ROBERT, (*B.* 1759, *D.* 1796,) 5, 14, 25, 43, 60, 79, 83, 91, 102-105, 107, 109-118, 121, 123, 126, 131, 134, 135, 137, 139, 142, 145-148, 157, 158, 166, 170-185, 202, 206-221, 224, 226, 236, 241-248, 253, 258, 262, 274, 275, 280, 284-287, 290, 291, 295, 296, 300, &c. &c. &c. *passim*.
- Byrd, William, organist, 300.
- C.
- CAMERON, REV. WILLIAM, (*B.* 1751, *D.* 1811,) 291, *324.
- Campbell, Alexander, 250, 508.
- *Albyn's Anthology*, quoted *passim*.
- Extract from *M.S. Journal*, *378.
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS, (*Alive* 1839,) 445, 515.
- CAREY, DAVID, (*B.* 1782, *D.* 1824,) song by, 441, 514.
- Carnegie, James, of Balnamoon, Song attributed to, *140.
- Carter, Thomas, 30.
- Cassillis, Earl of, Letter on the Death of his Lady, in 1642, *218.
- Chalmers, Alexander, *Biographical Dictionary*, quoted *304, *308.
- Chalmers, George, edition of Allan Ramsay's Poems, 176, *319.
- Chalmers, James, account of Hamilton of Bangour, *293.
- Chambers, Robert, song of Young Randal, *465.
- *Scottish Songs*, quoted *passim* in *Addit. Illust.*
- Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary*, quoted 137, 516.
- edition of Burns, quoted *221.
- Chappell's *National English Airs*, quoted *207.
- Clarinda, Mrs M'Lehose, *vide* M'Lehose, Mrs,
- Burns's Letters to, 221, *369.
- Clarke, Jeremiah, organist, London, 83, 84, 483.
- Clark, Stephen, organist, Edinburgh, 127, 184, 185, 346, 393, 401, 434, 472, 480, 481.
- Clark, William, organist, Edinburgh, 167, 495.
- Cleland, Lieut.-Col. William, 316, *366.
- CLERK, SIR JOHN, of Penicuik, Bart., (*B.* 1680 ? *D.* 1755,) 120, *201, *202.
- CLUNIE, REV. JOHN, (*B.* 1757, *D.* 1819,) 251.
- COCKBURN, ALICIA RUTHERFORD, Mrs, 149, 150, *122, *130, *399-402.
- Cockburn, Catharine Trotter, Mrs, *130.
- Cockburn, Catharine Rutherford, Mrs, 149, 150, *127, *149.
- Cooper, Isaac, musician, Banff, 496.
- Corbet, Miss Grace, 504.
- COUPER, ROBERT, M.D., (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1818,) 440, 513.
- Craig, Adam, musician, Edinburgh, 57.
- Craig, Agnes, *vide* M'Lehose, Mrs.
- Cranstoun, Helen Darcy, *vide* Stewart, Mrs Dugald,
- Crawfurd, Patrick, of Auchinames, *113-*115.
- CRAWFURD, ROBERT, (*B.* 1695 ? *D.* 1733,) 36, 45, 74, 78, 85, 86, 94, 111, 203, *113, *384, *385.
- Crawfurd, William, [Robert] *vide supra*.
- Croat, James, 222.
- Croat, Mrs, 222.
- Cromek, R. H., *Reliques of Burns*, quoted *passim*.
- *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 350, 352, 358, 392, 419, 437.

- Cumming, Angus, of Granton, 78, 252, 485.
- CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, (*Alive* 1839,) 82, *116, *144, *382, *385, *439, *456.
- Cunningham, John, 34.
- Cunningham, Peter, Collection of Songs, 539.
- Currie, Dr, edition of Burns's Works, quoted *passim*.
- D.
- Dale's Collection of Scots Songs, 81, 151.
- Dalrymple (Sir D.) Lord Hailes, Letter respecting the ballad "Argyle's Levee," *445.
- Dalrymple, Sir Hew, of North Berwick, *127.
- Dalyell, Sir John G., communication respecting Mr Graham of Gartmore, 521.
- Dauney, William, Ancient Scottish Melodies, from Skene's MS., *110, *395, *403.
- Dick, Lady, of Prestonfield, 523-525.
- Douglas, Reverend Robert, *218, *219.
- Drummond, Miss Jean, afterwards Duchess of Athole, 153, *214.
- Dowland, John, 468, 499.
- Dudgeon, Robert, 40, *395.
- DUDGEON, WILLIAM, (*B.* 1753? *D.* 1813,) 40, *395, *397.
- Duncan Gray, *vide* Gray.
- Dunbar, William, the Scottish poet, 162.
- Durfey, Thomas, 246, 394, 490.
- Pills to Purge Melancholy, quoted *passim*.
- E.
- Ebdon, Thomas, organist, Durham, 498.
- Eglinton, Susanna, Countess of, *202.
- ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT, of Minto, Bart. (*B.* 1722, *D.* 1777,) 96, 148, 201, *140, *211, *295, *296, *297.
- ELLIOT, MISS JANE, of Minto, (*B.* 1727, *D.* 1805,) 67, *130-132.
- ERSKINE, Honourable ANDREW, (*B.* 1739? *D.* 1793,) 490, 528.
- ERSKINE, Major-Gen. SIR HENRY, Bart., (*B.* 1720? *D.* 1765,) 202, *298, *400.
- Erskine, Honourable Henry, 532.
- EWEN, JOHN, merchant, Aberdeen, (*B.* 1741, *D.* 1821,) *380, *441-443.
- F.
- FALCONER, WILLIAM, (*B.* 1730, *D.* 1769,) 199, *293.
- Fergus, Mr, organist, Glasgow, 454.
- FERGUSON, ROBERT, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1774,) 53, 121, 133, 173, 399, *450, *451.
- Finlay's (John) Scottish Ballads, quoted, *457.
- FORBES, DUNCAN, of Culloden, Lord President, (*B.* 1684, *D.* 1747,) 34, 70, 111, *133, *320.
- Forbes, Rev. John, *461.
- Fordyce, David, 217, *304.
- FORDYCE, JAMES, D.D., (*B.* 1720? *D.* 1796,) 217, *304.
- Forsyth's (Walter) Border Pipers, *379.
- Fraser, Thomas, musician, 5, 6.
- Fraser's (Captain) Collection of Gaelic Airs, 136, 209, 255.
- Freebairn, Mr, his Eloge d'Ecosse, quoted *399.
- G.
- G, (*B.*) song by, *220.
- GALL, RICHARD, (*B.* 1766, *D.* 1801,) 443, 457, 460-466, 472, 473, 488, 489, 515.
- Gay, John, Songs to Scottish Airs, in his Beggar's Opera, 52.
- GEDDES, ALEXANDER, D.D., (*B.* 1737, *D.* 1802,) 90, 432, *463.
- Geddes, Rev. William, Saint's Recreations, 93, 94.
- Gilderoy, a Highland freebooter, 71, *320.
- Gleig's, Rev. G. R., History of England, quoted *207.
- GLOVER, JEAN, (*B.* 1758, *D.* 1801,) 313, *365.
- Good's (Dr Mason) Life of Geddes, quoted *463.

- GORDON, Alexander, Fourth DUKE OF, (*B.* 1743, *D.* 1827,) 152, *212.
- Gordon, Sir Robert, of Straloch, his *MS. Lute Book*, 1627, *105, 138-140, *215, *533.
- Gow, Neil, musician, 241,
— Neil and Nathaniel, Musical Collections, quoted *passim*.
- GRAHAM, DOUGAL, (*B.* 1724? *D.* 1779,) *110, *111.
- Graham, George Farquhar, Esq. Old Airs harmonized or deciphered by, *139, *371, *376, *377, *408, 534.
- Graham, James, British Georgics, quoted 242.
- GRAHAM, MISS JENNY, of Dumfries, (*B.* 1724, *D.* 1805,) 101, *141-144, *408.
- Graham, Robert, of Gartmore, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1797,) 473, 521.
- Gray, Duncan, 148.
- Green, Maurice, 88.
- Gregg, James, teacher of dancing, Ayrshire, 484.
- GRANT, MRS, of Carron, afterwards MRS DR MURRAY, of Bath, (*B.* 1744? *D.* 1814?) 320, *368, *369.
- Grant, Mrs Anne, of Laggan, (*B.* 1755, *D.* 1838,) 527.
- Gunn, John, on the Harp, quoted *373, *377.
- H.
- HACKSTON, schoolmaster, *385.
- Halket, Sir Alexander, of Pitferran, *133, *320.
- HALKET, ELIZABETH, *vide* Wardlaw, Lady.
- Halket, George, *381.
- Hamilton, Janet, (Mrs Moore,) 19, 20.
- Halley, George, Account of the Murphys of Tullibardine, *222.
- HAMILTON, JOHN, musicseller, Edinburgh, (*B.* 1761, *D.* 1814,) 459, 485, 496, 506, 510, 537.
- Hamilton, Lord William, Lament for his Death, *135.
- HAMILTON, WILLIAM, of Bangour, (*B.* 1704, *D.* 1754,) 128, 140, 171, 192, 488, 492, *293.
- HAMILTON, Capt. WILLIAM, of Gilbertfield, (*B.* 1680? *D.* 1751,) *135, *205, *206, *444.
- Hardyknute, 263, *319.
- Hastie, John, Border piper, *379.
- Hastie, Robert, town piper of Jedburgh, 335, *379.
- Haydn, Joseph, Mus. Doct. 121.
- Herd, David, Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, quoted *passim*.
- Hewitt, Richard, 5, *108.
- Hilton's Northern Catch, 1652, quoted 133.
- Hoadley, John, LL.D., 89.
- Hogg's Jacobite Relics, quoted *passim*.
- Home, Miss Anne, *vide* Hunter, Mrs.
- Home, Grisell, *vide* Baillie, Lady Grisell.
- Home, John, 456.
- Howard, Samuel, Mus. Doct. 432, 433.
- Hugh of Lincoln, Ballads respecting, *490, 535.
- HUNTER, ANNE HOME, MRS, (*B.* 1742, *D.* 1821,) 67, *132, *133.
- I.
- Inglis, Mrs Richmond, *297.
- J.
- JAMES THE FIFTH, King of Scotland, (*B.* 1511, *D.* 1542,) 216, 250.
- Jamieson, Robert, Popular Ballads and Songs, 469, 474, 500.
- Jeffreys, Mr, 520.
- Jenny Nettles, tradition respecting, *120.
- Johnson, Charles, 488.
- Johnson, James, publisher of the Scots Musical Museum, 274, *passim*.
- Johnson, Mr, 313.
- Johnston, Miss, of Hilton, afterwards Mrs Oswald, *318.
- K.
- KEITH, ANNE MURRAY, (*B.* 1736, *D.* 1818,) 75, *129, *136.

Keith, Sir Robert Murray, Bart.,
(*B.* 1732, *D.* 1795,) *300, *302.
Kenmure, Gordon, Viscount of,
338.
Kellie, Thomas Alexander, Earl of,
529-532.
Kennedy, Professor Herbert, 107,
*198.
Kennedy, Susanna, *vide* Eglinton,
Countess of.
Kintore, Countess of, *307.
Kirkconnell, Helen of, tradition
respecting, *209, *211.
Knyvett, William, 376.

L.

LAPRAIK, JOHN, (*B.* 1717, *D.*
1807,) 200, 202, *294, *297.
Lawries of Maxwellton, *362.
LEARMONT, JOHN, (*B.* 1765? *D.*
1810,) 298, *361, 362*.
Leeves, Reverend William, air by,
231.
Lesly, Alexander, of Doveran, bal-
lad attributed to, *304.
Lewis, Stewart, poem on fair Helen
of Kirkconnell, *208, *365.
LINDSAY, LADY ANNE, Lady Bar-
nard, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1825,) 230,
337, *310, *312.
Lockhart's (J. G.) Life of Burns,
quoted *392.
LOGAN, Reverend JOHN, (*B.* 1748,
D. 1788,) 68, 464.
LOWE, Reverend JOHN, (*B.* 1750,
D. 1798,) 37, *116.

M.

MACAULEY, Mr, 456, 517.
Macaulay, James, 517.
MACDONALD, ANDREW, (*B.* 1757,
D. 1790,) 225, *307.
Macdonald, Patrick, collection of
Highland tunes, 372, *374.
Macfarlan, Miss, *299.
Macgibbon, William, musician,
Edinburgh, 192, 198, 199.
Macgill, John, musician, Girvan,
Ayrshire, 202, 467.
Macgregor, Captain John Drum-
mond, 176.
Macgregor, Joseph, Esq. com-
munication respecting Marshall,
*413.

Mackay, Rev. Nath. *vide* M'Kie.
MACKENZIE, HENRY, (*B.* 1745, *D.*
1831,) 492, 532, 533.
M'Kie, Rev. Nathaniel, (*B.* 1715,
D. 1781,) 431, *462.
Macintyre, Robert, musician, Ed-
inburgh, 379, 441, 479.
Maclean, Donald, border piper,
*379.
M'LEHOSE, AGNES CRAIG, Mrs.,
(*B.* 1759, *alive* 1839,) 178, 180
*220, *221, *222.
M'Lennan, Rev. Murdoch, *321,
*416.
MACNEILL, HECTOR, (*B.* 1746, *D.*
1818,) 238, 251, 344, 393, 440,
467, 473, 485, *313.
Macpherson, James, (*B.* 1738, *D.*
1796,) 241.
Mactaggart's Gallovidian Encyclo-
pedia, quoted *118, *365.
MACVICAR, Mr, (*Flour.* 1760,) 1,
*105.
Maigh, David, 78.
MALLET, or MALLOCH, DAVID, (*B.*
1700, *D.* 1765,) 58, 75, 381,
470, *399, *444, *445, 520, 536.
Mansfield, Thomas, Esq., MS.
Collection of Songs, quoted *402,
*408, *410, *412, *416, 529.
Marlow, Christopher, 468.
Marshall, William, musician, 115,
190, 221, *305, *413, *416.
Marvell, Andrew, 519.
Mary Queen of Scots, *207.
Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow,
vide Scott.
MASTERTON, ALLAN, Writing-mas-
ter, Edinburgh, airs composed
by, 126, 208, 258, 275, 286,
*323, 393, *413, 442.
Masterton, Miss Ann, afterwards
Mrs Derbishire, *299.
MAYNE, JOHN, (*B.* 1759, *D.* 1836,)
25, 42, *116, *397, *398.
Michel, M. Francisque, publication
of Hughes de Lincoln, 535.
MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS, (*B.*
1734, *D.* 1788,) 45, *116, *117.
Miller, James, Depute-Teind-
Clerk, 346.
MITCHELL, JOSEPH, (*B.* 1684, *D.*
1734,) 54, 59, *399, *444, *446.

- MONTGOMERY, Captain ALEX-
ANDER, (*Flour.* 1584,) *163,
*215, 406, *453.
- MONTROSE, JAMES, MARQUIS OF,
(*B.* 1612, *D.* 1650,) 400, 429.
- MORISON, Roderick, blind harper,
vide Rory Dall.
- MOORE, Edward, 19.
- MOTHERWELL, William, 539.
- Edition of Burns,
quoted *passim* in Addit. Illust.
- MUIRHEAD, JAMES, D.D., (*B.*
1740, *D.* 1808,) 3, *106.
- MUNDELL, Dr ROBERT, (*B.* 1758,
Alive 1839,) 357, *391.
- MURRAY, Lady, of Stanhope, *200.
- MURRAY, Anne Keith, *vide* Keith.
- MURRAY, Mrs, of Bath, *vide* Grant,
Mrs, of Carron.
- MURRAY, Sir Robert Keith, *vide*
Keith.
- MURRAY, Dr Thomas, Literary His-
tory of Galloway, quoted 513.
- MURRAYS of Tullibardine, family of,
*222.
- N.
- NAPIER, Mark, his Partition of the
Lennox, quoted *121.
- NEILL, Thomas, precentor, *221.
- NEWBATTLE, Lord, Song attributed
to, 419.
- NICOLL, William, 286, *323.
- O.
- OSWALD, James, musician, 95, 176,
346, *105, *406-408.
- Musical Collections, quoted
passim.
- Airs composed by, *passim*
173, 201, 202, 205, 314, 315,
325, 339, 361, 466.
- Poetical Epistle to, in 1741,
*406.
- P.
- PAGAN, Isabel, *316.
- PASQUALI, Signor, 315.
- PERCY, Thomas, DD., Bishop of
Dromore, 30, *315.
- PHILLIPS, Ambrose, 41.
- PICKERING, Thomas, 348.
- PINKERTON, JOHN, (*B.* 1758, *D.*
1825,) 454, *321, 515, 516.
- PLAYFORD's, John, Dancing-master,
1657, quoted 113, 129, 169, 301,
308, 315, 316, 318, 322, 359.
- Musick's Handmaid,
1678, quoted 391.
- Choyce Ayres and Songs,
1679, quoted 394, 396.
- Wit and Mirth, 1698-
1703, quoted 3, 394, 398, 400.
- POE, Mr, 51.
- PRINGLE, Andrew, Lord Alemore,
*400.
- PRINGLE, Thomas, *200.
- PURCELL, Henry, 132.
- R.
- R. S., Song by, 74.
- RAMSAY, ALLAN, (*B.* 1686, *D.*
1757), Songs, &c. by, 2, 9, 15,
16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 28, 56,
57, 58, 62, 68, 85, 90, 91, 96,
98, 119, 120, 122, 125, 127, 130,
137, 141, 161, 162, 168, 169,
176, 208, 221, 224, 225, 236,
237, 240, 310, 381, 382, 442,
459, 460, 482, 490.
- Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724-
1740, quoted *passim*.
- Authors of Songs in, and edi-
tions of that work, *108, *382-
*384, *393.
- MS. of the Gentle Shepherd,
*202.
- REID, General John, 202, 203.
- RAMSAY, Philip A., edition of Tan-
nahill's Poems, 538.
- REID, WILLIAM, Bookseller, Glas-
gow, (*B.* 1764, *D.* 1831,) 53,
152, *212.
- RICHARDSON, John, 537.
- RIDDELL, John, musician, 253.
- RIDDELL, Maria Woodley, Mrs, (*B.*
1778? *D.* 1812,) 215, *208, *303.
- RIDDELL, Robert, of Glenriddell,
290, 306, 341, *302, *323.
- RIZZIO, David, Scottish airs attributed
to, 1, 10, 36, *105.
- ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER, of Stro-
wan, (*B.* 1670, *D.* 1749,) 113,
137, 141, *199.
- ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER, engraver
and musician, Edinburgh, (*B.*
1750? *D.* 1819,) 405, *452.

- Robertson's Calliope, 1739, quoted 118.
- Rory Dall, (or Roderick Morison,) the blind harper, 324, *372—*376.
- ROSS, ALEXANDER, of Lochlee, (*B.* 1700, *D.* 1783,) 252, 391, 472, *317, *448.
- Rutherford, Catharine [Alicia], *vide* Cockburn, Mrs.
- Rutherford, Elizabeth, *vide* Scott, Mrs, of Wauchope.
- S.
- S. M., air by, 313.
- Schetky, Mr, violoncello player, 40, 185.
- SCOTT, ALEXANDER, (*Flour.* 1568,) 527.
- SCOTT, Elizabeth Rutherford, Mrs, of Wauchope, (*B.* 1729, *D.* 1789,) 230, *308.
- SCOTT MRS, of Dumbartonshire, (*Flour.* 1780,) 6, *394.
- Scott, Mary, the Flower of Yarrow, 36, 37, 77, 78, *115.
- Scott, R., of Biggar, 111.
- Scott, Thomas, of Monkclaw, Notices of Border Pipers, *378—*380.
- Scott, Sir Walter, Bart., (*B.* 1772, *D.* 1833,) Border Minstrelsy, quoted *passim*.
— Recollections of Mrs Cockburn, authoress of the Flowers of the Forest, *123—mistake regarding her name, *129, *401.
- SCOTT, SIR WILLIAM, of Thirlstane, (*B.* 1670? *D.* 1725,) *121.
- Sedley, Sir Charles, song by, commonly attributed to President Forbes, *133, *320.
- Selkirk, Souters of, tradition respecting, 386.
- SEMPLE, FRANCIS, of Beltrees, (*Flour.* 1650,) 87, *121, 475, 522.
- Sharpe, Charles K., Esq., Ballad-Book, *306.
- Edition of Lord Kelly's Minuets, 532.
- Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 22, 51.
- SHIRREFS, ANDREW, (*Flour.* 1787,) 479, 525.
- Shield, William, musical composer, 24, 375.
- Sibbald, James, bookseller, Edinburgh, *141, 510.
- SILLAR, DAVID, (*B.* 1760, *D.* 1830,) 180, *221.
- Sim, Reverend John, 47.
- Skene, John, Musical Manuscript, (*circa* 1615,) 18, 61, *110, 125, *395, 445, 505.
- SKINNER, Rev. JOHN, (*B.* 1721, *D.* 1807,) 189, 276, 281, 283, 287, *323, *412.
- SKIRVING, ADAM, farmer, (*B.* 1719, *D.* 1803,) 105, 220, *189, *192, *305.
- Skirving, Archibald, portrait-painter, (*B.* 1749, *D.* 1819,) *193, *194.
- Skirving, Captain Robert, Letter respecting his Father, *190; verses by, *193—*198.
- Smith, John Stafford, his *Musica Antiqua Anglicana*, 228, 391, 503.
- Smith, Robert A., musician, 538, 539.
- SMOLLETT, TOBIAS, M.D., (*B.* 1721, *D.* 1774,) 133.
- Spence, Sir Patrick, ballad of, 423, *320, *457.
- Southerne, Thomas, song by, 56.
- Strachan, Dr, Carnwarth, *449.
- STEWART, H. D. CRANSTOUN, MRS DUGALD, (*B.* 1765, *D.* 1838,) 319, *366.
- Stuart, Alexander, music to Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, *394.
- Sutherland, Earl and Countess of, Lines on their Funeral, by Sir G. Elliot, *296.
- Swift, Dean Jonathan, 486.
- Sybold, Mr, harp-player, 419.
- Syron, George, a negro, song by, 51.
- Syme, George, piper, *379, *381.
- T.
- TAIT, JOHN, Writer to the Signet, (*B.* 1752? *D.* 1817,) 456, *507.
- Tannahill, Robert, Edition of his Poems, with Life by P. A. Ramsay, 538, 451.

- Tenducci, Ferdinando, a celebrated singer, 4, *107, *451.
- Tennant, Professor William, 478, 523.
- Thomson, George, Correspondence with Burns, quoted *passim*.
- Collection of Scottish Songs, quoted *317, *444, 487, 512, 537.
- THOMSON, JAMES, (*B.* 1700, *D.* 1748,) 42, 79, 505, 535, 536.
- Thomson, William, Orpheus Caledonius, 1725–1733, quoted *passim*.
- TYTLER, JAMES, (*B.* 1747, *D.* 1805,) 73, 83, 98, 100, 122, 134, *411.
- Tytler, William, of Woodhouselee 1, 5.
- U.
- Urbani, P., Collection of Scots Songs, 318, 394.
- Urquhart of Craigston, *388.
- V.
- Vane, Lady, Lament on the Death of her Husband, Lord W. Hamilton, *135.
- W.
- Walkinshaw, William, 128, *205.
- Wallace, Sir William, ballads on, 426, *458–*460.
- WALLACE, WILLIAM, of Cairn-hill, (*B.* 1712? *D.* 1763,) 108, *198.
- Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances, 219.
- Watlen, John, 377.
- WARDLAW, ELIZABETH HALKET, LADY, of Pitrevie, (*B.* 1677, *D.* 1727,) 72, 268, *319, *458.
- Watts's Musical Miscellany, 1729–1731, quoted 119, 162.
- Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, 1706–1711, quoted *passim*.
- WEBSTER, ALEXANDER, D.D., (*B.* 1707, *D.* 1784,) 224, *307.
- Williams, Helen Maria, song by, attributed to Burns, *468.
- Wood, Thomas, of St Andrews, Musical Manuscripts, 1566, &c., 147, 369, 407, *440.
- Wotton, Sir Henry, song by, *454.
- Wordsworth, William, Poems on Yarrow, 518.
- Whyte, William, Collection of Scottish Songs, 121.
- Y.
- YESTER, JOHN LORD, (*B.* 1645, *D.* 1713,) 36, *112.
- Young, Alexander, of Harburn, Esq., communication respecting Miss Jenny Graham, *143.

FINIS.

